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PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH

NOTES,

BY

JOHNSON AND STEEVENS.

VOL. XVII.

TITUS ANDRONICUS,
PERICLES,
GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

PUBLISHED BY

C. AND A. CONRAD & CO. PHILADELPHIA; CONRAD, LUCAS, & CO. BALTIMORE; SOMERVELL AND CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

IT is observable, that this play is printed in the quarto of 1611, with exactness equal to that of the other books of those times. The first edition was probably corrected by the author, so that here is very little room for conjecture or emendation; and accordingly none of the editors have much molested this piece with officious criticism. *Johnson.*

There is an authority for ascribing this play to Shakspeare, which I think a very strong one, though not made use of, as I remember, by any of his commentators. It is given to him, among other plays, which are undoubtedly his, in a little book, called *Palladis Tamia, or the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth*, written by Francis Meres, Maister of Arts, and printed at London in 1598. The other tragedies, enumerated as his in that book, are, *King John*, *Richard the Second*, *Henry the Fourth*, *Richard the Third*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The comedies are, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Love's Labour Won*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. I have given this list, as it serves so far to ascertain the date of these plays; and also, as it contains a notice of a comedy of Shakspeare, the *Love's Labour Won*, not included in any collection of his works; nor, as far as I know, attributed to him by any other authority. If there should be a play in being with that title, though without Shakspeare's name, I should be glad to see it; and I think the editor would be sure of the publick thanks, even if it should prove no better than the *Love's Labour's Lost*. *Tyrwhitt.*

The work of criticism on the plays of our author, is, I believe, generally found to extend or contract itself in proportion to the value of the piece under consideration; and we shall always do little where we desire but little should be done. I know not that this piece stands in need of much emendation; though it might be treated as condemned criminals are in some countries,—any experiments might be justifiably made on it.

The author, whoever he was, might have borrowed the story, the names, the characters, &c. from an old ballad, which is entered in the books of the Stationers' Company immediately after the play on the same subject. "John Danter] Feb. 6. 1593. A book entitled *A Noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus.*"

"Enter'd unto him also the ballad thereof."

Entered again April 19, 1602, by Tho. Pavyer.

The reader will find it in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. Dr. Percy adds, that "there is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years:' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year

1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces, and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shews at least it was a first attempt."

Though we are obliged to Dr. Percy for his attempt to clear our great dramatick writer from the imputation of having produced this sanguinary performance, yet I cannot admit that the circumstance of its being discreditably mentioned by Ben Jonson, ought to have any weight; for Ben has not very sparingly censured *The Tempest*, and other pieces which are undoubtedly among the most finished works of Shakspeare. The whole of Ben's Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, is a malicious sneer on him.

Painter, in his *Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. II, speaks of the story of *Titus* as well known, and particularly mentions the cruelty of *Tamora*: And, in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594, is the following allusion to it:

" ——— as welcome shall you be
" To me, my daughters, and my son in law,
" As *Titus* was unto the Roman senators,
" When he had made a conquest on the *Goths*."

Whatever were the motives of Heming and Condell for admitting this tragedy among those of Shakspeare, all it has gained by their favour is, to be delivered down to posterity with repeated remarks of contempt,—a Thersites babbling among heroes, and introduced only to be derided.

See the notes at the conclusion of this piece. *Steevens.*

On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume, cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned, is that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author, in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II, warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. " I have been told" (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687) " by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters."

" A booke entitled *A noble Roman Historie of Titus Andronicus*" was entered at Stationers'-Hall, Feb. 6, 1593-4. This was undoubtedly the play, as it was printed in that year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition,) and acted by the servants of the Earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Sussex. It is observable that in the entry no author's name is mentioned, and that the play was originally performed by the same company of comedians who exhibited the old drama, entitled *The Contention of the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster*, *The* old *Taming of a Shrew*, and Marlowe's *King Edward II*, by whom not one of Shakspeare's plays is said to have been performed. See the *Dissertation on King Henry VI*, Vol. X, p. 453.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

From Ben Jonson's Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before; that is, according to the lowest computation in 1589; or taking a middle period, which is perhaps more just, in 1587.

To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare, would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works, cannot entertain a doubt on the question.—I will however mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of *Appius and Virginia, Tancred and Gismund, The Battle of Alcazar, Jeronimo, Selimus Emperor of the Turks, The Wounds of Civil War, The Wars of Cyrus, Locrine, Arden of Feversham, King Edward I, The Spanish Tragedy, Solyman and Perseda, King Leir*, the old *King John*, or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that *Titus Andronicus* was coined in the same mint.

The testimony of Meres, mentioned in a preceding note, alone remains to be considered. His *enumerating* this among Shakspeare's plays may be accounted for in the same way in which we may account for its being *printed* by his fellow-comedians in the first folio edition of his works. Meres was in 1598, when his book appeared, intimately connected with Drayton, and *probably* acquainted with some of the dramatick poets of the time, from some or other of whom he might have heard that Shakspeare interested himself about this tragedy, or had written a few lines for the author. The internal evidence furnished by the piece itself, and proving it not to have been the production of Shakspeare, greatly outweighs any single testimony on the other side. Meres might have been misinformed, or inconsiderately have given credit to the rumour of the day. For six of the plays which he has mentioned, (exclusive of the evidence which the representation of the pieces themselves might have furnished) he had perhaps no better authority than the whisper of the theatre; for they were not then printed. He could not have been deceived by a title-page, as Dr. Johnson supposes; for Shakspeare's name is *not* in the title-page of the edition printed in quarto in 1611, and therefore we may conclude, was not in the title-page of that in 1594, of which the other was undoubtedly a re-impression. Had this mean performance been the work of Shakspeare, can it be supposed that the booksellers would not have endeavoured to procure a sale for it by stamping his name upon it?

In short, the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books, and being afterwards printed without the name of our author, its being performed by the servants of Lord Pembroke, &c. the stately march of the versification, the whole colour of the composition, its resemblance to several of our most

ancient dramas, the dissimilitude of the style from our author's undoubted compositions, and the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft, when some of his contemporaries had not been long dead, (for Lowin and Taylor, two of his fellow-comedians, were alive a few years before the Restoration, and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himself written for the stage in 1629, did not die till April 1668;) all these circumstances combined, prove with irresistible force that the play of *Titus Andronicus* has been erroneously ascribed to Shakspeare. *Malone.*

" *Kyd*—probably original author of *Andronicus*, *Locrine*, and play in *Hamlet*.—Marloe, of H. 6.

" Ben Jonson, *Barthol. Fair*—ranks together *Hieronymo* and *Andronicus*, [time and stile]—first exposed him to the criticks—shelter'd afterwards under another's name.

" *Sporting* Kyd [perhaps wrote comedy] and Marloe's mighty line—*Jonson.* [might assist Lily,] Perhaps Shakspeare's additions *outshone.*

" Tamburlaine mention'd with praise by *Heywood*, as Marloe's might be different from the bombast one—and that written by Kyd."

From a loose scrap of paper, in the hand writing of Dr. Farmer. *Steevens.*

In the library of the Duke of Bridgewater, at Ashridge, is a volume of old quarto plays, numbered R. 1. 7; in which the first is *Titus Andronicus.*

I have collated it with the tragedy as it stands in the edition of Shakspeare, 1793: and the following remarks, and various readings, are here assigned to their proper places. *Todd.*

The ingenious and accurate Mr. Todd has most obligingly collated this tragedy (4to. 1600) with that in 8vo. 1793. Most of his collations &c. will be found at the bottom of the following pages. *Steevens.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Saturninus, *son to the late emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declared emperor himself.*
Bassianus, *brother to* Saturninus; *in love with* Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, *a noble* Roman, *general against the* Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, *tribune of the people; and brother to* Titus.

Lucius,
Quintus,
Martius,
Mutius,
} *sons to* Titus Andronicus.

Young Lucius, *a boy, son to* Lucius.
Publius, *son to* Marcus *the tribune.*
Æmilius, *a noble* Roman.

Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius,
} *sons to* Tamora.

Aaron, *a moor, beloved by* Tamora.
A captain, tribune, messenger, and clown; Romans.
Goths, *and* Romans.

Tamora, *queen of the* Goths.
Lavinia, *daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
A nurse, and a black child.

Kinsmen of Titus, *senators, tribunes, officers, soldiers, and attendants.*

SCENE,

Rome; *and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.....SCENE I.

Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the Andronici *appearing; the* Tribunes *and* Senators *aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below,* SATURNIUS *and his Followers, on one side; and* BASSIANUS *and his Followers, on the other; with Drum and Colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title[1] with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the Crown.*

Mar. Princes,—that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—

[1] —— *my* successive *title* —] i. e. my title to the succession. *Malone.*

Thus also Raleigh: "The empire being elective, and not *successive*, the emperors, in being, made profit of their own times." *Steevens.*

Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the followers of* BAS.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the followers of* SAT.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[SAT. *and* BAS. *go into the Capitol, and exeunt with* Senators, MAR. *&c.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter a Captain, *and Others.*

Capt. Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of Trumpets, &c. enter MUTIUS *and* MARTIUS: *after them, two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black; then* QUINTUS *and* LUCIUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, *and other* Goths, *prisoners; Soldiers and People, following. The Bearers set down the Coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds![2]
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her fraught,[3]
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,

[2] *Hail, Rome, victorious in* thy *mourning weeds!*] I suspect that the poet wrote:

——— *in* my *mourning weeds!*

i. e. Titus would say: Thou, Rome, art victorious, though I am a mourner for those sons which I have lost in obtaining that victory. *Warburton.*

Thy is as well as *my.* We may suppose the Romans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits. *Johnson.*

Or that they were in mourning for their emperor who was just dead. *Steevens.*

[3] —— her *fraught,*] Old copies—*his* fraught. Corrected in the fourth folio. *Malone.*

—— his *fraught,*] As in the other old copies noted by Mr. Malone. It will be proper here to observe, that the edition of 1600 is not paged. *Todd.*

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,[4]
Stand gracious to the rights that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?[5]—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*The Tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison[6] of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.[7]

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

[4] *Thou great defender of this Capitol,*] Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred. *Johnson.*

[5] *To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?*] Here we have one of the numerous classical notions that are scattered with a pedantick profusion through this piece. *Malone.*

[6] —— earthly *prison*—] Edit. 1600:—"earthy *prison.*" *Todd.*

[7] *Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral. *Steevens.*

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:[8]
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself,[9] madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* Luc. Quin. Mar. *and* Mut. *with* Alar.

[8] *Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?*
Draw near them then in being merciful:] "Homines enim ad deos nulla re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando." *Cicero pro Ligario.*
Mr. Whalley infers the learning of Shakspeare from this passage: but our present author, whoever he was, might have found a translation of it in several places, provided he was not acquainted with the original. *Steevens.*
The same sentiment is in *Edward III,* 1596:
"—— kings approach the nearest unto God,
"By giving life and safety unto men." *Reed.*

[9] P'atient *yourself,* &c.] This verb is used by other dramatick writers. So, in *Arden of Feversham,* 1592:
"*Patient* yourself, we cannot help it now."
Again, in *King Edward I,* 1599:
"*Patient* your highness, 'tis but mother's love." *Steevens.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,[1]
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their Swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

[1] *The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy*
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his *tent*, &c.] I read, against the authority of all the copies:
——— *in* her *tent*, ———.
i. e. in the tent where she and the other Trojan captive women were kept: for thither Hecuba by a wile had decoyed Polymnestor, in order to perpetrate her revenge. This we may learn from Euripides's *Hecuba;* the only author, that I can at present remember, from whom our writer must have gleaned this circumstance. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald should first have proved to us that our author understood Greek, or else that this play of Euripides had been translated. In the mean time, because neither of these particulars are verified, we may as well suppose he took it from the old story-book of the *Trojan War*, or the old translation of Ovid. See *Metam.* XIII. The writer of the play, whoever he was, might have been misled by the passage in Ovid: "vadit ad *artificem*," and therefore took it for granted that she found him in *his tent*. *Steevens.*

I have no doubt that the writer of this play had read Euripides in the original. Mr. Steevens justly observes in a subsequent note near the end of this scene, that there is "a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakspeare." *Malone.*

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewel to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the Coffins laid in the Tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,[2]
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise![3]

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triúmpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

[2] —— *repose you here,*] Old copies, redundantly in respect both to sense and metre:

—— *repose you here* in rest. *Steevens.*

The same redundancy in the edition 1600, as noted in other copies by Mr. Steevens. *Todd.*

[3] And *fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!*] This absurd wish is made sense of, by changing *and* into *in*. *Warburton.*

To *live in fame's date* is, if an allowable, yet a harsh expression.

To *outlive* an *eternal date*, is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame. *Johnson.*

That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,[4]
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don this robe,[5] and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.[6]

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.[7]

[4] *That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,*] The maxim of Solon here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy before his death:

" ——— ultima semper
" Expectanda dies homini; dicique beatus
" Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera, debet." *Ovid.*
Malone.

[5] —— don *this robe,*] i. e. *do on* this robe, put it on. So, in *Hamlet:*

" Then up he rose, and *don'd* his clothes. *Steevens.*

[6] *Titus, thou shalt* obtain *and* ask *the empery.*] Here is rather too much of the ὑ'στερον πρότερον. *Steevens.*

[7] *Patience, prince* Saturnine.] Edition 1600,——
Patience prince Saturninus. *Todd.*

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!
Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.
Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die;
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,[8]
I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.
Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*
Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*
[*A long Flourish.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,

[8] —— *thy* friends,] Old copies—*friend.* Corrected in the fourth folio. *Malone.*
Edition 1600, *friend,* as in other old copies, [illegible] lone. *Todd.*

Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon[9] her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:[1]
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To* TAMORA.
To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord;[2] sith true nobility

[9] —— *Pantheon* —] The quarto, 1611, and the first folio—*Pathan*; the second folio—*Pantheon*. *Steevens.*
Edition 1600—*Pathan*, as in other copies noted by Mr. Steevens. *Todd.*

[1] —— imperial *lord*:] Edition 1600:
—— *imperious lord*. *Todd.*

[2] Lav. *Not I, my lord;*] It was pity to part a couple who seem to have corresponded in disposition so exactly as Saturninus and

Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing* LAV.
Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.
[*The Emperor courts* TAM. *in dumb show.*
Mar. Suum cuique is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.
Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt* MAR. *and* BAS. *with* LAV.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt* LUC. QUIN. *and* MAR.
Tit. Follow my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [TIT. *kills* MUT.
Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Lavinia. Saturninus, who has just promised to espouse her, already wishes he were to choose again; and she who was engaged to Bassianus (whom she afterwards marries) expresses no reluctance when her father gives her to Saturninus. Her subsequent raillery to Tamora is of so coarse a nature, that if her tongue had been all she was condemned to lose, perhaps the author (whoever he was) might have escaped censure on the score of poetick justice. *Steevens.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Not her,[3] nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I 'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,[4]
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece[5]
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.[6]

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

[3] Not *her*,] Edition 1600—Nor *her*. *Todd.*

[4] *Was* there *&c.*] The words, *there*, *else*, and *of*, are not found in the old copies. This conjectural emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

Dele the word *of*, which was inserted by the editor of the second folio, from ignorance of ancient phraseology. See the last Act of Cymbeline, Vol. XVI. *Malone.*

I must excuse myself from ejecting any one of these monosyllables, being convinced that they were all inserted from an authorized copy, and by a judicious hand. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *changing* piece —] Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt. *Johnson.*

So, in *Britannia's Pastorals*, by Brown, 1613:

" ——— her husband, weaken'd *piece*,
" Must have his cullis mix'd with ambergrease;
" Pheasant and partridge into jelly turn'd,
" Grated with gold."

Again, in the old play of *King Leir*, 1605:

" —— when did you see Cordella last,
" That pretty *piece?* ——. *Steevens.*

[6] *To* ruffle *in the commonwealth of Rome.*] A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of King Henry VIII. See Greene's *Groundwork of Coneycatching*, 1592. Hence, I suppose, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*. *Rufflers* are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, Vol. I, p. 183. *Steevens.*

To *ruffle* meant, to be noisy, *disorderly*, turbulent. A ruffler was a boisterous swaggerer. *Malone.*

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,[7]—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we cónsummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt* SAT. *and his followers;* TAM. *and her Sons;* AARON *and* Goths.

Tit. I am not bid[8] to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!

[7] *That, like the stately* Phœbe *'mongst her nymphs, Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,*]
" —— *Micat* inter omnes
" Julium sidus, *velut inter ignes*
" *Luna minores.*" Hor. *Malone.*
From Phaer's Virgil, 1573: [*Æneid,* B. I.]
" Most *like* unto Diana bright when she to hunt goth out—
" Whom thousands of the ladie *nymphes* awaite to do her will;
" She on her armes her quiuer beres, and al them *ouershynes.*" *Ritson.*

[8] *I am not* bid —] i. e. invited. *Malone.*

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch 't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.[9]

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MAR. *and the sons of* TIT. *kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul, ——

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

[9] *He is not* with *himself; let us withdraw.*] Read:
He is not now *himself;* ——. *Ritson.*
Perhaps the old reading is a mere affected imitation of Roman phraseology. See *Æneid* XI, 409, though the words there are otherwise applied:
" —— *habitet tecum*, & sit pectore in isto." *Steevens*

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.[1]
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[MUT. *is put into the Tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—
All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;[2]
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.
Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,*—
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then, beholden to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.[3]

[1] *The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax*
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.] This passage alone would sufficiently convince me, that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language. We have here a plain allusion to the *Ajax* of Sophocles, of which no translation was extant in the time of Shakspeare. In that piece, Agamemnon consents at last to allow Ajax the rites of sepulture, and Ulysses is the pleader, whose arguments prevail in favour of his remains. *Steevens.*

[2] *No man shed tears* &c.] This is evidently a translation of the distich of Ennius:
" Nemo me lacrumeis decoret: nec funera fletu
" Facsit, quur? volito vivu' per ora virûm." *Steevens.*

* See Mr. Steevens's note on *doleful dumps.* Vol. II. p. 205, n. 6. *Am. Ed.*

[3] *Yes,* &c.] This line is not in the quarto. I suspect, when it was added by the editor of the folio, he inadvertently omitted to prefix the name of the speaker, and that it belongs to Marcus. In the second line of this speech the modern editors read —*If* by device, &c. *Malone.*

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, *attended;* TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and* AARON: *At the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and Others.*

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;[4]
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.
Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be control'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Sat. What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you!

[4] —— *play'd your prize;*] A technical term in the ancient fencing-school. See Vol. IV, p. 346, n. 4. *Steevens.*

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant us[5] for ingratitude,
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone: } *Aside.*
I 'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,

[5] —— *supplant us* —] Edition 1600:—supplant you. Todd.

Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we 'll give your grace *bon-jour*.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.....SCENE I.[6]

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.——

[6] In the quarto, the direction is, *Manet Aaron*, and he is before made to enter with Tamora, though he says nothing. This scene ought to continue the first Act. *Johnson.*
In the edit. 1600, the stage-direction is—"*Sound trumpets, manet Moore.*" *Todd.*

Upon her wit[7] doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts![8]
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,[9]
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS, *braving.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;

[7] *Upon her* wit —] We should read—Upon her *will.* *Warburton.*
I think *wit,* for which she is eminent in the drama, is right. *Johnson.*
The *wit* of Tamora is again mentioned in this scene:
" Come, come, our empress with her sacred *wit,*" &c. *Malone.*

[8] —— idle *thoughts!*] Edit. 1600:—*servile* thoughts, the better reading, I think. *Todd.*

[9] —— *this* queen,] The compositor probably repeated the word *queen* inadvertently; [see the preceding line:] what was the poet's word, it is hardly worth while to conjecture. *Malone.*
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,] Mr. Malone notices the inadvertent repetition of *queen,* but thinks the poet's word not worth a conjecture. The edition 1600 saves the trouble, as it reads:
This goddesse, this Semerimis, this nymph. Todd.

And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.
Aar. Clubs, clubs![1] these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,[2]
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns:
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd[3]
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful[4] speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—

[1] *Clubs, clubs!*] So in *King Henry VIII:* "—and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!*"
This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *a* dancing-rapier *by your side,*] So, in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier:* "— one of them carrying his cutting-sword of choller, the other his *dancing-rapier* of delight." Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*
"—— no sword worn,
"But one to *dance* with." *Steevens.*
See Vol. V, p. 197, n. 3. *Malone.*

[3] *Not I; till I have sheath'd* &c.] This speech, which has been all along given to Demetrius, as the next to Chiron, were both given to the wrong speaker; for it was Demetrius that had thrown out the reproachful speeches on the other. *Warburton.*

[4] —— these *reproachful*—] Edition 1600:—*those* reproachful. *Todd.*

Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,[5]
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aar. Away, I say.—
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose,[6] to achieve her whom I love.
Aar. To achieve her!—How?
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;[7]*

[5] —— thunder'st *with thy* tongue,] This phrase appears to have been adopted from Virgil, *Æneid* XI, 383:
" Proinde *tona eloquio* solitum tibi; ——. *Steevens.*

[6] ——— *a thousand deaths*
Would I propose,] Whether Chiron means he would *contrive* a thousand deaths for others, or *imagine* as many cruel ones for himself, I am unable to determine. *Steevens.*
Aaron's words, to which these are an answer, seem to lead to the latter interpretation. *Malone.*

[7] *She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;*
She is a woman, therefore may be won;] These two lines occur, with very little variation, in the First Part of *K. Henry VI*:
" *She* 's beautiful, and *therefore* to *be woo'd;*
" *She is a woman, therefore* to *be won.*"

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill[8]
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,[9] we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn[1] Vulcan's badge.

This coincidence may lead one to suspect that the author of the present play was also author of the original *Henry VI.* I do not, indeed, conceive either to be the production of Shakspeare; for, though his hand is sufficiently visible in some parts of the other play, particularly in the second scene of the fourth Act, there does not appear a single line in this, which can have any pretensions to that honour: and therefore the testimony of Meres and the publication of the players must necessarily yield to the force of intrinsick and circumstantial evidence. It is much to be regretted that the dramatick works of our earliest tragick writers, as Greene and Peele, for instance, and "sporting Kyd," and "Marlowe's mighty line," are not collected and published together, if it were only to enable the readers of Shakspeare to discriminate between his style and that of which he found the stage, and has left some of his dramas, in possession; and of which I consider this play, and at least four fifths of the First Part of *King Henry VI,* (including the whole of the first Act) the performances, no doubt, of one or other of the writers already named, as a genuine and not unfavourable specimen. Indeed, I should take *Kyd* to have been the author of *Titus Andronicus,* because he seems to delight in murders and scraps of Latin; though I must confess that, in the first of those good qualities, Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* may fairly dispute precedence with the *Spanish Tragedy.* Some few of the obsolete dramas I allude to, are, it is true, to be found in the collections of Dodsley and Hawkins: though I could wish that each of those gentlemen had confined his researches to the further side of the year 1600. Future editors will, doubtless, agree in ejecting a performance by which their author's name is dishonoured, and his works are disgraced. *Ritson.*

* We find the same lines, with a little variation, in *Richard III,* Vol. XI, p. 28:

"Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
"Was ever woman in this humour won?" *Am. Ed.*

[8] —— *more water glideth by the mill* &c.] A Scots proverb: "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps."
"Non omnem molitor quæ fluit unda videt." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *to steal a* shive,] A *shive* is a *slice.* So, in the tale of *Argentile and Curan,* in Warner's *Albion's England,* 1602:
"A *sheeve* of bread as browne as nut."
Demetrius is again indebted to a Scots proverb:
"It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *have* yet worn —] *Worn* is here used as a dissyllable.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*
Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,[2]
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;[3]
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To square for this?[4]* Would it offend you then

The modern editors, however, after the second folio, read—have *yet* worn. *Malone.*

Let him who can read *worn* as a dissyllable, read it so. As I am not of that description, I must continue to follow the second folio. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *struck a doe,*] Mr. Holt is willing to infer from this passage that *Titus Andronicus* was not only the work of Shakspeare, but one of his earliest performances, because the stratagems of his former profession seem to have been yet fresh in his mind. I had made the same observation in *King Henry VI,* before I had seen his; but when we consider how many phrases are borrowed from the sports of the field, which were more followed in our author's time than any other amusement, I do not think there is much in either his remark or my own.—Let me add, that we have here Demetrius, the son of a queen, demanding of his brother prince if he has not often been reduced to practise the common artifices of a deer-stealer:—an absurdity right worthy the rest of the piece. *Steevens.*

Demetrius surely here addresses Aaron, not his brother. *Malone.*

[3] *'Would you had* hit it *too;*] The same pleasant allusion occurreth also in *Love's Labour 's Lost,* Vol. IV, p. 62. *Amner.*

[4] *To* square *for this?*] To *square* is to *quarrel.* So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

" —— they never meet,
" But they do *square.*"

Again, in Drant's translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry,* 1567:

" Let them not sing twixt act and act,
" What *squareth* from the rest."

But to *square,* which in both these instances signifies to *differ,* is now used only in the very opposite sense, and means to *agree.* Steevens.

That both should speed?
Chi. I' faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me,
So I were one.
Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment[5]
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind[6] for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,[7]
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,[8]

* *To square*, is to take the position of defence, *to square up to each other*, in the language of pugilists, denotes the manner in which the combatants advance to the conflict, with arms prepared either to strike or defend. *Am. Ed.*

[5] *A speedier course* than *lingering languishment* —] The old copies read:

——— this *lingering* &c.

which may mean, we must pursue by a speedier course *this coy languishing dame*, this *piece of reluctant softness*. *Steevens.*

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[6] —— *by* kind —] That is, by *nature*, which is the old signification of *kind*. *Johnson.*

[7] —— *with her* sacred *wit*,] *Sacred* here signifies *accursed*; a Latinism:

"—— Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
"Auri *sacra* fames?" Virg. *Malone.*

[8] —— file *our engines with advice*,] i. e. remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the ope-

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:[9]
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns:
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat,[1] a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor.[2] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.[3]

A Forest near Rome. *A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of Hounds, heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn[4] is bright and grey,[5]
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:

ration of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *of eyes, of ears:*] Edit. 1600:—of eyes *and* eares. *Todd.*

[1] —— *till I find the stream*
To cool this heat,] Thus likewise, the festive Strumbo in the tragedy of *Locrine*: "— except you with the pleasant water of your secret fountain, quench the furious heat of the same." *Amner.*

[2] *Per Styga*, &c.] These scraps of Latin are, I believe, taken, though not exactly, from some of Seneca's tragedies. *Steevens.*

[3] *Scene II.*] The division of this play into Acts, which was first made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an interval of action, and here the second Act ought to have begun. *Johnson.*

[4] —— *the* morn —] Edit. 1600, erroneously reads—the *moon*. *Todd.*

[5] —— *the morn is bright and grey,*] i. e. bright and yet not red, which was a sign of storms and rain, but *gray*, which foretold fair weather. Yet the Oxford editor alters *gray* to *gay*. [illegible]

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good!—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [*To* TAM.

Surely the Oxford editor is in the right; unless we reason like the Witches in *Macbeth*, and say:

" Fair is foul, and foul is fair." *Steevens.*

The old copy is, I think, right; nor did *grey* anciently denote any thing of an uncheerful hue. It signified *blue*, " of heaven's own tinct." So, in Shakspeare's 132d Sonnet:

" And truly not the *morning* sun of heaven
" Better becomes the *grey* cheeks of the east, —."

Again, in *King Henry VI*, Part II:

" —— it stuck upon him as the sun
" In the *grey* vault of heaven."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" The *grey-ey'd morn smiles* on the frowning night —."

Again, *ibidem:*

" I 'll say you *grey* is not the morning's eye."

Again, more appositely, in *Venus and Adonis*, which decisively supports the reading of the old copy:

" Mine eyes are *grey and bright*, and quick in turning."
Malone.

A lady's eye of any colour may be bright; but still *grey* cannot mean *aerial blue*, nor a *grey* morning a *bright* one. Mr. Malone says *grey* is *blue*. Is a *grey* coat then a *blue* one? *Steevens.*

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A desert Part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, *with a Bag of Gold.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.[6]
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,[7]
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.[8]

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,[9]

[6] —— *to* inherit *it.*] To *inherit* formerly signified to possess. See Vol. II, p. 108, n. 4; and Vol. VII, p. 12, n. 7. *Malone.*

[7] —— *for their* unrest,] *Unrest*, for disquiet, is a word frequently used by the old writers. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1603:

"Thus therefore will I rest me in *unrest.*"

Again, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, an ancient novel, by John Hinde, 1606:

"For the ease of whose *unrest*,
"Thus his fury was exprest." *Steevens.*

[8] *That have their alms* &c.] This is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. *Johnson.*

[9] *My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,*] In the course of the following notes several examples of the savage genius of Ravenscroft, who altered this play in the reign of King James II, are set down for the entertainment of the reader. The following is a specimen of his descriptive talents. Instead of the line with which this speech of Tamora begins, she is made to say:

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd shadow[1] on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,[2]—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song

" The emperor, with *wine* and *luxury* o'ercome,
" Is fallen *asleep*; in 's *pendant couch* he 's laid,
" That *hangs* in yonder grotto *rock'd* by winds,
" Which rais'd by art to give it gentle motion:
" And troops of slaves stand round with fans perfum'd,
" Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian birds,
" And cool him into golden slumbers:
" This time I chose to come to thee, my Moor.
" My lovely Aaron, wherefore," &c.———

An emperor who has had too large a dose of love and wine, and in consequence of satiety in both, falls asleep on a bed which partakes of the nature of a sailor's hammock, and a child's cradle, is a curiosity which only Ravenscroft could have ventured to describe on the stage. I hope I may be excused for transplanting a few of his flowers into the barren desart of our comments on this tragedy. *Steevens.*

My lovely Aaron, &c.] There is much poetical beauty in this speech of Tamora. It appears to me to be the only one in the play that is in the style of Shakspeare. *M. Mason.*

[1] —— *a* checquer'd *shadow* —] Milton has the same expression:

" ——— many a maid
" Dancing in the *checquer'd* shade."

The same epithet occurs in *Locrine*. *Steevens.*

[2] *As if a double hunt were heard at once,*] Hence, perhaps, a line in a well known song by Dryden:

" And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry."

Steevens.

Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.[3]
Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:[4]
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:[5]
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

[3] —— *as is a nurse's song*
Of lullaby, *to bring her babe asleep.*] Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, says, "it is observable that the nurses call sleep *by, by; lullaby* is therefore *lull to sleep.*" But to *lull* originally signified to *sleep*. *To compose to sleep by a pleasing sound* is a secondary sense retained after its primitive import became obsolete. The verbs to *loll* and *lollop* evidently spring from the same root. And *by* meant *house;* go to *by* is go to house or cradle. The common compliment at parting, good *by* is good *house, may your house prosper;* and Selby, the Archbishop of York's palace, is great *house*. So that *lullaby* implies literally *sleep in house*, i. e. the *cradle*. *H. White.*

[4] —— *though* Venus *govern your desires,*
Saturn is *dominator over mine:*] The meaning of this passage may be illustrated by the astronomical description of *Saturn*, which *Venus* gives in Greene's *Planetomachia*, 1585: "The star of *Saturn* is especially *cooling*, and somewhat *drie*," &c.
Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
"—————— for your aspect
"You 're much inclin'd to melancholy, and that
"Tells me the *sullen Saturn* had predominance
"At your nativity, a malignant planet!
"And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction
"Of a soft ruddy wench, born under Venus,
"It may prove fatal." *Collins.*
Thus also, Propertius, L. IV, i, 84:
"Et grave Saturni sydus in omne caput." *Steevens.*

[5] *His* Philomel *&c.*] See Vol. XVI, p. 53, n. 9. *Steevens.*

Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I 'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal emperess,
Unfurnish'd of her[6] well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps![7]
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,[8]
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;

[6] —— *of* her —] Old copies—of *our*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

The edition 1600, reads exactly thus:

Vnfurnisht of her *well beseeming troop? Todd.*

[7] —— our *private steps!*] Edition 1600:—*my* private steps. *Todd.*

[8] *Should* drive *upon thy new-transformed limbs,*] Mr. Heath suspects that the poet wrote:

Should thrive *upon thy new-transformed limbs,* —

as the former is an expression that suggests no image to the fancy. But *drive*, I think, may stand, with this meaning: *the hounds should pass with impetuous haste*, &c. So, in *Hamlet*:

" Pyrrhus at Priam *drives*," &c.

i. e. flies with impetuosity at him. *Steevens.*

The old copies have—*upon* his *new-transformed limbs*. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

It is said in a note by Mr. Malone, that the old copies read, " upon *his* new-transformed limbs," and that Mr. Rowe made the emendation—*thy*. The edition of 1600 reads precisely thus:

Should driue upon thy *new transformed limbes. Todd.*

And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian[9]
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you séquester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,[1]
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.[2]

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:[3]
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale,[4] you see, it is:

[9] —— swarth *Cimmerian* —] *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness. *Johnson.*

—— swarth *Cimmerian* —] Edition 1600:—*swartie* Cymerion. *Todd.*

[1] *Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,*] Edition 1600 reads: *Accompanied* but *with a barbarous Moore*. *Todd.*

[2] —— *have* note *of this,*] Old copies—notice. *Steevens.* Thus also the 4to. 1600. *Todd.*

[3] —— *made* him *noted long:*] He had yet been married but one night. *Johnson.*

The true reading may be—made *her*, i. e. *Tamora*. *Steevens.*

[4] *A* barren *detested vale,*] As the versification of this play is

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
Here never shines the sun;[5] here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,[6]
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.[7]
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs* BAS.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,[8]—nay, barbarous Tamora!

by no means inharmonious, I am willing to suppose the author wrote:

A bare *detested vale*, ——. *Steevens.*

[5] *Here never shines the sun;* &c.] Mr. Rowe seems to have thought on this passage in his *Jane Shore:*

"This is the house where the sun never dawns,
"The bird of night sits screaming o'er it's roof,
"Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom,
"And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings."

[6] —— *urchins,*] i. e. hedgehogs. See Vol. II, p. 35, n. 1. *Steevens.*

[7] *Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.*] This is said in fabulous physiology; of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up. *Johnson.*

The same thought and almost the same expressions occur in *Romeo and Juliet. Steevens.*

[8] *Ay come,* Semiramis,] The propriety of this address will be best understood from the following passage in P. Holland's

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!
Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:[9]
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,[1]
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.
Chi. I warrant you madam; we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

translation of the 8th. Book of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* ch. 42: "Queen *Semiramis* loved a great horse that she had, so farre forth, that she was content he should doe his kind with her." The incontinence of this lady has been already alluded to in the Induction to the *Taming of a Shrew*, scene the second. *Steevens.*

[9] *And with that* painted hope *braves your mightiness:*] *Painted hope* is only *specious hope*, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid. *Johnson.*

The ruggedness of this line persuades me that the word—*hope* is an interpolation, the sense being complete without it:

And with that painted, braves your mightiness.

So, *in King Richard III:* "Poor *painted* queen," &c.
Painted with, is, *speciously coloured with. Steevens.*

[1] —— you *desire,*] Old copies—*we* desire. Corrected in the second folio. *Malone.*

The edit. 1600, reads, with the other old copies—*we* desire. *Todd.*

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [*To* CHI.
Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.
Lav. O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her,[2] and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.
Tam. What begg'st thou then; fond woman, let me go.
Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.
Dem. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!

[2] —— *with her,*] These useless syllables, which hurt the metre, might well be omitted. *Steevens.*

Confusion fall ——

Chi. Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou her husband; [*Dragging off* LAV.

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my sons: see, that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[MART. *falls into the Pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O, brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit* AAR.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring,[3] that lightens all the hole,[4]
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon[5] on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

[3] *A precious ring,*] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence. *Johnson.*

So, in *The Gesta Romanorum,* history the sixth: "He farther beheld and saw a *carbuncle* in the hall that lighted all the house." Again, in Lydgate's *Description of King Priam's Palace,* L. II:

"And for most chefe all dirkeness to confound,
"A *carbuncle* was set as kyng of stones all,
"To recomforte and gladden all the hall.
"And it to enlumine in the black night
"With the freshness of his ruddy light."

Again, in the *Muse's Elysium,* by Drayton:

"Is that admired, mighty stone,
"The *carbuncle* that 's named;
"Which from it such a flaming light
"And radiancy ejecteth,
"That in the very darkest night
"The eye to it directeth."

Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Rose,* attributes the same properties to the *carbuncle:*

"Soche light ysprang out of the stone." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *all* the *hole,*] The 4to. 1600, reads—*all* this *hole.* *Todd.*

[5] —— *So pale did shine the moon* &c.] Lee appears to have been indebted to this image in his *Massacre of Paris:*

"Looks like a midnight moon upon a murder." *Steevens.*

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS *and* AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.[6]
Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, *with Attendants;* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a Letter.*
The complot of this timeless[7] tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
Sat. [reads] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;

[6] —— *left* him *there.*] Edition 1600 reads:—left *them* there. *Todd.*

[7] —— *timeless* —] i. e. untimely. So, in *King Richard II.*
" The bloody office of his *timeless* end." *Steevens.*

Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.
O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing*

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*to* TIT.] fell curs of bl
kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thi
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them, ——

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow m
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with th
[*Exeunt severa*

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.[8]

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* CHI.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Who 's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; Where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me![9]
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee;
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.[1]

[8] —— *she can* scowl.] Edition 1600 reads: she can *scrowle*. This, I apprehend, is the true reading. *Todd.*

[9] *If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!*] If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking. *Johnson.*

[1] —— *lest thou should'st detect* him, &c.] Old copies— detect *them. The same mistake has happened in many other old plays. The correction was made by* Mr. Rowe.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,[2] —
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,[3]
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's[4] feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

Tereus having ravished Philomela, his wife's sister, cut out her tongue, to prevent a discovery. *Malone.*

[2] —— three *issuing spouts,*] Old copies—*their* issuing &c. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *hast thou met* withal,] The word *withal,* is wanting in edition 1600. *Todd.*

[4] —— *Thracian poet's* —] Orpheus. *Steevens.*

ACT III.....SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, *and Officers of Justice, with* MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS, *bound, passing on to the Place of Execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, these tribunes,[5] in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt* Senators, Tribunes, *&c. with the Prisoners.*
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,[6]
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought, I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his Sword drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men![7]
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;

[5] *For these, these tribunes,*] The latter *these* was added for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[6] —— *two ancient* urns,] Oxford editor.—Vulg. *two ancient* ruins. *Johnson.*
Edition 1600,—*ruines*, as in other old copies. *Todd.*

[7] *O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!*] Edition 1600: *Oh reverent tribunes, oh gentle aged men.* Todd.

And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.
Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,[8]
All bootless to them, they 'd not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:[9]
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.
Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?

[8] —— *or, if they did mark.*
All bootless to them, they 'd not pity me.
Therefore &c.] The Edition 1600, thus:
—— *or if they did marke,*
They would not pitty me, yet pleade I must,
All bootless unto them.
Therefore &c.
This I conceive to be the right reading. *Todd.*

[9] A *stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:*] The author, we may suppose, originally wrote:
Stone 's soft as wax, &c. *Steevens*

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
Speak, my Lavinia,[1] what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?[2]
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cams't,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too;[3]
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,[4]

[1] *Speak,* my *Lavinia,*] *My,* which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the second. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *in thy father's* sight?] We should read—*spight?* *Warburton.*

[3] —— I 'll *chop off my hands too;*] Perhaps we should read:
—— or *chop off* &c.
It is not easy to discover how Titus, when he had chopped off one of his hands, would have been able to have chopped off the other. *Steevens.*

I have no doubt but the text is as the author wrote it. Let him answer for the blunder. In a subsequent line Titus supposes himself his own executioner:
"Now all the service I require of *them*" &c. *Malone.*

[4] *O, that delightful* engine of her thoughts,] This piece fur-

That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer;[5] and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; What shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband:
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—

nishes scarce any resemblances to Shakspeare's works; this one expression, however, is found in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Once more *the engine of her thoughts* began." *Malone.*

[5] *It was my deer;*] The play upon *deer* and *dear* has been used by Waller, who calls a lady's girdle—

"The pale that held my lovely *deer*." *Johnson.*

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd; like meadows,[6] yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears[7] all be wet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliss![8]

[6] —— like *meadows,*] Old copies—*in* meadows. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[7] —— *with* his *true tears* —] Edition 1600 reads—with *her* true tears. *Todd.*

[8] —— *as* limbo *is from bliss.*] The *Limbus patrum,* as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools. *Reed.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor
My hand;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands have not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?[9]

[9] *Writing destruction on the enemy's* castle?] Thus all the editions. But Mr. Theobald, after ridiculing the sagacity of the former editors at the expense of a great deal of aukward mirth, corrects it to *casque;* and this, he says, he 'll stand by: And the Oxford editor taking his security, will stand by it too. But what a slippery ground is critical confidence! Nothing could bid fairer for a right conjecture; yet 'tis all imaginary. A close helmet, which covered the whole head, was called a *castle,* and, I suppose, for that very reason. Don Quixote's barber, and, at least as good a critick as these editors, says (in Shelton's translation, 1612): "I know what is a helmet, and what a morrion, and what a close *castle,* and other things touching warfare." Lib. IV, cap. xviii. And the original, *celada de encaxe,* has something of the same signification. Shakspeare uses the word again in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" ——— and, Diomede,
" Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy head." *Warburton.*

" Dr. Warburton's proof (says Mr. Heath) rests wholly on two mistakes, one of a printer, the other of his own. In Shelton's *Don Quixote* the word *close castle* is an error of the press for a *close casque,* which is the exact interpretation of the Spanish original, *celada de encaxe;* this Dr. Warburton must have seen, if he had understood Spanish as well as he pretends to do. For

O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransome my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

the primitive *caxa*, from whence the word *encaxe*, is derived, signifies a *box*, or *coffer*; but never a *castle*. His other proof is taken from this passage in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ——— and, Diomede,
" Stand fast, and wear a *castle* on thy *head*."

Wherein Troilus doth not advise Diomede to wear a helmet on his head, for that would be poor indeed, as he always wore one in battle; but to guard his head with the most impenetrable armour, to shut it up even in a *castle*, if it were possible, or else his sword should reach it."

After all this reasoning, however, it appears, that a *castle* did actually signify a *close helmet*. See Grose's *Treatise of Ancient Armour*, p. 12, from whence it appears that *castle* may only be a corruption of the old French word—*casquetel*. Thus also, in Holinshed, Vol. II, p. 815: " — Then suddenlie with great noise of trumpets entered sir Thomas Knevet in a *castell* of cole blacke, and over the *castell* was written, The dolorous *castell*; and so he and the earle of Essex, &c. ran their courses with the kyng," &c.

A remark, however, of my late friend Mr. Tyrwhitt, has taught me to suspect the validity of my quotation from Holinshed; for one of the knights in the tournament described, made his entry in a *fountain*, and another in a *horse-litter*. Sir Thomas Knevet therefore might have appeared in a building formed in imitation of a *castle*. *Steevens.*

The instance quoted does not appear to me to prove what it was adduced for; wooden castles having been sometimes introduced in ancient tournaments. The passage in the text is itself *much more decisive*. *Malone.*

Mar. But I will use the axe.[1]

[*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Mar.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [*Aside.*

[*He cuts off* Titus's *hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is despatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me? [*To* Lav.
Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,[2]
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

[1] *But I will use* the axe.] Metre requires us to read:
But I will use it. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *with possibilities,*] Edition 1600 reads:—with possibilitie. *Todd.*

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow![3]
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, *with Two Heads and a Hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[Lav. *kisses him.*

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewel, flattery: Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight

[3] —— *do* blow!] Old copies—do *flow*. Corrected in the second folio. *Malone.*

Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:[4]
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made,—Come, brother take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;[5]
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TIT. MAR. *and* LAV.

[4] ——— thy *griefs:*] The old copies—*my* griefs. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

[5] *Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these* things;] Thus the folio, 1623. The quarto, 1611, thus:

And *Lavinia thou shalt be employed in these* arms.

Perhaps we ought to read:

Lavinia,
Thou too *shalt be employed in these things;* ———.
Steevens.

The folio also reads—*And* Lavinia; the rest as above. The compositor probably caught the word—*And* from the preceding line. *Malone.*

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome!
Farewel, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves[6] his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewel, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus[7] and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.[8]

A Room in Titus's *House. A Banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a Boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;[9]
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands
And cannot passionate[1] our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine

[6] *He* leaves *&c.*] Old copies—He *loves.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[7] ——— *Saturnine*—] Edition 1600—Saturninus. *Todd.*

[8] *Scene II.*] This scene, which does not contribute any thing to the action, yet seems to have the same author with the rest, is omitted in the quarto of 1611, but found in the folio of 1623. *Johnson.*

Scene II. is also wanting in edition 1600. *Todd.*

[9] *Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;*] So, in *The Tempest:*

" ——————— sitting
" His arms in this *sad knot.*" *Malone.*

[1] *And cannot* passionate *&c.*] This obsolete verb is likewise found in Spenser:

" Great pleasure mix'd with pitiful regard,
" That godly king and queen did *passionate.*" *Steevens.*

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when[2] my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs! [*To* LAV.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fy, brother, fy! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;[3]
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fy, fy, how frantickly I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let 's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,[4]

[2] And *when* &c.] Old copies—*Who* when —. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[3] O, handle *not the theme, to talk of hands;*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" ——— thou ———
" *Handlest* in thy discourse, O, that her *hand*—." *Malone.*

[4] —— *she drinks no other drink but tears,*] So, in *King Henry VI,* P. III:

" Ye see, *I drink the water of my eyes.*"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" Dost thou *drink tears,* that thou provok'st such weeping?" *Malone.*

Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:[5]—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice,[6] learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,[7]
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[MAR. *strikes the Dish with a Knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;[8]
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?[9]

[5] —— mesh'd *upon her cheeks:*] A very coarse allusion to brewing. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *by* still *practice,*] By *constant* or *continual* practice. *Johnson.*

[7] *Peace, tender sapling; thou art* made of tears,] So, in *Coriolanus:*

" —— thou boy of tears." *Steevens.*

[8] *Out on thee, murderer!* thou kill'st my heart;] So, in *King Henry V:*

" The king hath *kill'd his heart.*"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" That they have *murder'd this poor heart* of mine."

Malone.

[9] —— *a father and* mother?] *Mother* perhaps should be omitted, as the following line speaks only in the singular number, and Titus most probably confines his thoughts to the sufferings of a father. *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens judiciously conjectures that the words—*and mother,* should be omitted. We might read:

But!—How if that fly had a father, brother!

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air?[1]
Poor harmless fly!
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!
Yet I do think we are not brought so low,[2]
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I 'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

The note of exclamation seems necessary after—*But*, from what Marcus says, in the preceding line:
" Alas! my lord I have *but* kill'd a fly." *Ritson.*

[1] *And buz lamenting* doings *in the air?*] *Lamenting doings* is a very idle expression, and conveys, no idea. I read—*dolings*. The alteration which I have made, though it is but the addition of a single letter, is a great increase to the sense; and though, indeed, there is somewhat of tautology in the epithet and substantive annexed to it, yet that 's no new thing with our author. *Theobald.*

There is no need of change. *Sad doings* for any unfortunate event, is a common though not an elegant expression. *Steevens.*

[2] *Yet I* do *think* &c.] *Do* was inserted by me for the sake of the metre. *Steevens.*

ACT IV..... SCENE I.

The same. Before Titus's *House.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS, LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.
Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean:
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.[3]
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or phrenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
Mar. Lucius, I will.

[Lav. *turns over the Books which* Luc. *has let fall.*

[3] ——— *Tully's* Orator.] The moderns—*oratory.* The old copies read—Tully's *oratour;* meaning, perhaps, Tully De *oratore. Steevens.*

——— *Tully's* Orator.] Tully's *Treatise on Eloquence,* addressed to Brutus, and entitled *Orator.* The quantity of Latin words was formerly little attended to. Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—Tully's *oratory. Malone.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal'd the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
My mother gave 't me.

Mar. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves![4]
Help her:—
What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes the leaves.[5]

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!——
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

[4] *Soft!* see, how *busily* &c.] Old copies—*Soft,* so *busily,* &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[5] —— *how she* quotes *the leaves.*] To *quote* is to observe. See a note on *Hamlet,* Act II, sc. ii. *Steevens.*

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with his Feet and Mouth.*

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the Staff in her Mouth, and guides it with her Stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magne Dominator poli,[6]
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,[7]

[6] *Magne Dominator poli,* &c.] *Magne Regnator Deum,* &c. is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovers the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's tragedy. *Steevens.*

Magne Dominator poli.] The edition 1600 reads—*Magni Dominator poli* *Todd.*

[7] *And swear with me,—as with the woful* feere,] The old copies do not only assist us to find the true reading by conjecture. I will give an instance, from the first folio, of a reading (incontestibly the true one) which has escaped the laborious researches of the many most diligent criticks, who have favoured the world with editions of Shakspeare:

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You 're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;[8]
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel[9] will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where 's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,

And swear with me, as with the woeful peer,
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape —.

What meaning has hitherto been annexed to the word *peer*, in this passage, I know not. The reading of the first folio is *feere*, which signifies a *companion*, and here metaphorically a *husband*. The proceeding of Brutus, which is alluded to, is described at length in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, as putting an end to the lamentations of Collatinus and Lucretius, the husband and father of Lucretia. So, in *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, sig. A 4:

" Christabell, your daughter free,
" When shall she have a *fere?*" i. e. a husband.

Sir Thomas More's *Lamentation on the Death of Queen Elizabeth, Wife of Henry VII:*

" Was I not a king's *fere* in marriage?"

And again:

" Farewel my daughter Katherine, late the *fere*
" To prince Arthur." *Tyrwhitt.*

The word *feere* or *pheere* very frequently occurs among the old dramatick writers and others. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Morose says:

" —— her that I mean to chuse for my *bed-pheere.*"

And many other places. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *let* it *alone;*] In edit. 1600, *it* is wanting. *Todd.*

[9] *And with a* gad *of steel* —] A *gad*, from the Saxon, is the point of a spear, is used here for some similar pointed instrument. *Malone.*

Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Mar. Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I 'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.
Tit. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course,
Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt* TIT. LAV. *and* Boy.
Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge the heavens[1] for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *at one Door; at another Door, young* LUCIUS, *and an Attendant, with a bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.
Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

[1] *Revenge* the *heavens* —] We should read:
Revenge thee, *heavens!* —— *Warburton.*
It should be:
Revenge, ye *heavens!* ——.
Ye was by the transcriber taken for *y^e*, the. *Johnson.*
I believe the old reading is right, and signifies—*may the heavens revenge*, &c. *Steevens.*
I believe we should read:
Revenge then *heavens.* *Tyrwhitt.*

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet you honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aside.*

Dem. Gramercy,[2] lovely Lucius: What 's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that 's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape. [*aside*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt* Boy *and* Attendant.

Dem. What 's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let 's see;
Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, necque arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest![3] the old man hath found their guilt;
And sends the weapons[4] wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot, } *Aside.*

[2] *Gramercy,*] i. e. *grand merci; great thanks. Steevens.*

[3] *Here 's no* sound *jest!*] Thus the old copies. This mode of expression was common formerly; so, in *King Henry IV,* P. I: "Here 's no fine villainy!"—We yet talk of giving a *sound* drubbing. Mr. Theobald, however, and the modern editors, read—*Here 's no* fond *jest. Malone.*

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *King Richard III:*

"Good Catesby, go, effect this business *soundly.*"

See also *Romeo and Juliet,* Act IV, sc. v. *Steevens.*

[4] —— the *weapons* —] Edit. 1600—*them* weapons. *Todd.*

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit. } *Aside.*
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.
[*Aside. Flourish.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, *with a Black-a-moor Child in her Arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor.

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she 's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she 's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Out, out,[5] you whore? is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. Done! that which thou[6]
Canst not undo.[7]
Chi. Thou hast undone[8] our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.[9]
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.[1]
Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.
Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I' ll broach the tadpole[2] on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

[5] *Out,* out,] The second interjection, which is wanting in the old copies, I have inserted for the sake of metre. *Steevens.*
Out, out, *you whore!*] The edition 1600 reads,—*Zounds,* ye whore. *Todd.*

[6] Done! *that which thou* —] *Done!* which is wanting in the old copies, was very properly added, for the sake of measure, by Mr. Capell. *Steevens.*

[7] *Done! that which thou*
Canst not undo.] The edition 1600 reads:
Dem. *Villaine what hast thou done?*
Aar. *That which thou canst not vndoe.* *Todd.*

[8] *Thou hast undone* —] Edition 1600 reads:—thou has undone *her.* *Todd.*

[9] *Villain, I have* done *thy mother.*] To *do* is here used obscenely. So, in Taylor the Water Poet's character of a *Prostitute:*
" She's *facile fieri;* (quickly wonne,)
" Or, const'ring truly, easy to be *done.*" *Collins.*

[1] *It shall not di*.] We may suppose that the measure here was originally perfect, and stood thus:
I say, *it shall not die.* *Steevens.*

[2] *I'll* broach *the tadpole* —] A *broach* is a *spit.* I 'll *spit* the tadpole. *Johnson.*

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the* Nurse, *and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls![3] ye alehouse painted signs
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue:[4]
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the emperess from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:
"I 'll *broach* thee on my steel."
Again, in Greene's *Pleasant Discovery of the Cosenage of Colliers*, 1592: "— with that she caught a *spit* in her hand, and swore if he offered to stirre, she should therewith *broach* him."
Collins.

[3] *Ye white*-lim'd *walls!*] The old copies have—white *limb'd*. The word intended, I think, was—white *limn'd*. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—white-*lim'd*. *Malone.*
I read—*lim'd*, because I never found the term—*limn'd*, employed to describe *white-washing*, and because in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*, we have—
"This man, with *lime*, and rough-cast, doth present
"*Wall.*"
A layer-on of *white-wash* is not a *limner*. *Limning* comprehends the idea of *delineation*. *Steevens.*

[4] *In that it* scorns *to bear another hue:*] Thus both the quarto and the folio. Some modern editions had *seems* instead of *scorns*, which was restored by Dr. Johnson. *Malone.*
Scorns should undoubtedly be inserted in the text. *Tyrwhitt.*

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.[5]
Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.[6]
Aar. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fy, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart![7]
Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer:[8]
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;
As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb,[9] where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

[5] —— *for this foul* escape.] This foul illegitimate child. *Malone.*

So, in *King John:*
" No *scape* of nature." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *ignomy,*] i. e. ignominy. See Vol. VIII, p. 330, n. 5. *Malone.*

[7] *The close enacts and counsels of the heart!*] So in *Othello:*
" They are *close* denotements working from the *heart,*—." *Malone.*

[8] —— *another* leer:] *Leer* is complexion, or hue. So, in *As you Like it:* " —— a Rosalind of a better *leer* than you." See Mr. Tollet's note on Act IV, sc. i. In the notes on the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. IV, p. 320, *lere* is supposed to mean *skin.* So, in *Isumbras,* MS. *Cott.* Cal. 11, fol. 129:
" His lady is white as wales bone,
" Here *lere* brygte to se upon,
" So faire as blosme on tre."
Again, in the ancient metrical romance of the *Sowdon of Babylone,* MS:
" Tho spake Roulande with hevy cheere
" Woordes lamentable,
" When he saugh the ladies so whyte of *lere*
" Faile brede on theire table." *Steevens.*

[9] —— that *womb*] Edition 1600—your *womb.* *Todd.*

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit on the Ground.*
Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?
Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.
Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third 's away:
Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—[*Stabbing her.*
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?
Aar. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives,[1] my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him,[2] and give the mother gold,

[1] —— *one Muliteus* lives,] The word *lives*, which is wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

—— *Muliteus* —] This line being too long by a foot, *Muliteus*, no Moorish name, (or indeed any name at all) and the verb—*lives* wanting to the sense in the old copy, I suspect the designation of Aaron's friend to be a corruption, and that our author wrote:

Not far, one Muley *lives, my countryman.*

Muley lives was easily changed by a blundering transcriber, or printer, into—*Muliteus.* *Steevens.*

[2] *Go* pack *with him,*] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *make a bargain.* Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamesters, to act collusively:

"And mighty dukes pack knaves for half a crown." *Pope.*

And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see, that I[3] have given her physick,
[*Pointing to the* Nurse.
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air with secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* CHI. *bearing off the* Nurse.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I 'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed[4] on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

To *pack* is to contrive insidiously. So, in *King Lear:*
" —— snuffs and *packings* of the dukes." *Steevens.*

To PACK *a jury*, is an expression still used; though the practice, I trust, is obsolete. *Henley.*

[3] —— that *I* —] *That* omitted in edition 1600. *Todd.*

[4] *And* feed —] This verb having occurred in the line immediately preceding, Sir T. Hanmer, with great probability, reads:
And feast *on curds* &c. *Steevens.*

SCENE III.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter TITUS, *bearing Arrows, with Letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with Bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—
Sir boy, now[5] let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:
Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;[6]
Yet there 's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition:
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

[5] —— *now* —] This syllable, which is necessary to the metre, but wanting in the first folio, is supplied by the second. *Steevens.*

[6] —— find *her in the sea.*] *Catch* her &c. the better reading, I think. *Todd.*

Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters? What,
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size:
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs,[7] more than our backs can bear:
And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak[8] our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.
[*He gives them the Arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that 's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that 's for myself;—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius,[9] not to Saturnine,—

[7] *Yet wrung with wrongs,*] To *wring* a horse is to press or strain his back. *Johnson.*

So, in *Hamlet:*

"Our withers are unwrung." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *to* wreak —] i. e. revenge. So, in p. 77:

"Shall we be thus afflicted in his *wreaks?*"

Again, in Chapman's version of the fifth *Iliad:*

"—————— and justice might enforce
"The *wreake* he took on Troy." *Steevens.*

[9] *To Saturn, Caius,* &c.] Old copies:

To Saturnine, to *Caius, not to Saturnine.*

For *Caius* Mr. Rowe substituted—*Cælus.* *Steevens.*

Saturnine was corrected by Mr. Rowe. *To* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor. *Caius* appears to have been one of the kinsmen of Titus. Publius and Sempronius have been already mentioned. Publius and *Caius,* are again introduced in Act V, sc. ii:

"*Tit.* Publius, come hither; *Caius* and Valentine."

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:[1]
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;[2]
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship[3] joy.

The modern editors read—To Saturn, to *Cælum*, &c. *Malone.*
I have always read—*Cælus*, i. e. the Roman deity of that name. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *shoot all your shafts into the court:*] In the ancient ballad of *Titus Andronicus's Complaint*, is the following passage:

"Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
"And with my tears wrote in the dust my woe:
"*I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,*
"And for revenge to hell did often crye."

On this Dr. Percy has the following observation; "If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from the *Psalms:* "They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words." *Psalm* lxiv, 3." *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I, p. 228, third edition. *Steevens*

[2] —— *I* aim a *mile beyond the moon;*] To "cast beyond the moon," is an expression used in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606. Again, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "Risio hath gone beyond himself in *casting beyond* the moon." Again, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindness*, 1617:

"—— I talk of things impossible,
"And *cast beyond the moon.*" *Steevens.*

—— *I* aim a *mile beyond the moon;*] Thus the quarto and folio. Mr. Rowe for *aim* substituted *am*, which has been adopted by all the modern editors. *Malone.*

[3] —— your *lordship* —] Edition 1600:—*his* lordship. *Todd.*

Enter a Clown, *with a Basket and Two Pigeons.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.[4]

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs,[5] to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—mean while, here 's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when

[4] —— *I know not* Jupiter; *I never drank with him in all my life.*] Perhaps, in this instance also, the Clown was designed to blunder, by saying, (as does the Dairy-maid in a modern farce) *Jew Peter*, instead of *Jupiter*. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *the tribunal plebs,*] I suppose the Clown means to say, *Plebeian tribune*, i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill this office but such as were descended from *Plebeian* ancestors. *Steevens.*

Sir T. Hanmer supposes that he means—*tribunus plebis.* *Malone.*

you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let 's go:—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, *Lords and Others:* SATURNINUS *with the Arrows in his Hand, that* TITUS *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do[6] the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law,[7] against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

[6] —— *as do* —] These two words were supplied by Mr. Rowe; who also in the concluding lines of this speech substituted—if *she* sleep, &c. for, if *he* sleep, and—as *she*, for, as *he*. *Malone.*

[7] —— *even with law,*] Thus the second folio. The first, unmetrically,—even with *the* law. *Steevens.*

What 's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He 'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [*Aside.*
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.[8]—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [SAT. *reads the Letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—

[8] ——— *the anchor 's in the port.*] Edition 1600, reads—the anchor in the port. *Todd.*

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock, I 'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.[9]

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords;[1] Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he, the common people love so much;
Myself hath often over-heard[2] them say,

[9] *Enter Æmilius.*] [Old copy—*Nuntius* Æmilius.] In the author's manuscript, I presume, it was writ, *Enter* Nuntius; and they observing, that he is immediately called Æmilius, thought proper to give him his whole title, and so clapped in—*Enter* Nuntius Æmilius.—Mr. Pope has very critically followed them; and ought, methinks, to have given this new-adopted citizen Nuntius, a place in the Dramatis Personæ. *Theobald.*

The edition 1600 reads as in Theobald's old copy. *Todd.*

[1] *Arm,* arm, *my lords ;*] The second *arm* is wanting in the old copies. *Steevens.*

Arm is here used as a dissyllable. *Malone.*

i. e. to those who can so pronounce it. I continue, for the sake of metre, to repeat the word—*arm.* May I add, that having seen very correct and harmonious lines of Mr. Malone's composition, I cannot suppose, if he had written a tale of persecuted love, he would have ended it with such a couplet as follows?—and yet, according to his present position, if *arms* be a dissyllable, it must certainly be allowed to rhyme with any word of corresponding sound;—for instance:

" Escaping thus aunt Tabby's *larums,*
" They triumph'd in each other's *arms.*"

i. e. *arums.* But let the reader determine on the pretension of *arms* to rank as a dissyllable. *Steevens.*

[2] *Myself* hath *often* over-heard —] *Self* was used formerly

(When I have walked like a private man)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.
Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.[3]
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:[4]
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;[5]
When as the one is wounded with the bait.
The other rotted with delicious feed.
Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.
Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear

a substantive, and written separately from the pronominal adjective: *my self.* The late editors, not attending to this, read, after Sir Thomas Hanmer,—*have* often.—*Over*, which is not in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

Over is wanting in edition 1600. *Todd.*

[3] —— imperious, *like thy name.*] *Imperious* was formerly used for *imperial.* See *Cymbeline*, Act IV, sc. ii:

"The *imperious* seas" &c. *Malone.*

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"I thank thee, most *imperious* Agamemnon." *Steevens.*

[4] —— stint *their melody:*] i. e. *stop* their melody. *Malone.*

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:* "— it *stinted*, and cried—ay." *Steevens.*

[5] —— honey-stalks *to sheep;*] *Honey-stalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die. *Johnson.*

Clover has the effect that Johnson mentions, on black cattle, but not on sheep. Besides, these *honey-stalks*, whatever they may be, are described as rotting the sheep, not as bursting them; whereas clover is the wholesomest food you can give them. *M. Mason.*

Perhaps, the author was not so skilful a farmer as the commentator. *Malone.*

With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our embassador:[6] [*To* ÆMIL.
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage[7] for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit* ÆMIL.
Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat. Then go successfully,[8] and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V..... SCENE I.

Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, *and* Goths, *with Drum and Colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,[9]

[6] —— be *our embassador:*] The old copies read—*to* be &c. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[7] —— on *hostage*—] Old copies—*in* hostage. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[8] —— *successfully,*] The old copies read—*successantly;* a mere blunder of the press. *Steevens.*

Whether the author of this play had any authority for this word, I know not; but I suspect he had not. In the next Act he with equal licence uses *rapine* for *rape.* By *successantly,* I suppose, he meant *successfully.* *Malone.*

[9] —— *scath,*] i. e. harm. *Steevens.*

Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we 'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth.

Enter a Goth, *leading* AARON, *with his Child in his Arms.*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;[1]
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

[1] *To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;*] Shakspeare has so perpetually offended against chronology in all his plays, that no very conclusive argument can be deduced from the particular absurdity of these anachronisms, relative to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*. And yet the *ruined monastery*, the *popish tricks*, &c. that Aaron talks of, and especially the French salutation from the mouth of Titus, are altogether so very much out of place, that I cannot persuade myself even our hasty poet could have been guilty of their insertion, or would have permitted them to remain, had he corrected the performance for another. *Steevens.*

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;[2]
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No;[3] not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A Ladder brought, which* AAR. *is obliged to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child;[4]
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:[5]

[2] *This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;*] Alluding to the proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye." *Malone.*

[3] —— *No;*] This necessary syllable, though wanting in the first folio, is found in the second. *Steevens.*

[4] *Get me a ladder.*
Aar. *Lucius, save the child;*] All the printed editions have given this whole verse to Aaron. But why should the Moor ask for a ladder, who earnestly wanted to have his child saved? *Theobald.*

Get me a ladder, may mean, *hang me.* *Steevens.*

These words,—*Get me a ladder,* are given to Aaron, in edit. 1600. *Todd.*

[5] *Ruthful to hear, yet* piteously *perform'd:*] I suppose we should read—*pitilessly,* not *piteously.* *M. Mason.*

And this shall all be buried by my death,[6]
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.
Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:
Yet,—for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble[7] for a god,
And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;[8]
To that I 'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.
Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.
Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman![9]
Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.
Luc. O, détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Is there such a word as that recommended? *Piteously* means, in a manner *exciting pity*. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *buried* by *my death,*] Edition 1600:—*in* my death. *Todd.*

[7] —— *his* bauble —] See a note on *All 's Well that Ends Well*, Vol. V, p. 283, n. 8. *Steevens.*

[8] *And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;*] Alluding perhaps to a custom mentioned in *Genesis*, xxiv, 9: "And the servant put his hand *under the thigh* of Abraham his master, and *sware* to him concerning that matter." *Steevens.*

[9] ——luxurious *woman!*] i. e. *lascivious* woman. *Malone.*

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;
That codding spirit[1] had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.[2]—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,[3]
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded[4] almost at my pleasing tale,

[1] *That* codding *spirit* —] i. e. that love of *bed-sports*. *Cod* is a word still used in Yorkshire for a *pillow*. See Lloyd's catalogue of local words at the end of Ray's *Proverbs*.

Thus also, in A. Wyntown's *Cronykil*, B. IX, ch. vi, 147:

" The Byschape Waltyr, qwhen he wes dede
" That succedyt in his stede,
" Gave twa lang *coddis* of welwete,
" That on the awtare oft is sete." *Collins.*

[2] *As true a dog as ever fought at head.*] An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose. *Johnson.*

So, in *A Collection of Epigrams*, by J. D. [John Davies] and C. M. [Christopher Marlowe] printed at Middleburgh, no date:

" —— Amongst the dogs and beares he goes;
" Where, while he skipping cries—*To head,—to head.*"
Steevens.

[3] *I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,——*
I wrote the letter &c.] Perhaps Young had this speech in his thoughts, when he made his Moor say:

" I urg'd Don Carlos to resign his mistress;
" I forg'd the letter; I dispos'd the picture;
" I hated, I despis'd, and I destroy." *Malone.*

And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.
Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.[5]
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse,)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself:
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;[6]
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,[7]
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
Luc. Bring down the devil;[8] for he must not die

[4] *She* swounded —] When this play was written, the verb to *swound*, which we now write *swoon*, was in common use. *Malone.*
So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" All in gore blood; I *swounded* at the sight." *Steevens.*

[5] Goth. *What! canst thou say all this, and never* blush?
Aar. *Ay*, like a black dog, *as the saying is.*] To *blush like a black dog* appears from Ray, p. 218, to have been proverbial. *Reed.*

[6] *Make poor men's cattle break their necks;*] Two syllables have been inadvertently omitted; perhaps—*and die.* *Malone.*
In my opinion, some other syllables should be sought, to fill this chasm; for if the cattle *broke their necks*, it was rather unnecessary for us to be informed that—*they died.* *Steevens.*

[7] *And nothing grieves me* &c.] Marlowe has been supposed to be the author of this play, and whoever will read the conversation between Barabas and Ithimore in the *Jew of Malta*, Act II, and compare it with the sentiments of Aaron in the present scene, will perceive much reason for the opinion. *Reed.*

[8] *Bring down the devil,*] It appears from these words, that the

So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what 's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 *Goth.* What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March[9] away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. *Before* Titus's *House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *disguis'd.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, *above.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?

audience were entertained with part of the apparatus, of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off. *Steevens.*

[9] ——*March*—] Perhaps this is a mere stage-direction which has crept into the text. *Steevens.*

Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.[1]

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?[2]
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;[3]
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There 's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me,

[1] *Titus*, &c.] Perhaps this imperfect line was originally completed thus:

Titus, I am come to talk with thee awhile. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *action?*] Thus the folio. The quarto, perhaps unintelligibly,—*that accord. Steevens.*

[3] —— *stump, these crimson lines;*] The old copies derange the metre by reading, with useless repetition:

—— *stump,* witness *these crimson lines:* ——. *Steevens.*

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by the side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I 'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,[4]
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:[5]
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's[6] rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.
And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.[7]

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they[8] thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

[4] *Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,*] The old copies, poorly, and with disregard of metre, read:

Provide thee two *proper palfries,* as *black as jet,* —.

The second folio indeed omits the useless and redundant—*as.* *Steevens.*

[5] *And find out* murderers &c.] The old copies read—*murder* and *cares.* The former emendation was made by Mr. Steevens; the latter by the editor of the second folio. *Malone.*

[6] —— *Hyperion's* —] The folio reads—*Epton's;* the quartos, 1600 and 1611—*Epeon's;* and so Ravenscroft. *Steevens.*

The correction was made in the second folio. *Malone.*

[7] *So thou destroy* Rapine *and* Murder *there.*] I do not know of any instance that can be brought to prove that *rape* and *rapine* were ever used as synonymous terms. The word *rapine* has always been employed for a *less fatal kind of plunder,* and means the violent act of deprivation of any good, the honour here alluded to being always excepted.

I have indeed since discovered that Gower, *De Confessione Amantis,* Lib. V, fol. 116, b. uses *ravine* in the same sense:

" For if thou be of suche covine,
" To get of love by *ravyne*
" Thy lust," &c. *Steevens.*

[8] *Are* they —] Thus the second folio. The first, contemning grammar,—Are *them.* *Steevens.*

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.
[*Exit* TIT. *from above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I 'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain, that have done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and, when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court

There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair, [*Aside.*
And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [Exit Tam.

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewel,
Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS *and Others.*

Pub. What 's your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius.[9]
Tit. Fy, Publius, fy! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit* TIT.—PUB. *&c. lay hold on* CHI. *and* DEM.

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *she bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

[9] —— and *Demetrius.*] *And* was inserted by Mr. Theobald. *Malone.*

The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—
Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin[1] I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.[2]
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their Throats.*
Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and* Goths, *with* AARON, *Prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

[1] *And of the paste a* coffin —] A *coffin* is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye. *Johnson.*

So, in the Seventh Book of Gawin Douglas's translation of the *Æneid*, v. 50:

" And with thare handis brek and chaftis gnaw
" The crustis, and the *coffingis* all on raw."

Again, in the *Boke of Kerving*: " All bake metes that ben hot, open them above the *coffyn*." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *her own* increase —] i. e. her own *produce*. See Vol. II, p. 279, n. 1. *Steevens.*

1 *Goth.* And ours with thine,[3] befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,[4]
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—
[*Exeunt* Goths, *with* AAR. *Flourish.*
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* Tribunes, Senators *and Others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?
Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;[5]
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will.
[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at Table.*

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a Cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled, young* LUCIUS, *and Others.* TITUS *places the Dishes on the Table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

[3] *And ours with* thine,] And our *content* runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may. *Malone.*

[4] —— *the* empress' *face,*] The quarto has—*emperours;* the folio *emperous.* For the emendation I am answerable. *Malone.*
Mr. Malone says, the quarto of 1611 has—*emperours;* and that he is answerable for the emendation—*empress.* The quarto of 1600 reads exactly thus:
Te [*i*] *ll he be brought vnto the* Empresse *face. Todd.*

[5] —— *break the parle;*] That is, *begin* the parley. We yet say, he *breaks* his mind. *Johnson.*

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.
Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,[6]
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
[*He kills* LAV.
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!
Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was:
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.
Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed.
Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

[6] *Was it well done of rash Virginius,*
To slay his daughter with his own right hand, &c.] Mr. Rowe might have availed himself of this passage in *The Fair Penitent*, where Sciolto asks Calista:
"Hast thou not heard what brave Virginius did?
"With his own hand he slew his only daughter" &c.
Titus Andronicus, however, is incorrect in his statement of this occurrence, for Virginia died unviolated. *Steevens.*

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.[7]
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*Killing* TAM.

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*Killing* TIT.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
Thers 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*Kills* SAT. *A great Tumult. The People in confusion disperse.* MAR. LUC. *and their Partisans ascend the Steps before* TITUS's *House.*

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;[8]

[7] *Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.*] The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that I cannot resist the temptation of showing the reader how he continues the speech before us:

" Thus cramm'd, thou 'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
" And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up.
[*Stabs the empress.*"

And then—" *A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall; their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.*" *Steevens.*

[8] Sen. Lest *Rome* &c.] This speech and the next, in the quarto 1611, are given to a *Roman lord.* In the folio they both belong to the Goth. I know not why they are separated. I believe the whole belongs to *Marcus;* who, when Lucius has gone through such a part of the narrative as concerns his own exile, claims his turn to speak again, and recommend Lucius to the empire. *Steevens.*

I have followed the quarto, where the words *Roman lord* [i. e. *Senator,*] are prefixed to this speech. That copy, however, reads—*Let* Rome &c. which I have no doubt was an error of the press for *Lest.* The editor of the folio finding the sentiment as exhibited in the quarto, in consequence of this error, not proper in the mouth of a Roman, for *Roman lord* substituted *Goth.* In correcting the errors of the quartos, the editor of the folio appears often to have only looked on the surface, and to

And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To* Luc.] as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i' the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration:
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd[9]
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,

have consequently made several injudicious emendations beside the present.

Mr. Capell, I find, has made the same emendation.

The error here corrected has likewise happened in the quarto copies of *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. ii: "—*let* my extent to the players —should more appear like entertainment than yours:"—instead of—"*Lest* my extent," &c.

As this speech proceeds in an uniform tenor with the foregoing, the whole (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) probably belongs to Marcus. *Malone.*

[9] —— *and* basely cozen'd —] i. e. and *he* basely cozened. Malone.

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,
[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is,[1] to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause[2] had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,[3]
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.

[1] Damn'd *as he is,*] The old copies read—*And* as *he* is. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. The same expression (as he observed) is used in *Othello:*

" O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
" *Damn'd as thou art,* thou hast inchanted her."

In the play before us the same epithet is applied to Aaron:

" See justice done on Aaron, that *damn'd* Moor." *Malone.*

[2] —— *what* cause —] Old copies—what *course.* Corrected in the fourth folio. *Malone.*

[3] *The poor* remainder *of Andronici*
Will, —— *cast* us *down,*] i. e. *We* the poor remainder &c. will cast us down. *Malone.*

Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*several speak*] Lucius, all hail;[4] Rome's royal emperor!

LUCIUS, *&c. descend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
[*To an* Attendant.
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*several speak*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, [*Kisses* TIT.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,[5]
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,

[4] Rom. *Lucius, all hail;* &c.] This line here, and the same words below, are given in the old copy by mistake to *Marcus*. It is manifest, as Mr. Steevens has observed, that they both belong to the surrounding concourse of Romans, who with one voice hail Lucius as their emperor. *Malone.*

The same mistake is in the quarto 1600. *Todd.*

[5] —— *thy blood*-stain'd *face,*] The old copies have—thy blood *slain* face. *Corrected in the fourth folio.* *Malone.*

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Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:[6]
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewel; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, *with* AARON.

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.[7]

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

[6] *Shed yet some small drops* ——
Because kind nature doth require it so:] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" —— fond nature bids us all lament —." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *to see him fasten'd in the earth.*] That *justice* and *cookery* may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *racked* and *roasted* on the stage. *Steevens.*

See justice done to Aaron,[8] that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;[9]
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*[1]

[8] *See justice done* to *Aaron,*] The 4to. 1600, reads:—*done* on *Aaron. Todd.*

[9] *Then, afterwards,* to *order* &c.] Then *will we apply ourselves* to regulate the state. *Malone.*

[1] This is one of those plays which I have always thought, with the better judges, ought not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakspeare's genuine pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a proof to strengthen this opinion, that may put the matter out of question. Ben Jonson in the Introduction to his *Bartholomew-Fair,* which made its first appearance in the year 1614, couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in reputation, and speaks of them as plays then twenty-five or thirty years standing. Consequently *Andronicus* must have been on the stage before Shakspeare left Warwickshire, to come and reside in London: and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turned his genius to stage-writing before he associated with the players, and became one of their body. However, that he afterwards introduced it a-new on the stage, with the addition of his own masterly touches, is incontestible, and thence, I presume, grew his title to it. The diction in general, where he has not taken the pains to raise it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of Henry VI. The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a sur-name of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any wars with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of our play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol.
Theobald.

All the editors and criticks agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestible,* I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to Shakspeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence

than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakspeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakspeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakspeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be Shakspeare's. If it had been written twenty-five years, in 1614, it might have been written when Shakspeare was twenty-five years old. When he left Warwickshire I know not, but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

Ravenscroft, who in the reign of James II, revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by Shakspeare, but written by some other poet. I do not find Shakspeare's touches very discernible. *Johnson.*

There is every reason to believe, that Shakspeare was not the author of this play. I have already said enough upon this subject.

Mr. Upton declares peremptorily, that it ought to be flung out of the list of our author's works: yet Mr. Warner, with all his laudable zeal for the memory of his *school-fellow*, when it may seem to serve his purpose, *disables* his friend's judgment!

Indeed a *new argument* has been produced; it must have been written by Shakspeare, because at that time *other people* wrote in the *same manner!**

It is scarcely worth observing, that the original publisher† had nothing to do with any of the rest of Shakspeare's works. Dr. Johnson observes the copy to be as correct as other books of the time; and probably revised by the author himself; but surely Shakspeare would not have taken the greatest care about *infinitely the worst* of his performances! Nothing more can be said, except that it is printed by Heminge and Condell in the *first folio*: but not to insist, that it had been contrary to their interest to have rejected any play, usually called Shakspeare's, though they might *know* it to be spurious; it does not appear, that their *knowledge* is at all to be depended on; for it is certain, that in the first copies they had entirely omitted the play of *Troilus and Cressida.*

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* *Capell* thought *Edward III*, was Shakspeare's because *nobody* could write so, and *Titus Andronicus* because *every body* could. Well fare his heart, for he is a jewel of a reasoner! *Farmer.*

† The original owner of the copy was John Danter, who likewise printed the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, and is introduced as a character in *The Return from Parnassus*, &c. 1606. *Steevens.*

It has been said, that this play was first printed for G. Eld, 1594, but the original publisher was Edward White. I have seen in an old catalogue of *Tales*, &c. the history of *Titus Andronicus*. *Farmer*.

I have already given the reader a specimen of the changes made in this play by Ravenscroft, who revived it with success in the year 1687; and may add, that when the Empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:

" She has outdone me, ev'n in mine own art,
" Outdone me in murder, kill'd her own child;
" Give it me, I 'll eat it."

It rarely happens that a dramatick piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but *Titus Andronicus* has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings and imagination were congenial with those of its original author.

In the course of the notes on this performance, I have pointed out a passage or two which, in my opinion, sufficiently prove it to have been the work of one who was acquainted both with Greek and Roman literature. It is likewise deficient in such internal marks as distinguish the tragedies of Shakspeare from those of other writers; I mean, that it presents no struggles to introduce the vein of humour so constantly interwoven with the business of his serious dramas. It can neither boast of his striking excellencies, nor his acknowledged defects; for it offers not a single interesting situation, a natural character, or a string of quibbles from first to last. That Shakspeare should have written without commanding our attention, moving our passions, or sporting with words, appears to me as improbable, as that he should have studiously avoided dissyllable and trisyllable terminations in this play, and in no other.

Let it likewise be remembered that this piece was not published with the name of Shakspeare till after his death. The quarto in 1611 is anonymous.

Could the use of particular terms employed in no other of his pieces be admitted as an argument that he was not its author, more than one of these might be found; among which is *palliament* for *robe*, a Latinism which I have not met with elsewhere in any English writer, whether ancient or modern; though it must have originated from the mint of a scholar. I may add, that *Titus Andronicus* will be found on examination to contain a greater number of classical allusions, &c. than are scattered over all the rest of the performances on which the seal of Shakspeare is indubitably fixed.—Not to write any more *about and about* this suspected *thing*, let me observe that the glitter of a few passages in it has perhaps misled the judgment of those who ought to have known, that both sentiment and description are more easily produced than the interesting fabrick of a tragedy. Without these advantages, many plays have succeeded; and many have failed, in which they have been dealt about with the most lavish profusion. It does not follow, that he who can carve a frieze with minuteness, elegance, and ease, has a conception equal to the extent, propriety, and grandeur of a temple. *Steevens*.

Dr. Johnson is not quite accurate in what he has asserted concerning the seven spurious plays, which the printer of the folio in 1664 improperly admitted into his volume. The name of Shakspeare appears only in the title-pages of four of them; *Pericles, Sir John Oldcastle, The London Prodigal,* and *The Yorkshire Tragedy.*

To the word *palliament* mentioned by Mr. Steevens in the preceding note, may be added the words *accite, candidatus,* and *sacred* in the sense of *accursed;* and the following allusions, and scraps of Latin, which are found in this *lamentable* tragedy:

" As hateful as *Cocytus'* misty mouth —."

" More stern and bloody than the *Centaurs' feast.*"

" The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy
" With opportunity of sharp revenge
" Upon the *Thracian tyrant* in his tent."

" —— But safer is this funeral pomp,
" That hath aspir'd to *Solon's happiness.*"

" Why suffer'st thou thy sons unbury'd yet
" *To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?*"

" The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
" That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
" Did graciously plead for his funeral."

" He would have dropp'd his knife, and fallen asleep,
" *As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.*"

" To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
" How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable."

" Was it well done of rash *Virginius,*
" To slay his daughter with his own right hand?"

" Believe me, queen, your swarth *Cimmerian*
" Doth make your honour of his body's hue."

" But sure some Tereus hath deflowred thee,
" And, lest thou should detect him, cut thy tongue."

" That, like the stately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
" Dost overshine the gallant dames of Rome."

" No man shed tears for noble Mutius,
" He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause."

" I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*,
" *With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood*,
" *Nor great Alcides*," &c.

" I 'll dive into the *burning lake* below,
" And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels."

" I come, *Semiramis*; nay, barbarous Tamora."

" And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
" *Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus*."

" *Per Styga, per manes, vehor*, ——"
" *Sit fas, aut nefas*, ——"
" *Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh."
" *Suum cuique* is our Roman *justice*."
" —— *Magne dominator poli*,
" *Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*"
" *Integer vitæ*," &c.
" *Terras Astræa reliquit*."

Similar scraps of Latin are found in the old play of *King John*, and in many other of the dramatick pieces written by our author's predecessors.

It must prove a circumstance of consummate mortification to the living criticks on Shakspeare, as well as a disgrace on the memory of those who have ceased to comment and collate, when it shall appear from the sentiments of one of their own fraternity (who cannot well be suspected of asinine tastelessness, or Gothick pre-possessions,) that we have been all mistaken as to the merits and author of this play. It is scarce necessary to observe that the person exempted from these suspicions is Mr. Capell, who delivers his opinion concerning *Titus Andronicus* in the following words: " To the editor's eye, [i. e. his own,] *Shakspeare stands confess'd*: the *third Act* in particular may be read with *admiration* even by the most delicate; who, if they are not without feelings, may chance to find themselves touch'd by it with such passions as tragedy should excite, that is,—terror and pity." It were injustice not to remark, that the grand and pathetick circumstances in this *third Act*, which we are told cannot fail to excite such vehement emotions, are as follows:—Titus lies down in the dirt.—Aaron chops off his hand.—Saturninus sends him the heads of his two sons, and his own hand again, for a present.—His heroick brother Marcus kills a fly.

Mr. Capell may likewise claim the honour of having produced the *new argument* which Dr. Farmer mentions in a preceeding note. *Malone.*

I agree with such of the commentators as think that Shakspeare had no hand in this abominable tragedy; and consider the correctness with which it is printed, as a kind of collateral proof that he had not. The genuine works of Shakspeare have

been handed down to us in a more depraved state than those of any other contemporary writer; which was partly owing to the obscurity of his hand-writing, which appears from the fac-simile prefixed to this edition, to have been scarcely legible, and partly to his total neglect of them when committed to the press. And it is not to be supposed, that he should have taken more pains about the publication of this horrid performance, than he did in that of his noblest productions. *M. Mason.*

The reader may possibly express some surprize on being told that *Titus Andronicus* was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 21st of Dec. 1720. The receipt of the house was only 35l. 16s. 6d.

It was acted again at the same theatre 19th of March, 1724, for the benefit of Mr. Quin. Receipt in money 80l. 6s. 6d. tickets 64l. 14s.—145l. 0s. 6d.

The characters as follow:—Aaron, Mr. Quin; Titus, Mr. Boheme; Saturninus, Mr. Leigh; Bassianus, Mr. Walker; Lucius, Mr. Ryan; Marcus, Mr. Ogden; Demetrius, Mr. Digges; Chiron, Mr. Ward; Tamora, Mrs. Egleton; Lavinia, Mrs. Sterling.

Again, on the 25th of April, for the benefit of Mr. Hurst, a dramatick writer. Receipt in money 18l. 2s. tickets 17l. 3s.—35l. 5s. *Reed.*

PERICLES.

PERICLES,

THE story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1488;* in that edition the history of *Appolonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewise related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*. Lib. VIII, p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a MS. poem on the same subject, which appears, from the hand-writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. The reader will find an extract from it at the end of the play. There is also an ancient romance on this subject, called *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing *The most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Adventures of Prince* Appolonius, Lucine *his wyfe, and* Tharsa *his daughter*. The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, as in the present play, called *Prince* of Tyre; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Copland's prose Romance, he is entitled *King*. Most of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant*, and a few of Gower's expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early prose translation of this popular story, from the *Gest. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewise, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was published at London, by Valentine Sims, "The patterne of painful adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Accidents that befell unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Translated into English by T. Twine, Gent." I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that published by W. Howe in 1576.

Pericles was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Gosson; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed

* There are several editions of the *Gesta Romanorum* before 1488. *Douce.*

as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play* of PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly, by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico, or Run Red-cap*, in which the following lines are found:

" Amaz'd I stood, to see a crowd
" Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud:
" As at a new play, all the rooms
" Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;
" So that I truly thought all these
" Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*."

In a former edition of this play I said, on the authority of another person, that this pamphlet had appeared in 1596; but I have since met with the piece itself, and find that *Pymlico*, &c. was published in 1609. It might, however, have been a republication.

The prologue to an old comedy called *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614, likewise exhibits a proof of this play's uncommon success. The poet, speaking of his piece, says:

" —— if it prove so happy as to please,
" We 'll say, 'tis fortunate, like *Pericles*."

By *fortunate*, I understand *highly successful*. The writer can hardly be supposed to have meant that *Pericles* was popular rather from accident than merit; for that would have been but a poor eulogy on his own performance.

An obscure poet, however, in 1652, insinuates that this drama was ill received, or at least that it added nothing to the reputation of its author:

" But Shakspeare, the plebeian driller, was
" Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass."

Verses by J. Tatham, prefixed to Richard Brome's *Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, 4to. 1652.

The passages above quoted shew that little credit is to be given to the assertion contained in these lines; yet they furnish us with an additional proof that *Pericles*, at no very distant period after Shakspeare's death, was considered as unquestionably his performance.

In *The Times displayed in Six Sestiads*, 4to. 1646, dedicated by S. Sheppard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22. Sestiad VI, stanza 9, the author thus speaks of our poet and the piece before us:

" See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides
" Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may

" Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes
" Never like him his fancy could display:
" Witness *the Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles:*
" His sweet and his to be admired lay
" He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shows he
" Did understand the depth of poesie."

For the division of this piece into scenes I am responsible, there being none found in the old copies.—See the notes at the end of the play. *Malone.*

The History of *Apollonius King of Tyre* was supposed by Mark Welser, when he printed it in 1595, to have been translated from the Greek a thousand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. p. 821.] It certainly bears strong marks of a Greek original, though it is not, (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the same title, in modern Greek, was re-translated (if I may so speak) from the Latin—απο Λαλιπικ ις Ρωμαικην γλωσσαν. *Du Fresne*, Index Author, *ad Gloss. Græc.* When Welser printed it, he probably did not know that it had been published already (perhaps more than once) among the *Gesta Romanorum.* In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIth century, *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantheon* or Universal Chronicle, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Christ. It begins thus [MS. *Reg.* 14. C. xi.]:

" Filia Seleuci regis stat clara decore,
" Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore.
" Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet."

The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.

Gower, by his own acknowledgement, took his story from the *Pantheon;* as the author, (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, professes to have followed Gower. *Tyrwhitt.*

Chaucer also refers to this story in *The Man of Lawe's Prologue:*

" Or elles of Tyrius Apollonius,
" How that the cursed king Antiochus
" Beraft his doughter of hire maidenhede,
" That is so horrible a tale for to rede" &c.

There are three French translations of this tale, viz.—" La Chronique d'Appolin, Roy de Thyr;" 4to. Geneva, bl. l. no date; —and " Plaisante et agreable Histoire d'Appolonius Prince de Thyr en Affrique, et Roi d'Antioche; traduit par Gilles Corozet," 8vo. Paris, 1530;—and (in the seventh volume of the *Histoires Tragiques* &c. 12mo. 1604, par François Belle-forest, &c.) " Accidens diuers aduenus à Appollonie Roy des Tyriens: ses malheurs sur mer, ses pertes de femme et fille, et la fin heureuse de tous ensemble."

In the Introduction to this last novel, the translator says:— " Ayant en main une histoire tiree du Grec, et icelle ancienne, comme aussi je l'ay recuellie d'un vieux livre écrit à la main" &c.

But the present story, as it appears in Belle-forest's collection, (Vol. VII, p. 113, *& seq.*) has yet a further claim to our notice, as it had the honour (p. 148-9) of furnishing Dryden with the outline of his *Alexander's Feast*. Langbaine, &c. have accused this great Poet of adopting circumstances from the *Histoires Tragiques*, among other French novels; a charge, however, that demands neither proof nor apology.

The popularity of this tale of Appolonius, may be inferred from the very numerous MS. in which it appears.

Both editions of Twine's translation are now before me. Thomas Twine was the continuator of Phaer's Virgil, which was left imperfect in the year 1558.

In Twine's book our hero is repeatedly called—"Prince of Tyrus." It is singular enough that this fable should have been re-published in 1607, the play entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1608, and printed in 1609.

I must still add a few words concerning the piece in question.

Numerous are our unavoidable annotations on it. Yet it has been so inveterately corrupted by transcription, interpolation, &c. that were it published, like the other dramas of Shakspeare, with scrupulous warning of every little change which necessity compels an editor to make in it, his comment would more than treble the quantity of his author's text. If therefore, the silent insertion or transposition of a few harmless syllables which do not affect the value of one sentiment throughout the whole, can obviate those defects in construction and harmony which have hitherto molested the reader, why should not his progress be facilitated by such means, rather than by a wearisome appeal to remarks that disturb attention, and contribute to diminish whatever interest might otherwise have been awakened by the scenes before him? If any one of the trivial supplements, &c. introduced by the present editor are found to be needless or improper, let him be freely censured by his successors, on the score of rashness or want of judgment. Let the Nimrods of *ifs* and *ands* pursue him; let the champions of nonsense that bears the stamp of antiquity, couch their rusty lances at the desperate innovator. To the severest hazard, on this account, he would more cheerfully expose himself, than leave it to be observed that he had printed many passages in *Pericles* without an effort to exhibit them (as they must have originally appeared) with some obvious meaning, and a tolerable flow of versification. The pebble which aspires to rank with diamonds, should at least have a decent polish bestowed on it. Perhaps the piece here exhibited has merit insufficient to engage the extremest vigilance of criticism. Let it on the whole, however, be rendered legible, before its value is estimated, and then its minutiæ (if they deserve it) may become objects of contention. The old perplexed and vitiated copy of the play is by no means rare; and if the reader, like Pericles, should think himself qualified to evolve the intricacies of a riddle, be it remembered, that the editor is not an Antiochus, who would willingly subject him to such a labour.

That I might escape the charge of having attempted to conceal the liberties taken with this corrupted play, have I been thus ample in my confession. I am not conscious that in any other drama I have changed a word, or the position of a syllable, without constant and formal notice of such deviations from our author's text.

To these tedious prolegomena may I subjoin that, in consequence of researches successfully urged by poetical antiquaries, I should express no surprize if the very title of the piece before us were hereafter, on good authority, to be discarded? Some lucky rummages among papers long hoarded up, have discovered as unexpected things as an author's own manuscript of an ancient play. That indeed of *Tancred and Gismund*, a much older piece, (and differing in many parts from the copy printed in 1592) is now before me.

It is almost needless to observe that our dramatick *Pericles* has not the least resemblance to his historical namesake; though the adventures of the former are sometimes coincident with those of *Pyrocles*, the hero of Sydney's *Arcadia;* for the amorous, fugitive, shipwrecked, musical, tilting, despairing Prince of Tyre is an accomplished knight of romance, disguised under the name of a statesman,—

" Whose resistless eloquence
" Wielded at will a fierce democratie,
" Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece."

As to Sydney's *Pyrocles,—Troe, Tyriusve,—*

" The world was all before him, where to choose
" His place of rest;"

but *Pericles* was tied down to Athens, and could not be removed to a throne in Phœnicia. No poetick licence will permit a unique, classical, and conspicuous name to be thus unwarrantably transferred. A Prince of Madagascar must not be called Æneas, nor a Duke of Florence Mithridates; for such peculiar appellations would unseasonably remind us of their great original possessors. The playwright who indulges himself in these wanton and injudicious vagaries, will always counteract his own purpose. Thus, as often as the appropriated name of *Pericles* occurs, it serves but to expose our author's gross departure from established manners and historick truth; for laborious fiction could not designedly produce two personages more opposite than the settled demagogue of Athens, and the vagabond Prince of Tyre.

It is remarkable, that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage; and when his subordinate agents were advanced to such honour, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorous, (his companion,) Argalus and Parthenia, Phalantus and Eudora, Andromana, &c. furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney, had once such popularity, that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct cur-

rent of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. Nay, so high was the credit of this romance, that many a fashionable word and glowing phrase selected from it, was applied, like a Promethean torch, to contemporary sonnets, and gave a transient life even to those dwarfish and enervate bantlings of the reluctant Muse.

I must add, that the *Appolyn* of the Story-book and Gower, could have been rejected only to make room for a more favourite name; yet, however conciliating the name of *Pyrocles* might have been, that of *Pericles* could challenge no advantage with regard to general predilection.

I am aware, that a conclusive argument cannot be drawn from the false quantity in the second syllable of Perĭcles; and yet if the Athenian was in our author's mind, he might have been taught by repeated translations from fragments of satiric poets in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch, to call his hero Perĭcles; as for instance, in the following couplet:

" O Chiron, tell me, first, art thou indeede the man
" Which did instruct *Pericles* thus? make aunswer if thou can." &c. &c.

Again, in George Gascoigne's *Steele Glas:*

" *Pericles* stands in rancke amongst the rest."

Again, *ibidem:*

" *Pericles* was a famous man of warre."

Such therefore was the poetical pronunciation of this proper name, in the age of Shakspeare. The address of Persius to a youthful orator—*Magni pupille Pericli*, is familiar to the ear of every classical reader.

By some of the observations scattered over the following pages, it will be proved that the illegitimate *Pericles* occasionally adopts not merely the ideas of Sir Philip's heroes, but their very words and phraseology. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that our author designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*,* however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter (a name of almost similar sound) into the place of the former. The true name, when once corrupted or changed in the theatre, was effectually withheld from the publick; and every commentator on this play agrees in a belief that it must have been printed by means of a copy " far as Deucalion off" from the manuscript which had received Shakspeare's revisal and improvement. *Steevens.*

* Such a theatrical mistake will not appear improbable to the reader who recollects that in the fourth scene of the first Act of *The Third Part of King Henry VI*, instead of " tigers of *Hircania*,"—the players have given us—" tigers of *Arcadia*." Instead of " an *Até*," in *King John*,—" an *ace*." Instead of " *Panthino*," in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*,—" *Panthion*." Instead of " *Polydore*," in *Cymbeline*,—" *Paladour*" was continued through all the editions till that of 1773.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Antiochus, *king of* Antioch.
Pericles, *prince of* Tyre.
Helicanus, } *two lords of* Tyre.
Escanes, }
Simonides, *king of* Pentapolis.[1]
Cleon, *governor of* Tharsus.
Lysimachus, *governor of* Mitylene.
Cerimon, *a lord of* Ephesus.
Thaliard, *a lord of* Antioch.
Philemon, *servant to* Cerimon.
Leonine, *servant to* Dionyza. *Marshall.*
A Pandar, and his wife. Boult, *their servant.*
Gower, *as chorus.*

The daughter of Antiochus. Dionyza, *wife to* Cleon.
Thaisa, *daughter to* Simonides.
Marina, *daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaisa.
Lychorida, *nurse to* Marina. Diana.

Lords, ladies, knights, gentlemen, sailors, pirates, fishermen, and messengers, &c.

SCENE,

Dispersedly in various Countries.

[1] *Pentapolis.*] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from some romance. We meet indeed in history with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of *five cities*; and from thence perhaps some novellist furnished the sounding title of *Pentapolis*, which occurs likewise in the 37th chapter of *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, as well as in Gower, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Twine's translation from it.

It should not, however, be concealed, that *Pentapolis* is also found in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, British Museum, Tiberius, B. V.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre*, a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tarsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia. *Steevens.*

PERICLES,

PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of ANTIOCH.

To sing a song of old was sung,[2]
From ashes ancient Gower is come;[3]
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;[4]
And lords and ladies of their lives[5]
Have read it for restoratives:

[2] —— *of* old *was sung,*] I do not know that *old* is by any author used adverbially. We might read:

To sing a song of *old was sung,* ——

i. e. *that* of old &c.

But the poet is so licentious in the language which he has attributed to Gower in this piece, that I have not ventured to make any change. *Malone.*

I have adopted Mr. Malone's emendation, which was evidently wanted. *Steevens.*

[3] —— *Gower is* come;] The defect of metre (*sung* and *come* being no rhymes) points out, in my opinion, that we should read:

From ashes ancient Gower 's sprung;

alluding to the restoration of the Phœnix. *Steevens.*

[4] *It hath been sung at festivals,*
*On ember-eves, and holy-*ales;] i. e. says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales.* The old copy has—holy *days.* Gower's speeches were certainly intended to rhyme throughout. *Malone.*

[5] —— of *their lives* —] The old copies read—*in* their lives. The emendation was suggested by Dr. Farmer. *Malone.*

'Purpose to make men glorious;[6]
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,

[6] 'Purpose *to make men glorious;* &c.] Old copy:
The purchase *is to make men glorious;* &c. *Steevens.*
There is an irregularity of metre in this couplet. The same variation is observable in *Macbeth:*
" I am for the air; this night I 'll spend
" Upon a dismal and a fatal end."
The old copies read—The *purchase* &c. Mr. Steevens suggested this emendation. *Malone.*
Being now convinced that all the irregular lines detected in *The Midsummer Night's Dream, Macbeth,* and *Pericles,* have been prolonged by interpolations which afford no additional beauties, I am become more confident in my attempt to mend the passage before us. Throughout this play it should seem to be a very frequent practice of the reciter, or transcriber, to supply words which, for some foolish reason or other, were supposed to be wanting. Unskilled in the language of poetry, and more especially in that which was clouded by an affectation of antiquity, these ignorant people regarded many contractions and ellipses, as indications of somewhat accidentally omitted; and while they inserted only monosyllables or unimportant words in imaginary vacancies, they conceived themselves to be doing little mischief. Liberties of this kind must have been taken with the piece under consideration. The measure of it is too regular and harmonious in many places, for us to think it was utterly neglected in the rest. As this play will never be received as the entire composition of Shakspeare, and as violent disorders require medicines of proportionable violence, I have been by no means scrupulous in striving to reduce the metre to that exactness which I suppose it originally to have possessed. Of the same licence I should not have availed myself, had I been employed on any of the undisputed dramas of our author. Those experiments which we are forbidden to perform on living subjects, may properly be attempted on dead ones, among which our *Pericles* may be reckoned; being dead, in its present form to all purposes of the stage, and of no very promising life in the closet.
The *purpose* is *to make men glorious,*
Et *bonum* quo antiquius eo melius.] The original saying is—*Bonum quo communius, eo melius.*
As I suppose these lines, with their context, to have originally stood as follows, I have so given them:
And lords and ladies, of their lives
Have read it as restoratives:
'Purpose *to make men glorious;*
Et quo antiquius, eo melius.

And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This city then, Antioch the great
Built up for his chiefest seat;[7]
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say:[8])
This king unto him took a pheere,[9]
Who died and left a female heir,

This innovation may seem to introduce obscurity; but in huddling words on each other, without their necessary articles and prepositions, the chief skill of our present imitator of antiquated rhyme appears to have consisted.

Again, old copy:

" This Antioch then, Antiochus the great
" Built up; this city, for his chiefest seat."

I suppose the original lines were these, and as such have printed them:

" This city then, Antioch the great
" Built up for his chiefest seat."

Another redundant line offers itself in the same chorus:

" Bad *child, worse* father! to entice his own —"

which I also give as I conceive it to have originally stood, thus:

" Bad father! to entice his own ——."

The words omitted are of little consequence, and the artificial comparison between the guilt of the parent and the child, has no resemblance to the simplicity of Gower's narratives. The lady's frailty is sufficiently stigmatized in the ensuing lines. See my further sentiments concerning the irregularities of Shakspeare's metre, in a note on *The Tempest.* Vol. II, p. 58, n. 4; and again in Vol. VII, p. 160, n. 5. *Steevens.*

[7] ——*for his* chiefest seat;] So, in Twine's translation:—

" The most famous and mighty King Antiochus, which builded the goodlie cities of Antiochia in Syria, and called it after his owne name, as the *chiefest seat* of all his dominions." *Steevens.*

[8] (*I tell you what mine authors say:*)] This is added in imitation of Gower's manner, and that of Chaucer, Lydgate, &c. who often thus refer to the original of their tales.—These choruses resemble Gower in few other particulars. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *unto him took a* pheere,] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a *mate* or companion. The old copies have—*peer.* For the emendation I am answerable. Throughout this piece, the poet, though he has not closely copied the language of Gower's poem, has endeavoured to give his speeches somewhat of an antique air. *Malone.*

See Vol. XVII, p. 64, n. 7. *Steevens.*

So buxom, blithe, and full of face,[1]
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom, what they did begin,[2]
Was, with long use, account no sin.[3]
The beauty of this sinful dame,
Made many princes thither frame,[4]
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
(To keep her still, and men in awe,[5])
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many wight[6] did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.[7]

[1] —— full *of face,*] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A *full fortune*, in *Othello*, means a *complete*, a *large one*. See also Vol. XII, p. 138, n. 2. *Malone.*

[2] By *custom, what they did begin,*] All the copies read, unintelligibly,—*But* custom &c. *Malone.*

[3] —— account *no sin.*] *Account* for *accounted.* So, in *King John*, *waft* for *wafted*:

"Than now the English bottoms have *waft* o'er." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *thither* frame,] i. e. shape or direct their course thither. *Malone.*

[5] (*To keep her still, and men in awe,*)] The meaning, I think, is not *to keep her and men in awe*, but, *to keep her still* to himself, *and to deter others from demanding her in marriage.* *Malone.*

Mr. Malone has properly interpreted this passage. So, in Twine's translation: "— which false resemblance of hateful marriage, to the intent *that he might alwaies enjoy*, he invented &c. *to drive away all suitors that should resort unto her*, by propounding" &c. See p. 132, n. 8. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *many* a *wight* —] The quarto, 1609, reads—many *of* wight. Corrected in the folio. *Malone.*

Perhaps the correction is erroneous, and we should read, nearer to the traces of the old copy,—

So for her many of m*ight did die,* ——

i. e. many *men* of might. Thus, afterwards:

"Yon sometime *famous princes,*" &c.

The *w* in the quarto 1609, might be only an *m* reversed. *Steevens.*

[7] *As yon grim looks do testify.*] Gower must be supposed here to point to the heads of those unfortunate wights, which, he

What now ensues,[8] to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify.[9] [*Exit.*

tells us, in his poem, were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch:

" The fader, whan he understood
" That thei his doughter thus besought,
" With all his wit he cast and sought
" Howe that he might fynde a lette;
" And such a statute then he sette,
" And in this wise his lawe taxeth,
" That what man his doughter axeth,
" But if he couth his question
" Assoyle upon suggestion,
" Of certeyn thinges that befell,
" The which he wolde unto him tell,
" He shulde in certeyn lese his hede:
" And thus there were many dede,
" *Her heades stonding on the gate;*
" Till at last, long and late,
" For lack of answere in this wise
" The remenant, that wexen wyse,
" Eschewden to make assaie." *Malone.*

As yon grim looks do testify.] This is an indication to me of the use of scenery in our ancient theatres. I suppose the audience were here entertained with a view of a kind of Temple-Bar at Antioch. *Steevens.*

[8] *What* now *ensues,*] The folio—*What ensues.* The original copy has—What *now* ensues. *Malone.*

[9] —— *my cause who best can justify.*] i. e. *which* (the judgment of your eye) best can *justify*, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature. So, afterwards:

" When thou shalt kneel, and *justify* in knowledge, —."

But as no other of the four next choruses concludes with a heroick couplet, unless through interpolation, I suspect that the two lines before us originally stood thus:

" What now ensues,
" I give to the judgment of your eye,
" My cause who best can justify."

In another of Gower's monologues there is an avowed hemistich:

" And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
" The epitaph is for Marina writ
" *By wicked Dionyza.*"

See Act IV, sc. iv. *Steevens.*

SCENE I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre,[1] you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Musick.*
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,[2]
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,[3]

[1] *Young* prince *of Tyre,*] It does not appear in the present drama, that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince,* therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant.* See Act II, sc. iv, and the epitaph in Act III, sc. iii. In the *Gesta Romanorum,* Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; and Appolyn, in Copland's translation from the French, has the same title. Our author, in calling Pericles a prince seems to have followed Gower. *Malone.*

In Twine's translation he is repeatedly called "*Prince* of Tyrus." *Steevens.*

[2] *Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,*] All the copies read:

Musick, *bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride* —.

The metre proves decisively that the word *musick* was a marginal direction, inserted in the text by the mistake of the transcriber or printer. *Malone.*

[3] *For the embracements even of* Jove *himself;*
At whose conception, (till *Lucina reign'd*)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her *presence,* &c.] It appears to me, that by her *conception,* Shakspeare means her *birth;* and that *till* is here used in the sense of *while.* So, in *The Scornful Lady,* Loveless says to Morecraft:

"Will you persevere?"

To which he replies:

"*Till* I have a penny."

That is, *whilst* I have one.

And on the other hand, *while* sometimes signifies *till;* as in *Wit at several Weapons,* Pompey says:

"I 'll lie under the bed *while* midnight," &c.

And in Massinger's *Old Law,* Simonides says to Cleanthes:

"I 'll trust you *while* your father 's dead;"

Meaning, *until he be dead;* the words being used indiscriminately for each other in the old dramatick writers: and it is to be ob-

The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.[4]

served that they are both expressed in Latin by the same word, *donec*.

The meaning of the passage, according to my apprehension, is this:—"At whose birth, during the time of her mother's labour, over which Lucina was supposed to preside, the planets all sat in council in order to endow her with the rarest perfections." And this agrees with the principles of judicial astrology, a folly prevalent in Shakspeare's time; according to which the beauty, the disposition, as well as the fortune of all human beings, was supposed to depend upon the aspect of the stars at the time they were born, not at the time in which they were conceived. *M. Mason.*

Perhaps the error lies in the word *conception*, and instead of it we ought to read *concession*. The meaning will then be obvious, and especially if we adopt Mr. M. Mason's sense of the preposition *till*.—"Bring in (says Antiochus) my daughter habited like a bride for Jove himself, *at* whose *concession* (i. e. by whose grant or leave,) nature bestowed this dowry upon her—*While* she was struggling into the world, the planets held a consultation how they should unite in her the utmost perfection their blended influence could bestow."—It should be observed, that the preposition *at* sometimes signifies *in consequence of*. Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,
"*At* your important letters."

This change of a word allows the sense for which Mr. M. Mason contends, and without his strange supposal, that by her *conception* was meant her *birth*.

The thought is expressed with less obscurity in *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510: "— For nature had put nothynge in oblyvyon at the fourminge of her, but as a chef operacyon had set her in the syght of the worlde." *Steevens.*

In the speech now before us, the words *whose* and *her* may, I think, refer to the daughter of Antiochus, without greater licence than is taken by Shakspeare in many of his plays. So, in *Othello*: "Our general cast us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona*: *whom* [i. e. our general] let us not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her." I think the construction is, "at whose conception the senate-house of planets all did sit," &c. and that the words, "till Lucina reign'd, Nature," &c. are parenthetical. *Malone.*

[4] *The senate-house of planets all did sit,*
To knit in her their best perfections.] I suspect that a rhyme was here intended, and that we ought to transpose the words in the second line, as follows:

The senate-house of planets all did sit,
Their best perfections in her to knit.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men![5]

To the contagion of this couplet perhaps we owe the subsequent fit of rhyming in which Pericles indulges himself, at the expense of readers and commentators.

The leading thought, indeed, appears to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: "*The senate-house of* the *planets* was at no time so *set* for the decreeing of *perfection* in a man," &c.

Thus also, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, VIII, 511:

" ———— all heaven,
" And happy constellations, on that hour
" Shed their selectest influence."

The sentiment of Antiochus, however, is expressed with less affectation in *Julius Cæsar*:

" ———— the elements
" So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
" And say to all the world, This was a man." *Steevens.*

[5] *See where she comes*, &c.] In this speech of Pericles, a transposition perhaps is necessary. We might therefore read:

See where she comes apparell'd like the king,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the spring
Of every virtue &c.

Antiochus had commanded that his daughter should be clothed in a manner suitable to the bride of Jove; and thus dressed in royal robes, she may be said to be apparelled *like the king*.

After all, I am dissatisfied with my own conjecture, and cannot help suspecting some deep corruption in the words of Pericles. With what propriety can a lady's *thoughts* be styled—*the king of every virtue*, &c.? Let the reader exert his sagacity on this occasion.—In a subsequent scene, Jupiter is called *the king of thoughts*: and in *King Henry IV*, Part I, Douglas tells Hotspur that he is the *king of honour*; but neither of these passages will solve our present difficulty. We might read:

——— *and her thoughts the* wing
Of every virtue, &c.

for in *All 's Well that Ends Well* we have " a virtue of a good *wing*."

That every virtue may borrow *wings* (i. e. derive alacrity) from the sentiments of a young, beautiful, and virtuous woman, is a truth that cannot be denied. Pericles, at this instant, supposes the daughter of Antiochus to be as good as she is fair. The passage, indeed, with another change as slight, may convey as obvious a meaning.

She comes (says Pericles) adorned with all the colours of the spring; the Graces are proud to enroll themselves among her subjects; and the *king* (i. e. the *chief*) of every virtue that ennobles humanity, impregnates her mind:

Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures,[6] as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd,[7] and testy wrath

Graces her subjects, in *her thoughts the king*
Of every virtue &c.

In short, she has no superior in beauty, yet still she is herself under the dominion of virtue.

But having already stated my belief that this passage is incurably depraved, I must now add, that my present attempts to restore it are, even in my own judgment, as decidedly abortive.
Steevens.

[6] *Her face, the book of* praises, *where is read*
Nothing but curious pleasures,] In what sense a lady's face can be styled *a book of praises* (unless by a very forced construction it be understood to mean *an aggregate of what is praiseworthy,*) I profess my inability to understand.

A seemingly kindred thought occurs in a MS. play, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy:*

" *Tyrant.* Thy honours with thy daughter's love shall rise.
"I shall read thy deservings in her eyes.
" *Helvetius.* O may they be eternal *books of pleasure*
" To show you all delight." *Steevens.*

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Read o'er the *volume* of young Paris' *face,*
" And find *delight* writ there with beauty's pen."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" Your *face,* my thane, is as a *book,* where men
" May *read* strange matters."

Again, in *Love's Labour 's Lost:*

" Study his bias leaves, and makes his *book* thine *eyes,*
" Where all those *pleasures* live, that art could comprehend."

The same image is also found in his *Rape of Lucrece,* and in *Coriolanus. Praises* is here used for *beauties,* the cause of admiration and praise. *Malone.*

So, in *The Elder Brother,* Charles says of Angelina,—

" —— She has a face looks like a story;
" The story of the heavens looks very like her."
M. Mason.

[7] *Sorrow were ever ras'd,*] Our author has again this expression in *Macbeth:*

" *Rase* out the written *troubles* of the brain."

The second quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent copies, read —*rackt.* The first quarto—*racte,* which is only the old spelling of *ras'd;* the verb being formerly written *race.* Thus, in *Dido Queen of Carthage,* by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:

" But I will take another order now,
" And *race* the eternal register of time."

Could never be her mild companion.[8]
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,[9]
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness![1]

Ant. Prince Pericles, ——

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,[2]
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:

The metaphor in the preceding line—
" Her face, the book of praises,"
shows clearly that this was the author's word. *Malone.*

[8] —— *and* testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.] This is a bold expression:—*testy wrath* could not well be a mild companion to any one; but by *her mild companion*, Shakspeare means *the companion of her mildness*. *M. Mason.*

[9] *That have inflam'd* desire *in my breast,*] It should be remembered that *desire* was sometimes used as a trisyllable. See Vol. XVI, p 38, n. 4. *Malone.*

[1] *To compass such a* boundless *happiness!*] All the old copies have *bondless*. The reading of the text was furnished by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

[2] *Before thee stands this fair* Hesperides,] In the enumeration of the persons prefixed to this drama, which was first made by the editor of Shakspeare's plays in 1664, and copied without alteration by Mr. Rowe, the daughter of Antiochus is, by a ridiculous mistake, called *Hesperides*, an error to which this line seems to have given rise. Shakspeare was not quite accurate in his notion of the *Hesperides*, but he certainly never intended to give this appellation to the princess of Antioch; for it appears from *Love's Labour 's Lost*, Act IV, scene the last, that he thought *Hesperides* was the name of the *garden* in which the golden apples were kept; in which sense the word is certainly used in the passage now before us:

" For valour, is not love a Hercules,
" Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides?*"

In the first quarto edition of this play, this lady is only called *Antiochus' daughter*. If Shakspeare had wished to have introduced a female name derived from the *Hesperides*, he has elsewhere shown that he knew how such a name ought to be formed; for in *As you Like it*, mention is made of " *Hesperia*, the princess' gentlewoman." *Malone.*

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
A countless glory,[3] which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.[4]
Yon sometime famous princes,[5] like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,[6]
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,[7]
For going on death's net,[8] whom none resist.

[3] *A* countless *glory,*] The *countless* glory of a face, seems a harsh expression; but the poet, probably was thinking of the stars, the *countless* eyes of heaven, as he calls them in p. 128. *Malone.*

Old copy—*Her* countless &c. I read—*A* countless glory,—i. e. her face, like the firmament, invites you to a blaze of beauties too numerous to be counted. In the first Book of the *Corinthians*, ch. xv: "—there is another *glory* of the stars." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *all thy whole* heap *must die.*] i. e. thy whole mass must be destroyed. There seems to have been an opposition intended, *Thy whole heap*, thy body, must suffer for the offence of a *part*, thine *eye*. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the present passage, was used for *body* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. See Vol. XI, p. 48, n. 6.

The old copies read—*all* the *whole heap*. I am answerable for this correction. *Malone.*

[5] *Yon sometime famous princes,* &c.] See before p. 118, n. 7. *Malone.*

So, in Twine's translation: "—and his head was set up at the gate, to terrifie others that should come, who beholding there the present image of death, might aduise them from assaying any such danger. These outrages practised Antiochus, to the end he might continue in filthy incest with his daughter." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *without covering, save yon field of stars,*] Thus, Lucan, Lib. VII:

"—— cœlo tegitur qui non habet urnam." *Steevens.*

[7] *And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,*] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"———— think upon these gone;
"Let them affright thee." *Steevens.*

[8] For *going* on *death's net,*] Thus the old copies, and rightly. Mr. Malone would read—*From* going &c. but *for* going means the same as *for fear of going*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Lucetta says of* the fragments of a letter:

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:[9]
For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life 's but breath; to trust it, error.
I 'll make my will then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,[1]
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[*To the Daughter of* ANT.
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;[2]

" Yet here they shall not lie *for* catching cold."
i. e. *for fear* of it. See Vol. II, p. 155, n. 2.
It were easy to subjoin a crowd of instances in support of this original reading. *Steevens.*
I would read—*in* death's net. *Percy.*

[9] —— *like to them, to what I must:*] That is,—to prepare this body for that state to which I must *come*. *Malone.*

[1] *Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,* &c.] The meaning may be—*I will act as sick men do; who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven,* have neglected the latter for the former; *but* at length *feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity. Malone.*
Malone has justly explained the meaning of this passage, but he has not shown how the words, as they stand, will bear that meaning: Some amendment appears to me to be absolutely necessary, and that which I should propose is to read—
Who now in *the world see heaven,* &c.
That is, who at one time of their lives find heaven in the pleasures of the world, but after having tasted of misfortune, begin to be weaned from the joys of it. Were we to make a further alteration, and read—*seek heaven,* instead of—*see heaven,* the expression would be stronger; but that is not necessary.
M. Mason.

[2] *Read the conclusion then;*] This and the two following lines are given in the first quarto to Pericles; and the word *Antiochus,* which is now placed in the margin, makes part of his speech. There can be no doubt that they belong to *Antiochus.* *Malone.*

Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.
Daugh. In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!
In all, save that, I wish thee happiness![3]
Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.[4]

These lines in the old copies stand as follows:
" Thus ready for the way of life or death
" I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
" Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:
" Which read" &c.
Unbroken measure, as well as the spirit of this passage, perhaps decide in favour of its present arrangement. *Steevens.*

[3] *In* all, *save that*, &c.] Old copy:
Of *all* said yet, *may'st thou prove prosperous!*
Of *all* said yet, *I wish thee happiness!*
'*Said* is here apparently contracted for *assay'd*, i. e. tried, attempted. *Percy.*
She cannot wish him more prosperous, with respect to the exposition of the riddle, than the other persons who had attempted it before; for as the necessary consequence of his expounding it would be the publication of her own shame, we cannot suppose that she should wish him to succeed in that. The passage is evidently corrupt, and should probably be corrected by reading the lines thus:
In *all*, save that, *may'st thou prove prosperous!*
In *all*, save that, *I wish thee happiness!*
Her father had just said to Pericles, that his life depended on his expounding the riddle; and the daughter, who feels a regard for the Prince, expresses it by deprecating his fate, and wishing him success in every thing except that. She wishes that he may not expound the riddle, but that his failing to do so may be attended with prosperous consequences. When we consider how licentious Shakspeare frequently is in the use of his particles, it may not perhaps be thought necessary to change the word *of*, in the beginning of these lines, for the word *in*. There is no great difference in the traces of the letters between *said* and *save*; and the words *that* and *yet* have one common abbreviation, viz. *y*. *M. Mason.*
I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's conjecture in the text, as it gives a more reasonable turn to the speech than has hitherto been supplied; and because it is natural to wish that the only words assigned to this lady, might have some apt and determinate meaning. *Steevens.*

[4] *Nor ask advice of any other thought*
But faithfulness, and courage.] This is from the third Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: " Whereupon *asking advice of no other*

[He reads the Riddle.[5]]

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.[6]
He 's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.[7]

Sharp physick is the last:[8] but O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,[9]

thought but faithfulnesse and courage, he presently lighted from his own horse," &c. edit. 1633, p. 253. *Steevens.*

[5] *He reads the Riddle.*] The riddle is thus described in Gower: "*Questio regis Antiochi.—Scelere vehor, maternâ carne vescor, quero patrem meum, matris meæ virum, uxoris meæ filium.*

"With felonie I am uphore,
"I ete, and have it not forlore,
"My moders fleshe whose husbonde
"My fader for to seche I fonde,
"Which is the sonne eke of my wife,
"Hereof I am inquisitife.
"And who that can my tale save,
"All quite he shall my doughter have.
"Of his answere and if he faile,
"He shall be dead withouten faile." *Malone.*

[6] *I sought a husband, in which* labour,
I found that *kindness* in *a father.*] The defective rhyme which *labour* affords to *father*, and the obscurity indeed of the whole couplet, induce me to suppose it might originally have stood thus:

I sought a husband; in which rather
I found the *kindness* of *a father.*

In *which* (i. e. in *whom*, for this pronoun anciently related to persons as well as things) I rather found parental than marital love. *Steevens.*

[7] *As you will live, resolve it you.*] This duplication is common enough to ancient writers. So, in *King Henry IV*, Part I:

"I 'll drink no more, for no man's pleasure I." *Malone.*

[8] Sharp *physick* is *the last:*] i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle that his life depends on resolving it; which he properly enough calls *sharp physick*, or a bitter potion. *Percy.*

[9] *That give heaven countless* eyes *to view men's acts,*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"——— who more engilds the night,
"Than all yon fiery oes and *eyes* of light." *Malone.*

Why cloud they not[1] their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait,[2]
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You 're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful musick,[3]
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:[4]
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,[5]
For that 's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.

[1] —— *countless eyes* ——
Why cloud *they not* —] So, in *Macbeth*:
" —— stars, *hide* your fires,
" Let not light see," &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *For he 's no man on whom perfections wait,*] Means no more than—*he 's no honest man*, that knowing, &c. *Malone.*

[3] —— *to make man* —] i. e. to produce *for* man, &c. *Malone.*

[4] *But* &c.
Hell only danceth at so harsh *a* chime:] Somewhat like this occurs in Milton's *Ode at a Solemn Musick*:
" ———— disproportion'd sin
" Jarr'd against nature's *chime*, and with *harsh* din
" Broke the fair musick ——." *Steevens.*

[5] *Prince Pericles*, touch not, *upon thy life*,] This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony:
" —— to let him be familiar with
" My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
" And plighter of high hearts." *Steevens.*
Malefort, in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*, expresses the like impatient jealousy, when Beaufort touches his daughter Theocrine, to whom he was betrothed. *M. Mason.*

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;[6]
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them.[7] The blind mole casts

[6] *For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,*
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;] That is, *which* blows dust, &c.

The man who knows of the ill practices of princes, is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes.—When the blast is over, the eye that has been affected by the dust, suffers no farther pain, but can see as clearly as before; so by the relation of criminal acts, the eyes of mankind (though they are affected, and turn away with horror,) are opened, and see clearly what before was not even suspected: but by exposing the crimes of others, the relater suffers himself; as the breeze passes away, so the breath of the informer is gone; he dies for his temerity. Yet, to stop the course or ventilation of the air, would hurt the eyes; and to prevent informers from divulging the crimes of men would be prejudicial to mankind.

Such, I think, is the meaning of this obscure passage. *Malone.*

[7] *The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:*
To stop the air would hurt them.] Malone has mistaken the meaning of this part of the speech of Pericles:—There should be no stop after the word *clear*, that line being necessarily connected with the following words; and the meaning is this: "The breath is gone, and the eyes, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them."

Malone supposes the sentence to end with the first of these lines, and makes the other a general political aphorism, not perceiving that, "to stop the air would hurt them;" means only to "stop the air *that* would hurt them;" the pronoun being omitted; an ellipsis frequent not only in poetry, but in prose.

Pericles means only, by this similitude, to show the danger of revealing the crimes of princes; for as they feel themselves hurt by the publication of their shame, they will, of course, prevent a repetition of it, by destroying the person who divulged it: He pursues the same idea in the instance of the mole, and concludes with requesting that the king would—

"Give his tongue like leave to love his head."

That is, that he would not force his tongue to speak what, if spoken, would prove his destruction.

In the second scene Pericles says, speaking of the king:

Copp'd hills[8] towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd
By man's oppression;[9] and the poor worm doth die for 't.[1]
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law 's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head![2] he has found the meaning;—
But I will gloze with him.[3] [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,

" And what may make him blush in being known,
" *He 'll stop the course* by which it might be known."
Which confirms my explanation. *M. Mason.*

[8] Copp'd *hills* —] i. e. rising to a top or head. So, in P. Holland's translation of the eleventh Book of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* "And few of them have *cops* or crested tufts upon their heads."

Copped Hall, in Essex, was so named from the lofty pavilion on the roof of the old house, which has been since pulled down. The upper tire of masonry that covers a wall is still called the *copping* or *coping*. High-crowned hats were anciently called *cop*atain hats. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *the earth is* wrong'd
By man's oppression;] Old copies—*throng'd.* For this change I am answerable. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *and the* poor worm *doth die for 't.*] I suppose he means to call the *mole*, (which suffers in its attempts to complain of man's injustice) *a poor worm*, as a term of commiseration. Thus, in *The Tempest*, Prospero speaking to Miranda, says:
" *Poor worm!* thou art infected."
The mole remains secure till he has thrown up those hillocks, which, by pointing out the course he is pursuing, enable the vermin-hunter to catch him. *Steevens.*

[2] *Heaven, that I had thy head!*] The speaker may either mean to say, *O, that I had thy ingenuity!* or, *O, that I had thy head, sever'd from thy body!* The latter, I believe, is the meaning. *Malone.*

[3] *But I will gloze with him.*] So, Gower:
" The kinge was wondre sorie tho,
" And thought, if that he said it oute,
" Then were he shamed all aboute:
" *With slie wordes and with felle*
" He sayth: My sonne I shall thee telle,
" Though that thou be of littel witte," &c. *Malone.*

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,[4]
Your exposition misinterpreting,[5]
We might proceed to cancel of your days;[6]
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;[7]
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.[8]
[*Exeunt* ANT. *his Daughter, and* Attendants.

[4] —— our *strict edcit.*] The old copy has—*your* strict edict. Corrected in the folio. *Malone.*

[5] *Your exposition misinterpreting,*] Your exposition of the riddle being a mistaken one; not interpreting it rightly. *Malone.*

[6] —— *to* cancel *of your days,*] The quarto, 1609, reads—to *counsel* of your days; which may mean, *to deliberate how long you shall be permitted to live.* But I believe that *counsel* was merely an error of the press, which the editor of the folio, 1664, corrected by reading to *cancel off* your days. The substitution of *off* for *of* is unnecessary; for *cancel* may have been used as a substantive. *We might proceed to the* cancellation or destruction of *your life.* Shakspeare uses the participle *cancell'd* in the sense required here, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" An *expir'd* date, *cancell'd* ere well begun."

The following lines in *King Richard III*, likewise confirm the reading that has been chosen:

" *Cancel* his bond of *life*, dear God, I pray,
" That I may live to say, the dog is dead." *Malone.*

To omit the article was formerly a practice not uncommon. So, in *Titus Andronicus:* " Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon," i. e. *the* Pantheon. *Steevens.*

Again, in *King Lear:*

" Hot questrists after him, met him *at gate.*" *Malone.*

[7] Forty *days longer we do respite you;*] In *The Gesta Romanorum, Confessio Amantis*, and *The History of King Appolyn, thirty* days only are allowed for the solution of this question. It is difficult to account for this minute variation, but by supposing that our author copied some translation of the *Gesta Romanorum* hitherto undiscovered. *Malone.*

It is *thirty* days in Twine's translation. *Forty*, as I have observed in a note on some other play (I forget which) was the familiar term when the number to be mentioned was not of arithmetical importance. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *your entertain shall* be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.] I have no doubt

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,[9]
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewel! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.[1]

but that these two lines were intended to rhyme together in our author's copy, where originally they might have stood thus:

——— *your entertain shall be,*
As doth befit our honour, your degree.

Or,—

As doth our honour fit *and your* degree.

So, in *King Richard III*, Act III, sc. vii:

"Best *fitteth* my *degree*, and your condition." *Steevens.*

[9] Where *now you're both a father and a son.*] *Where*, in this place, has the power of *whereas*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age
"Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,
"I am now full resolv'd to take a wife."

Where (and with the same meaning) occurs again in Act II, sc. iii, of this play:

"*Where* now his son 's a glow-worm" &c. *Steevens.*

[1] ——*for wisdom sees, those men*
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun *no course to keep them from the light.*] All the old copies read—will *shew* —, but *shew* is evidently a corruption. The word that I have ventured to insert in the text, in its place, was suggested by these lines in a subsequent scene, which appear to me strongly to support this emendation:

"And what may make him *blush* in being *known*,
"He 'll *stop* the *course* by which it might be known."

We might read '*schew* for *eschew*, if there were any instance of such an abbreviation being used.

The expression is here, as in many places in this play, elliptical: *for wisdom sees*, that *those* who *do not blush to commit ac-*

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,[2]
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,[3] for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.[4]

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you 're of our chamber,[5] and our mind
Partakes her private actions[6] to your secresy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;

tions blacker than the night, will not shun any course, in order to preserve them from being made publick. Malone.

[2] —— *to keep you clear,*] To prevent any suspicion from falling on you. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— always thought, that I
" Require a *clearness.*" *Malone.*

[3] *He hath found the meaning,*] So, in Twine's book: " Apollonius prince of Tyre hath found out the solution of my question; wherefore take shipping" &c. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *Thaliard.*] This name is somewhat corrupted from Thaliar*ch*, i. e. Thaliar*chus*, as it stands in Twine's translation. *Steevens.*

[5] *Thaliard, you 're of our chamber,* &c.] So, in Twine's translation: " Thaliarchus, the only faithfull and trustie minister of my secrets" &c. The rest of the scene is formed on the same original. *Steevens.*

[6] Partakes *her private actions* —] Our author in *The Winter's Tale* uses the word *partake* in an active sense, for *participate:*

" —— your exultation
" *Partake* to every one." *Malone.*

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?[7]
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough;
Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.[8]
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit* Mess.
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as[9] an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.
Thal. My lord, if I
Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I 'll make him sure: so farewel to your highness. [*Exit.*
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.[1] [*Exit.*

[7] *Say, is it done?*] We might point differently:
" *It fits thee not to ask the reason why:*
" *Because we bid it, say is it done?*" *Malone.*

[8] Lest *your breath* &c.] Old copy:
Let *your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.*
This passage is little better than nonsense, as it stands, and evidently requires amendment.—The words are addressed, not to the Messenger, but to Thaliard, who has told the King that he may consider Pericles as already dead; to which the King replies—
Enough;
Lest *your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.*
That is, " Say no more of it, lest your breath, in describing your alacrity, should cool your ardour." The words *let* and *lest* might easily have been confounded. *M. Mason.*
See (for instances of the same typographical error,) *Titus Andronicus*, p. 96, n. 8. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *and*, as —] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*and* like *an arrow. Malone.*

[1] *My heart can lend no succour to my head.*] So, the King in *Hamlet:*
" ——— till I know 'tis done,
" How ere my haps, my joys were ne'er begun." *Malone.*

SCENE II.

Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*[1]

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, *and other* Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?[2]
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,[3]
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep) can breed me quiet!
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

[2] —— Why this *charge* of thoughts?] [Old copy—why *should* &c.] The quarto, 1609, reads—chāge. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The folio 1664, for chāge substituted *change*. *Change* is substituted for *charge* in *As you Like it*, 1623, Act I, sc. iii, and in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. iii.

Thought was formerly used in the sense of melancholy. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III, sc. xi, Vol. XIII. *Malone.*

In what respect are the thoughts of Pericles *changed?* I would read, "—*charge* of thoughts," i. e. weight of them, burthen, pressure of thought. So afterwards, in this play:

"Patience, good sir, even for this *charge.*"

The first copy reads chāge.

Although—*thought*, in the singular number, often means *melancholy*, in the plural, I believe, it is never employed with that signification. *Steevens.*

Change of thoughts it seems was the old reading, which I think preferable to the amendment. By *change of thoughts* Pericles means, that change in the disposition of his mind—that unusual propensity to melancholy and cares, which he afterwards describes, and which made his body pine, and his soul to languish. There appears, however, to be an error in the passage; we should leave out the word *should*, which injures both the sense and the metre, and read:

Let none disturb us: why this change *of thoughts? M. Mason.*

[3] *The sad companion*, dull-ey'd melancholy,] So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
"But moody and *dull Melancholy*,
"Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?" *Malone.*

—— dull-ey'd *melancholy*,] The same compound epithet occurs in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"I 'll not be made a soft and *dull-ey'd* fool." *Steevens.*

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,[4]
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.[5]
And so with me;—the great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great,[6] can make his will his act,)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,[7]
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,[8]
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, e'er they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes[9] both my body pine, and soul to languish,

[4] —— *But fear what might be done,*] But fear of what might happen. *Malone.*

[5] —— *and cares it be not done,*] And *makes provision* that it may not be done. *Malone.*

[6] *Since* he 's *so great,*] Perhaps we should read:
Since he, *so great,* &c.
otherwise the latter part of the line will be elliptical. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *to say, I honour* him,] *Him* was supplied by Mr. Rowe for the sake of the metre. *Malone.*

[8] *And with the* ostent &c.] Old copies—
And with the stent *of war will look so huge. Steevens.*
Should not this be:—
And with th' ostent *of war* &c.? *Tyrwhitt.*
The emendation made by Mr. Tyrwhitt is confirmed by a passage in *The Merchant of Venice:*
" Like one well studied in a sad *ostent,*
" To please his grandam." *Malone.*

[9] *Which care of them,* &c.] Old copy—
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(*Who* once *no more but as the tops of trees,*
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes &c.

And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing;[1]
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth[2] here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns.

I would read—*Who* am *no more* &c. *Farmer.*

Pericles means to compare the head of a kingdom to the upper branches of a tree. As it is the office of the latter to screen the roots they grow by, so it is the duty of the former to protect his subjects, who are no less the supporters of his dignity.

So, in *King Henry VI,* P. III:

"Thus yields the cedar &c.——
"Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
"And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind."
Steevens.

[1] *To which that* breath *&c.*] i. e. the breath of flattery. The old copy reads—that *spark;* the word, (as Mr. Steevens has observed) being accidentally repeated by the compositor. He would read—that *wind. Malone.*

This passage seems to be corrupt, as it stands, and the sense requires that we should read:

To which that blast *gives heat and stronger glowing.*

Steevens agrees with me in the necessity of some amendment, but proposes to read *wind,* which I think not so proper a word as *blast. M. Mason.*

[2] *When signior Sooth* —] A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale:* "— and his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by *sir Smile,* his neighbour." *Malone.*

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?[3]
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.
Hel. [*kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid![4]
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?
Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st,[5] against the face of death,

[3] *How dare the* plants *look up* to *heaven, from whence They have their nourishment?*] Thus the quarto 1609. Mr. Rowe &c. read:

How dare the planets *look up* unto *heaven From whence they have their nourishment?*

It would puzzle a philosopher to ascertain the quality of planetary *nourishment*, or to discover how *planets*, which are already in heaven, can be said to *look up* to it. *Steevens.*

[4] *That kings should* let *their ears hear their faults hid!*] Heaven forbid, that kings should stop their ears, and so prevent them from hearing their secret faults!—To *let* formerly signified to *hinder*.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"By heaven I 'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me."

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592:

"Nor base suspect of aught to *let* his suit." *Malone.*

I am not clear, but that *let* is here used in its ordinary sense; "Forbid it heaven, (says Pericles) that kings should *suffer* their ears to hear their failings palliated!" *H. White.*

[5] Where, as *thou know'st*, &c.] Malone observes that *whereas* is frequently used by the old dramatick writers, instead of *where*, and he is certainly right; but the observation is not to the purpose on the present occasion; for the word *whereas* does

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue[6] I might propagate,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.[7]
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:[8] but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,

not really occur in this passage, which should be printed and pointed thus:

——— *I went to Antioch,*
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty.

Where is more frequently used for *whereas*, but not in this place. *M. Mason*

[6] *From whence an issue* —] From whence I might propagate an issue, *that* are arms, &c. *Malone.*

[7] *From whence an issue I might propagate,*
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.] Old copy:
Are *arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.*
I once imagined that a line was wanting to complete the sense of this passage, and that the deficiency might be supplied as follows:

——— *a glorious beauty*
From whence an issue I might propagate;
For royal progeny are general blessings,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joy.
Her face &c.

Influenced, however, by the subsequent remark of Mr. M. Mason, I have recovered the sense for which he contends, by omitting one word in the corrupted line, and transposing others. *Steevens.*

The meaning of this passage is clearly this: "From whence I might propagate such issue, as bring additional strength to princes, and joy to their subjects." The expression is certainly faulty; but it seems to be the fault of the author, not the printer. I believe it was written as it stands. *M. Mason.*

[8] *Seem'd not to strike, but* smooth:] To *smooth* formerly signified to *flatter*. See note on "— *smooth* every passion," in *King Lear*, Act II, sc. ii. *Malone.*

To *smooth* in this place means to *stroke*. In the same sense we should understand the word in Milton's *Comus*, v. 251:

" —— *smoothing* the raven down
" Of darkness, till it smil'd."

They say in some counties *smooth*—instead of *stroke*, the cat. *H. White.*

Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:[9]
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth[1])
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call 't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:[2]
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it) ———

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.[3]

[9] —— *than* their *years :*] Old copy—*the* years. Their suspicions outgrow their years; a circumstance sufficiently natural to veteran tyrants. The correction is mine. *Steevens.*

[1] *And should he* doubt it, (*as no doubt he doth*)] The quarto, 1609, reads:

And should he doo 't, *as no doubt he doth* —.

from which the reading of the text has been formed. The repetition is much in our author's manner, and the following words, to lop that *doubt*, render this emendation almost certain. *Malone.*

Here is an apparent corruption. I should not hesitate to read —*doubt on 't*—or,—*doubt it.* To *doubt* is to remain in suspense or uncertainty.—Should he *be in doubt* that I shall keep this secret, (as there is no doubt but he is) why, to "lop that doubt," i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he will strive to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me first as the author of some supposed injury to himself. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *who* spares *not innocence :*] Thus the eldest quarto. All the other copies read corruptly:

—— *who* fears *not innocence. Malone.*

[3] *I thought it princely charity to* grieve them.] That is to lament their fate. The eldest quarto reads—*to grieve* for *them.*—

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely I 'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by publick war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not night more faithful than I 'll be.
Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in absence —
Hel. We 'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have for subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.[4]
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:[5]
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,[6]
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,[7]
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.[8] [*Exeunt.*

But a rhyme seems to have been intended. The reading of the text was furnished by the third quarto, 1630, which, however, is of no authority. *Malone.*

[4] —— *whose wisdom's strength can bear it.*] Pericles transferring his authority to Helicanus during his absence, naturally brings the first scene of *Measure for Measure* to our mind. *Malone.*

[5] —— *will* sure *crack both:*] Thus the folio. The word *sure* is not found in the quarto. *Malone.*

[6] *But in our orbs* we 'll *live so round and safe,*] The first quarto reads—*will* live. For the emendation I am answerable. The quarto of 1619 has—*we* live. The first copy may have been right, if, as I suspect, the preceding line has been lost. *Malone.*

But in our orbs we 'll live so round *and safe,*]

" —— in seipso totus teres atque *rotundus.*" Horace.

In our *orbs* means, in our different *spheres. Steevens.*

[7] —— *this truth shall ne'er* convince,] Overcome. See Vol. VII, p. 74, n. 8. *Malone.*

[8] *Thou show'dst a subject's* shine, *I a true prince.*] *Shine* is by

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.[9] Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is

our ancient writers frequently used as a substantive. So, in *Chloris*, or *The Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard*, by W. Smith, 1596:

" Thou glorious sunne, from whence my lesser light
" The substance of his chrystal *shine* doth borrow."

This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff: " I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince." *Malone.*

That the word *shine* may be used as a substantive, cannot be doubted whilst we have sun*shine* and moon*shine*. If the present reading of this passage be adopted, the word *shine* must necessarily be taken in that sense; but what the shine of a subject is, it would be difficult to define. The difficulty is avoided by leaving out a letter, and reading—

Thou showd'st a subject shine, I a true prince.

In this case the word *shine* becomes a verb, and the meaning will be:—" No time shall be able to disprove this truth, that you have shown a subject in a glorious light, and I a true prince." *M. Mason.*

The same idea is more clearly expressed in *King Henry VIII*, Act III, sc. ii:

" A loyal and obedient *subject* is
" Therein *illustrated*."

I can neither controvert nor support Mr. M. Mason's position, because I cannot ascertain if *shine* be considered as a verb, how the meaning he contends for is deduced from the words before us. *Steevens.*

[9] *I perceive he was a wise fellow*, &c.] Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's *Souldier's Wishe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill*, 1604, p. 27: " I will therefore commende the poet *Philipides*, who being demaunded by King *Lisimachus*, what favour hee might doe unto him for that hee loved him, made this answere to the King; that your maiestie would never impart unto me *any of your secrets*." *Steevens.*

bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he 's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch ——

Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,[1]
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;[2]
But since he 's gone, the king it sure must please,
He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—
But I 'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But, since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,[3] since

[1] *So* puts *himself unto the shipman's toil,*] Thus, in *King Henry VIII.*:

" Hath into monstrous habits *put* the graces
" That once were his."

Again, in Chapman's version of the fifth *Odyssey*:

" —— since his father's fame
" He puts in pursuite," &c. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *although I would;*] So, *Autolycus*, in *The Winter's Tale*: " If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me; she drops bounties into my mouth." *Malone.*

[3] *We have no reason to desire it,*] Thus all the old copies. Perhaps a word is wanting. We might read:

Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.[4] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it:
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they 're but felt and seen with mistful eyes,[5]
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

We have no reason to desire it told —.
Your message being addressed to our master, and not to us, there is no reason why we should desire you to divulge it. If, however, *desire* be considered as a trisyllable, the metre, though, perhaps, not the sense, will be supplied. *Malone.*

I have supplied the adverb—*since*, both for the sake of sense and metre. *Steevens.*

[4] *Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—*
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.] Thus also Agamemnon addresses Æneas in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" Yourself shall *feast* with us, before you go,
" And find the welcome of a noble foe." *Malone.*

[5] *Here they 're but felt, and seen with* mistful *eyes,*] Old copy—
Here they 're but felt and seen *with* mischief's *eyes.*
Mr. Malone reads—*unseen. Steevens.*

The quarto 1609, reads—*and* seen. The words *and seen*, and that which I have inserted in my text, are so near in sound, that they might easily have been confounded by a hasty pronunciation, or an inattentive transcriber. By *mischief's eyes*, I understand, " the eyes of those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes, and add to them by their triumph over us." The eye has been long described by poets as either propitious, or malignant and unlucky. Thus in a subsequent scene in this play:

" Now the good gods throw their *best* eyes upon it!" *Malone.*

I suspect this line, like many others before us, to be corrupt, and therefore read—*mistful* instead of *mischiefs*. So, in *King Henry V*, Act IV, sc. vi:

" For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
" With *mistful eyes*, or they [tears] will issue too."

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say, he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do[6] sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs[7]
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.[8]
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I 'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;[9]

The sense of the passage will then be,—Withdrawn, as we now are, from the scene we describe, our sorrows are simply felt, and appear indistinct, as through a *mist*. When we attempt to reduce our griefs by artful comparison, that effort is made to our disadvantage, and our calamities encrease, like trees, that shoot the higher, because they have felt the discipline of the pruning knife. Shakspeare has an expression similar to the foregoing:

"I see before me, neither here nor there,
"Nor what ensues, but have *a fog in them*
"*Which I cannot pierce through.*" *Cymbeline*, Act III, sc. i.

I may, however, have only exchanged one sort of nonsense for another; as the following comparison in Mr. Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, v. 392, seems to suggest a different meaning to the observation of Dionyza:

"As things seem large which we through *mists* descry;" thus sorrow is always apt to magnify its object. *Steevens.*

[6] *Our tongues and sorrows* do—] Mr. Malone reads—*too.* *Steevens.*

The original copy has—*to*, here and in the next line; which cannot be right. *To* was often written by our old writers for *too*; and in like manner *too* and *two* were confounded. The quarto of 1619 reads—*do* in the first line. I think Cleon means to say—Let *our tongues and sorrows too sound deep*, &c. *Malone.*

[7] —— *till* lungs —] The old copy has—*tongues*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[8] *They may awake their* helps *to comfort them.*] Old copy—help*ers*. *Steevens.*

Perhaps we should read—*helps*. So before:

"—————— be my *helps*,
"To compass such a boundless happiness!" *Malone.*

I have adopted Mr. Malone's very natural conjecture. *Steevens.*

[9] For *riches, strew'd* herself *even in the streets*:] *For*, in the

Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,[1]
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,[2]
Like one another's glass to trim them by:[3]
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;

present instance, I believe, means—*with respect to, with regard to riches.* Thus, in *Coriolanus:*

" Rather our state's defective *for* requital,
" Than we to stretch it out."

" Strew'd *herself*," referring to *city*, is undoubtedly the true reading. Thus, in *Timon of Athens:*

" Thou 'lt give away *thyself* in paper shortly." *Steevens.*

Shakspeare generally uses *riches* as a singular noun. Thus, in *Othello:*

" The *riches* of the ship *is* come ashore."

Again, *ibid:*

" But *riches* fineless *is* as poor as winter —."

Again, in his 87th Sonnet:

" And for *that riches* where is my deserving?" *Malone.*

I should propose to read *richness*, instead of *riches*, which renders the passage not only correct, but much more poetical.

Malone must also prove that he uses *riches* to express a *person*, or it will not agree with the word *herself*, or answer in this place. This last line should be in a parenthesis. *M. Mason.*

[1] —— *bore heads so high, they* kiss'd the clouds,] So, in *Hamlet:*

" —— like the herald Mercury,
" New-lighted on a *heaven-kissing* hill."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" Threat'ning *cloud-kissing* Ilion with annoy."

Again, more appositely, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" Yon *towers* whose wanton *tops* do *buss* the *clouds*."
Malone.

[2] —— *so* jetted *and adorn'd,*] To *jet* is to strut, to walk proudly. So, in *Twelfth Night:* " Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he *jets* under his advanced plumes!"
Steevens.

[3] *Like one another's glass to trim them by:*] The same idea is found in *Hamlet:* Ophelia, speaking of the prince, says he was:

" The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
" The observ'd of all observers."

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
" *A glass that feated them.*"

Again, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV:*

" —— He was indeed the *glass*,
" Wherein the noble youth did *dress* themselves." *Malone.*

All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,[4]
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,[5]

[4] *Those palates,* &c.] The passage is so corrupt in the old copy, that it is difficult even to form a probable conjecture upon it. It reads—who not *yet two savers younger.* The words [not *us'd to hunger's savour*] which I have inserted in my text, afford sense, and are not very remote from the traces of the original letters; and *savour* and *hunger* might easily have been transposed. We have in a subsequent scene:

" All *viands* that I eat, do seem un*savoury.*"

I do not, however, propose this emendation with the smallest confidence; but it may remain till some less exceptionable conjecture shall be offered. *Malone.*

The old reading is evidently erroneous, but the change of a single word, the reading of *summers,* instead of *savers,* gives us what certainly the author wrote:

Those palates who not yet two summers *younger,* &c.

That is, " Those palates, who less than two years ago, required some new inventions of cookery to delight their taste, would now be glad of plain bread." *M. Mason.*

I have inserted Mr. M. Mason's emendation in the text. In *Romeo and Juliet* our author also computes time by the same number of *summers:*

" Let *two* more *summers* wither in their pride," &c.
Steevens.

[5] —— *to* nousle *up their babes,*] I would read—*nursle.* A fondling is still called a *nursling.* To *nouzle,* or, as it is now written, *nuzzle,* is to go with the nose down like a hog. So, Pope:

" The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
" Drops to a third, who *nuzzles* close behind." *Steevens.*

In an ancient poem entitled *The strange Birth, honourable Coronation, and most unhappie Death of famous Arthur, King of Brytaine,* 1601, I find the word *nuzzle* used nearly in the same manner as in the text:

" The first fair sportive night that you shall have,
" Lying safely *nuzled* by faire Igrene's side."

Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup[6]
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where 's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows[7] which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;[8]
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,

Again, more appositely, *ibidem:*
" Being *nuzzled* in effeminate delights ——."
I have therefore retained the reading of the old copy. *Malone.*

[6] *O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup* —] A kindred thought is found in *King Lear:*
" —— Take physick pomp!
" Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
" That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
" And show the heavens more just."
Again, *ibidem:*
" Let the *superfluous* and lust-dieted man," &c. *Malone.*

[7] —— thy *sorrows* —] Perhaps—*the* sorrows. *Steevens.*

[8] *One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,*
That may succeed as his inheritor;] So, in *Hamlet:*
" —— sorrows never come as single spies,
" But in battalions." *Steevens.*
Again, *ibidem:*
" One woe doth tread upon another's heels,
" So fast they follow." *Malone.*

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,[9]
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,[1]
Whereas no glory 's[2] got to overcome.

Lord. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance[3]
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat,[4]
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.

[9] *Hath stuff'd* these *hollow vessels with their* power,] [Old copy—*the* —] The quarto, 1609, reads—*That* stuff'd &c. The context clearly shows that we ought to read *Hath* instead of *That*.—By *power* is meant *forces*. The word is frequently used in that sense by our ancient writers. So, in *King Lear*:

" —— from France there comes a *power*
" Into this scatter'd kingdom." *Malone.*

I read:

Hath stuff'd these *hollow vessels* &c.

Hollow, applied to ships, is a Homeric epithet. See *Iliad* I, v. 26. *Steevens.*

[1] *And make a conquest of unhappy* me,] I believe a letter was dropped at the press, and would read:

—— *of unhappy* men, &c. *Malone.*

Perhaps the *m* is only a *w* reversed, and the author designed us to read, however improperly and ungrammatically—*of unhappy* we.

So, in *Coriolanus*:

" —— and to poor *we*,
" Thine enmity 's most capital." *Steevens.*

[2] Whereas *no glory 's* —] *Whereas*, it has been already observed, was anciently used for *where*. *Malone.*

[3] *That 's the last fear; for, by the semblance* —] It should be remembered, that *semblance* was pronounced as a trisyllable—*semble-ance*. So, our author in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" And these two Dromios, one in *semblance*."

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *resembleth* is a quadrisyllable:

" O how this spring of love *resembleth* ——." *Malone.*

[4] *Thou speak'st like* him 's *untutor'd to repeat*,] The quarto, 1609, reads—*like* himnes *untutor'd to repeat*: I suppose the author wrote—*him is*—an expression which, however elliptical, is not more so than many others in this play. *Malone.*

Perhaps we should read—*him who is*, and regulate the metre as follows:

Thou speak'st
Like him who is *untutor'd to repeat*, &c.

The sense is—*Deluded by the pacifick appearance of this navy, you talk like one, who has never learned the common adage*, " that *the fairest* outsides are most to be suspected." *Steevens.*

But bring they what they will, what need we fear?[5]
The ground 's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;[6]
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, *with* Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,[7]

[5] —— *What need we fear?* &c.] The earliest copy reads and points thus:

What need we leave our *grounds the lowest?*

The reading which is inserted in the text, is that of the second quarto, printed in 1619. *Malone.*

But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there.] The redundancy of the metre leads me to suspect this passage of interpolation. I therefore read:

But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
The ground 's the low'st, and we are half way there.

Are the words omitted—*and what they can*—of any value? *Steevens.*

[6] —— *if he on peace consist;*] If he *stands* on peace. A Latin sense. *Malone.*

[7] *And these our ships you happily may think*
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-*stuff'd within,*
With bloody views, *expecting overthrow,*] i. e. *which* you happily, &c. The old copy reads:

And these our ships you happily may think,
Are like the Trojan horse, was *stuff'd within*
With bloody veines, *&c.*

For the emendation of this corrupted passage the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, as he has observed, in a former scene:

" Hath *stuff'd* the hollow vessels with their power." *Malone.*

Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,[8]
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead.
All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we 'll pray for you.
Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,[9]
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we 'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.[1]

[8] —— *to* make your needy bread,] i. e. to make bread for your needy subjects. *Percy.*

[9] *Or pay you with unthankfulness in* thought,] I suspect the author wrote:

Or pay you with unthankfulness in aught,
Be it our wives, &c.

If we are unthankful to you in any one instance, or refuse, should there be occasion, to sacrifice any thing for your service, whether our wives, our children or ourselves, may the curse of heaven, and of mankind, &c.—*Aught* was anciently written *ought*. *Our wives,* &c. may however refer to *any* in the former line; I have therefore made no change. *Malone.*

I believe the old reading is the true one. *Ingratitude in thought* is *mental ingratitude*. The governor imprecates vengeance on himself and his people, should any of them harbour even an *ungrateful thought* in their bosoms respecting Pericles. *Steevens.*

No amendment is wanting; the meaning is this:—"May these persons be cursed who shall pay you with unthankfulness, even in thought, though they should be our dearest friends, or even ourselves." *M. Mason.*

[1] *A better prince, and benign lord,*
Prove awful &c.] i. e. *you have seen* a better prince, &c.

Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I 'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.[2]
The good in conversation[3]
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is still at Tharsus, where[4] each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:[5]
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious:[6]

prove awful &c. The verb in the first line is carried on to the third. Old copy:

That will *prove awful both in deed and word.*

I have omitted the two first words, as the sense proceeds without them, and they render the metre irregular. *Steevens.*

[2] *I'll show you those* &c.] I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evil, will at length be blessed with happiness.—I suspect our author had here in view the title of a chapter in *Gesta Romanorum*, in which the story of Apollonius is told; though I will not say in what language he read it. It is this: "De tribulatione temporali quæ in gaudium sempiternum postremo commutabitur." *Malone.*

[3] *The good in* conversation —] *Conversation* is conduct, behaviour. So, in the Second Epistle of *St. Peter*, iii, 11: "— to be in all holy *conversation* and godliness." *Steevens.*

[4] *The good in conversation*
(*To whom I give my benizon*)
Is still at Tharsus, where &c.] This passage is confusedly expressed. Gower means to say—The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus, where every man &c. *Steevens.*

[5] *Thinks all is writ he spoken can:*] Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy *writ.* "As true as the *gospel,*" is still common language. *Malone.*

Writ may certainly mean *scripture;* the holy writings, by way of eminence, being so denominated. We might, however, read *—wit,* i. e. wisdom. So, Gower, in this story of *Prince Appolyn:*

"Though that thou be of little *witte.*" *Steevens.*

[6] Gild *his statue glorious:*] This circumstance, as well as the foregoing, is found in the *Confessio Amantis:*

"*Appolinus,* whan that he herde
"The mischefe, howe the citee ferde,
"All freliche of his owne gifte
"His wheate among hem for to shifte,
"The whiche by ship he had brought,
"He yave, and toke of hem right nought.

But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter at one door PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a* Gentleman *with a Letter to* PERICLES; PERICLES *shows the Letter to* CLEON; *then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt* PERICLES, CLEON, *&c. severally.*

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive[7]
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:[8]
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,

" But sithen fyrst this worlde began,
" Was never yet to suche a man
" More joye made than thei hym made;
" For thei were all of hym so glade,
" That *thei for ever in remembrance*
" *Made a figure in resemblance*
" *Of hym,* and in a common place
" Thei set it up; so that his face
" Might every maner man beholde,
" So as the citee was beholde:
" It was of laton *over-gylte;*
" Thus hath he nought his yefte spilte."

All the copies read—*Build* his statue, *&c. Malone.*

They also unnecessarily read:

Build *his statue* to make it *glorious.*

Read—*gild.* So, in Gower:

" It was of laton over-*gylte.*"

Again, in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre,* 1510: " — in remembraunce they made an ymage or statue of *clene gold,*" &c. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *forth* &c.] Old copy—*for though* he strive —. I read *forth;* i. e. thoroughly, from beginning to end. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

" —————— you, cousin,
" Whom it concerns to hear this matter *forth,*
" Do with your injuries as seems you best." *Steevens.*

[8] *Good Helicane* hath *staid at home,* ——
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word *of all that haps in Tyre:*] The old copy reads:
Good Helicane that *stay'd at home,* ——
Saved one *of all* &c.
The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

And hid intent, to murder him;[9]
And that in Tharsus was not best[1]
Longer for him to make his rest:
He knowing so,[2] put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;[3]
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;[4]
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,

[9] *And* hid intent, *to murder him;*] The first quarto reads:
And hid in Tent *to murder him.*
This is only mentioned to show how inaccurately this play was originally printed, and to justify the liberty that has been taken in correcting the preceding passage. The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1619. *Malone.*
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid *intent to murder him.*] *Sin* and *him* cannot be received as rhymes. Perhaps the author wrote,
——*full bent with* scheme,
And hid intent, &c.
The old reading, in the second line, is certainly the true one. *Hid intent* is concealed design, such as was that of Thaliard.
Steevens.

[1] —— was *not best*—] The construction is, And that for him to make his rest longer in Tharsus, was not best; i. e. his best course. *Malone.*

[2] *He* knowing *so,*] i. e. says Mr. Steevens, by whom this emendation was made, "he being thus informed." The old copy has—*He* doing *so.* *Malone.*

[3] —— *that the* ship
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;] *Ship* and *split* are such defective rhymes, that I suppose our author wrote *fleet.* Pericles, in the storm, lost his *fleet* as well as the vessel in which he was himself embarked. *Steevens.*

[4] *Ne aught* escapen *but himself;*] [Old copy—escapen'*d*—] It should be printed either *escapen* or *escaped.*
Our ancestors had a plural number in their tenses which is now lost out of the language; e. g. in the present tense,

I escape	We escapen
Thou escapest	Ye escapen
He escapeth	They escapen.

Threw him ashore, to give him glad:[5]
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this long 's the text.[6] [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. *An open Place; by the Sea Side.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath[7]

But it did not, I believe, extend to the preter-imperfects, otherwise than thus: They *didden* [for *did*] escape. *Percy.*

I do not believe the text to be corrupt. Our author seems in this instance to have followed Gower:

" —— and with himselfe were in debate,
" *Thynkende* what he had lore," &c.

I think I have observed many other instances of the same kind in the *Confessio Amantis*. *Malone.*

Thinkende is a participle, and therefore inapplicable to the present question. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *to* give *him glad:*] Dr. Percy asks if we should not read—to *make* him glad. Perhaps we should: but the language of our fictitious Gower, like that of our Pseudo-Rowley, is so often irreconcileable to the practice of any age, that criticism on such bungling imitations is almost thrown away. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *what shall be next,*
Pardon old Gower; this long 's the text.] The meaning of this may be—*Excuse old Gower from telling you what follows. The very text to it has proved of too considerable length already.* *Steevens.*

[7] —— *and left* me *breath*
Nothing to think on, &c.] The quarto, 1609, reads—and left *my* breath. I read—and left *me* breath, that is left me life, only to aggravate my misfortunes, by enabling me to think on the death that awaits me. *Malone.*

Mr. Malone's correction is certainly proper; and the passage before us can have no other meaning, than—left me alive only that ensuing death might become the object of my contemplation. So, in the second Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*, where the shipwreck of Pyrocles is described: " —— left nothing but despair of safetie, and expectation of a loathsome end."

thing to think on, but ensuing death:
t it suffice the greatness of your powers,
have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
d having thrown him from your watry grave,
re to have death in peace, is all he 'll crave.

Enter Three Fishermen.[8]

Fish. What, ho, Pilche![9]

gain, in Chapman's version of the fifth Book of Homer's *ssey*, where the shipwrecked Ulysses is described:

" ——— Two nights yet and days
" He spent in wrestling with the sable seas:
" In which space often did his heart propose
" *Death to his eyes.*" *Steevens.*

[8] *Enter Three Fishermen.*] This scene seems to have been ned on the following lines in the *Confessio Amantis*:

" Thus was the yonge lorde all alone,
" All naked in a poure plite.——
" There came a fisher in the weye,
" And sigh a man there naked stonde,
" And whan that he hath understonde
" The cause, he hath of hym great routh;
" And onely of his poure trouth
" Of such clothes as he hadde
" With great pitee this lorde he cladde:
" And he hym thonketh as he sholde,
" And sayth hym that it shall be yolde
" If ever he gete his state ageyne;
" And praith that he wolde hym seyne,
" If nigh were any towne for hym.
" He sayd, ye, Pentapolim,
" Where both kynge and quene dwellen.
" Whan he this tale herde tellen,
" He gladdeth him, and gan beseche,
" That he the weye hym wolde teche."——

hakspeare, delighting to describe the manners of such peo-, has introduced three fishermen instead of one, and extend- the dialogue to a considerable length. *Malone.*

[9] *What*, ho, Pilche!] All the old copies read—What *to pelche.* e latter emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the er I am responsible. *Pilche*, as he has observed, is a leathern it. The context confirms this correction. The first fisher- n appears to be the master, and speaks with authority, and ne degree of contempt, to the third fisherman, who is a ser- it.—His next speech, *What, Patch-breech, I say!* is in the ne style. The second fisherman seems to be a servant like- e; and, after the master has called—What, *ho*, Pilche!—(for

2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wannion.[1]

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them,[2] when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?[3] they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land;[4] the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driv-

so I read)—explains what it is he wants:—*Ho, come and bring away the nets.* *Malone.*

In Twine's translation we have the following passage:—"He was a rough fisherman, with an hoode upon his head, and a filthie *leatherne pelt* upon his backe." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *with a* wannion.] A phrase of which the meaning is obvious, though I cannot explain the word at the end of it. It is common in many of our old plays. *Steevens.*

[2] *Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart* &c.] So, in *The Winter's Tale:* "*O the most piteous cry of the poor souls!* Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em;—now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; *how he cried to me for help.*" *Malone.*

[3] —— *when I saw the* porpus *how he bounced and tumbled?*] The rising of porpusses near a vessel at sea, has long been considered by the superstition of sailors, as the fore-runner of a storm. So, in *The Duchess of Malfy*, by Webster, 1623: "He lifts up his nose like a foul *porpus* before a storm." *Malone.*

Malone considers this prognostick as arising merely from the superstition of the sailors: but Captain Cook, in his second voyage to the South Seas, mentions the playing of *porpusses* round the ship as a certain sign of a violent gale of wind. *M. Mason.*

[4] —— *a-land;*] This word occurs several times in Twine's translation, as well as in P. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* *Steevens.*

ing the poor fry before him,[5] and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.[6]

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind ——

Per. Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea[7]
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what 's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.[8]

[5] —— *as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,*] So, in *Coriolanus:*

" ———— like scaled sculls
" Before the belching whale." *Steevens.*

[6] *I would have been that day in the belfry.*] That is, I should wish to have been that day in the belfry. *M. Mason.*

[7] —— *the* finny *subject of the sea* —] Old copies—*fenny.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

This thought is not much unlike another in *As You Like It:*

" —— this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
" Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
" Sermons in stones, and good in every thing." *Steevens.*

[8] *Honest! good fellow, what 's that? if it be a day fits you,* scratch *it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.*] The old copy reads—if it be a day fits you, *search out* of the calendar, and *nobody look after it.*

Part of the emendation suggested by Mr. Steevens, is confirmed by a passage in *The Coxcomb,* by Beaumont and Fletcher, quoted by Mr. Mason:

" I fear shrewdly, I should do something
" That would quite *scratch* me out of the calendar." Malone.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast, ——

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way![9]

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon,[1] entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here 's them in

The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Either somewhat is omitted that cannot now be supplied, or the whole passage is obscured by more than common depravation.

It should seem that the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:

"*Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;"

"*The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation.*"

"2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what 's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it."

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsequent:

"*May* see the sea hath cast upon your coast."

The folio reads:

"I" may see the sea hath cast *me* upon your coast."

I would rather suppose the poet wrote:

"*Nay*, see the sea hath cast upon your coast ——."

Here the *fisherman* interposes. The prince then goes on:

"A man" &c. *Steevens.*

May not here be an allusion to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero? —"If you like the day, find it out in the almanack, and nobody will take it from you." *Farmer.*

The allusion is to the lucky and unlucky days which are put down in some of the old calendars. *Douce.*

Some difficulty, however, will remain, unless we suppose a preceding line to have been lost; for Pericles (as the text stands) has said nothing about the day. I suspect that in the lost line he wished the men *a good day.* *Malone.*

[9] —— *to* cast *thee in our way!*] He is playing on the word *cast*, which anciently was used both in the sense of *to throw*, and *to vomit.* So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— yet I made a shift to *cast* him."

It is used in the latter sense above: "—— till he *cast bells* &c. *up again.*" *Malone.*

[1] —— *hath made the ball*
For them to play upon,] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book V: "In such a shadow &c. mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare; and are, *like tenis bals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers.* *Steevens.*

our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Can'st thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here 's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou can'st fish for 't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold:[2] my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For I am a man,[3] pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on;[4] keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow![5] Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;[6] and thou shalt be welcome.

[2] *A man* shrunk *up with cold:*] Old copy.

A man throng'd *up with cold;* ——.

I suspect that *throng'd,* which is the reading of all the copies, is corrupt. We might read:

A man shrunk *up with cold;*

(It might have been anciently written *shronk.*) So, in *Cymbeline:*

" The *shrinking* slaves of *winter* ——." *Malone.*

The expression—*shrunk up,* is authorised by Pope in his version of the 16th *Iliad,* 488:

" *Shrunk up* he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
" Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly." *Steevens.*

[3] *For I am a man,*] Old copy—for *that* I am. I omit *that,* which is equally unnecessary to sense and metre. So, in *Othello:*

" Haply *for* I am black."

For is *because. Steevens.*

[4] —— *I have a gown here;* &c.] In the prose history of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre,* already quoted, the fisherman also gives him " one halfe of his blacke *mantelle* for to cover his body with." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *afore me, a* handsome fellow!] So, in Twine's translation: " When the fisherman beheld the *comlinesse and beautie* of the yoong gentleman, he was mooved with compassion towardes him, and led him into his house, and feasted him with such fare as he presently had; and the more amplie to expresse his great affection, he disrobed himselfe of his poore and simple cloake &c. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *flesh for* holidays, *fish for fasting-days,* and moreo'er

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? Then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt Two of the* Fishermen.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why I 'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king,[7] since from his subjects
He gains the name of good, by his government.
How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I 'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-

puddings and flap-jacks;] In the old copy this passage is strangely corrupted. It reads—flesh for *all days*, fish for fasting days, and *more, or* puddings and flap-jacks. Dr. Farmer suggested to me the correction of the latter part of the sentence: for the other emendation I am responsible. Mr. M. Mason would read—flesh for *ale-days*: but this was not, I think, the language of the time; though *ales* and *church-ales* was common. *Malone.*

——*flap-jacks;*] In some counties a *flap-jack* signifies an apple-puff; but anciently it seems to have meant a *pancake*. But, whatever it was, mention is made of it in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627: "For when a man is ill, or at the point of death, I would know whether a dish of buttered rice with a little cynamon, ginger, and sugar, a little minced meat, or rost beefe, a few stewed prunes, a race of greene ginger, a *flap-jacke*, &c. bee not better than a little poore John," &c. *Steevens.*

[7] *He is a happy king*, &c.] This speech, in the old copies, is printed as follows: I have only transposed a few of the words for the sake of metre:

"He is a happy king, since he gains from
"His subjects the name of good, by his government."

Steevens.

day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires,
I 'd wish to make one there.[8]

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.[9]

[8] *Did but my fortunes* &c.] The old copy as follows:
Were my fortunes equal to my desires,
I could *wish to make one there.*
As all the speeches of Pericles, throughout this scene, were designed to be in metre, they cannot be restored to it without such petty liberties as I have taken in the present instance. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *and what a man cannot get,* &c.] This passage, in its present state, is to me unintelligible. We might read:—"O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may *not* lawfully deal for;—his wife's soul."

Be content; things must be as Providence has appointed;—and what his situation in life does not entitle him to aspire to, he ought not *to attempt;—the affections of a woman in a higher sphere than his own.*

Soul is in other places used by our author for *love.*—Thus, in *Measure for Measure:*

"—— we have with special *soul*
"Elected him, our absence to supply." *Malone.*

Things must be (says the speaker) *as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt.*—Thus far the passage is clear. The Fisherman may then be supposed to begin a new sentence—*His wife's soul*—but here he is interrupted by his comrades. He might otherwise have proceeded to say—*The good will of a wife indeed is one of the things which is difficult of attainment. A husband is in the right to strive for it, but after all his pains may fail to secure it.*—I wish his brother fishermen had called off his attention before he had time to utter his last three words. *Steevens.*

The Fisherman means, I think, to say,—"What a man cannot get, there is no law against giving, to save his wife's soul from purgatory." *Farmer.*

It is difficult to extract any kind of sense from this passage, as it stands, and I don't see how it can be amended. Perhaps the meaning may be this:—"And what a man cannot accomplish, he may lawfully endeavour to obtain;" as for instance, his wife's affection.

With respect to Farmer's explanation, I cannot conceive how a man can give what he cannot get: besides, if the words were capable of the meaning he supposes, they would not apply to any thing that had passed, or been said before; and this Fisherman is a shrewd fellow, who is not supposed to speak nonsense.
M. Mason.

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, *drawing up a Net.*

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't,[1] 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,[2]
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And, though it was mine own,[3] part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, (even as he left his life)
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace:)[4]
For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.[5]
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;

[1] —— bots *on 't,*] The *bots* are the worms that breed in horses. This comick execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent. It occurs in *King Henry IV*, and in many other old plays. *Malone.*

See *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, in the old song of *The Miller of Mansfield*, Part II, line 65:

" Quoth Dick, *a bots* on you." *Percy.*

[2] —— *after all* my *crosses,*] For the insertion of the word *my*, I am answerable. *Malone.*

[3] *And, though it was mine own,*] i. e. And *I thank you*, though it was my own. *Malone.*

[4] —— *this* brace:] The *brace* is the armour for the arm. So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
" And in my vant-*brace* put this wither'd brawn."

Avant *bras.* Fr. *Steevens.*

See Vol. XII, p.51, n. 1. *Malone.*

[5] *Which gods protect thee* from! *&c.*] The old copies read, unintelligibly:

The which the gods protect thee, fame *may defend thee.*

I am answerable for the correction.—The licence taken in omitting the pronoun before *have*, in a subsequent line of this speech, was formerly not uncommon. See note on the following passage in *Othello*, Act III, sc. iii:

" Give me a living reason she 's disloyal." *Malone.*

Being certain that the metre throughout this play was once regular, I correct the line in question thus:

—— *in like necessity,*
Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee. Steevens.

Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give 't again:[6]
I thank thee for 't; my shipwreck 's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift by will.[7]

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you 'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with 't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,[8]
I 'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it,[9] and the gods give thee good on 't!

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend;[1] 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had it.[2]

Per. Believe 't, I will.
Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;[3]

[6] —— *though calm'd, they* give 't *again*:] Old copies:
—— *though calm'd,* have given it *again*. *Steevens.*

[7] —— by *will.*] Old copy—*in his will.* For the sake of metre I read—*by* will. So, in *As You Like It*: "*By will* but a poor thousand crowns." *Steevens.*

[8] *And if that ever my low* fortunes *better,*] Old copy:
And if that ever my low fortune 's *better,* ——.
We should read—"My low fortunes better." *Better* is in this place a verb, and *fortunes* the plural number. *M. Mason.*

[9] *Why, do ye take it,*] This is, in plainer terms,—Why, *take it.* *Steevens.*

[1] *Ay, but hark you, my friend;* &c.] Thus, in Twine's translation: "And in the meane time of this one thing onely doe I putte thee in minde, that when thou shalt be restored to thy former dignity, thou do not despise to thinke on the basenesse of the poore piece of garment." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *from whence you had* it.] For this correction I am answerable. The old copies read—had *them.* *Malone.*

[3] Now, *by your* furtherance, *I am cloth'd in steel;*] Old copy, only:

And spite of all the rupture of the sea,[4]
This jewel holds his biding on my arm;[5]
Unto thy value will I mount myself

By your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel; ——.
I either read:
By your forbearance *I am cloth'd in steel;*
i. e. by your *forbearance* to claim the armour, which being just drawn up in your net, might have been detained as your own property;—or, for the sake of mere also:
Now, *by your furtherance*, &c. *Steevens.*

[4] *And spite of all the* rupture *of the sea,*] We might read (with Dr. Sewel):
—— *spite of all the* rapture *of the sea.*
That is—notwithstanding that the sea hath *ravish'd* so much from me. So, afterwards:
" Who looking for adventures in the world,
" Was by the rough seas *reft* of ships and men."
Again, in *The Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:
" Till envious fortune, and the ravenous sea,
" Did *rob*, disrobe, and *spoil* us of our own."
But the old reading is sufficiently intelligible. *Malone.*

I am not sure but that the old reading is the true one. We still talk of the *breaking* of the sea, and the *breakers*. What is the *rupture* of the sea, but another word for the *breaking* of it? *Rupture* means any solution of continuity.

It should not, however, be dissembled, that Chapman, in his version of the *Iliad*, has several times used the substantive *rapture*, to express *violent seizure*, or *the act by which any thing is carried forcibly away*. So, in the 5th *Iliad:*
" Brake swift-foot Iris to his aid from all the darts that hiss'd
" At her quick *rapture;* ——."
Again, *ibid:*
" —— and their friend did from his *rapture* bear."
Again, in the 22d *Iliad:*
" —— And looke how an eagle from her height
" Stoopes to the *rapture* of a lamb." *Steevens.*

[5] *This* jewel *holds his* biding *on my arm;*] The old copy reads —his *building*. *Biding* was, I believe, the poet's word. *Malone.*

This conjecture appears to be just. A similar expression occurs in *Othello:*
" —— look, I have a weapon,
" A better never *did itself sustain*
" Upon a soldier's thigh."
i. e. *hold its biding*, or place, there.

Any ornament of enchased gold was anciently styled a *jewel*. So, in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607: " She gave him a *very fine jewel*, wherein was set a most rich diamond." *Steevens.*

Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.[6]

2 *Fish.* We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I 'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will;
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

[6] —— *a pair of* bases.] *Bases* appear to have been a kind of loose *breeches*. Thus, in the first Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "About his *middle* he had, instead of *bases*, a long cloake of silke," &c.—Again, in the third Book: "His *bases* (which he ware so long, as they came almost to his ankle,) were embroidered onely with blacke worms, which seemed to crawle up and downe, as readie alreadie to devour him."—It is clear from these passages, that *bases* (as if derived from *Bas*, Fr. a stocking, as I formerly supposed,) cannot mean any kind of *defensive* covering for the legs.

In this concluding observation the late Captain Grose agreed with me; though at the same time he confessed his inability to determine, with any degree of precision, what *bases* were.

Steevens.

Johnson tells us, in his Dictionary, that *bases* are part of any ornament that hangs down as housings, and quotes a passage from Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Phalantus was all in white, having his *bases* and caparisons embroidered:"—and to confirm this explanation it may be observed, that the [lower] valances of a bed are still called the *bases*.

In Massinger's *Picture*, Sophia, speaking of Hilario's disguise, says to Corisca:

"—— You, minion,
"Had a hand in it too, as it appears,
"Your petticoat serves for *bases* to this warrior."

M. Mason.

Bases, signified the *housings* of a horse, and may have been used in that sense here. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*:

"And with his streaming blood his *bases* dide." *Malone.*

It may be remarked, that Richardson in his notes on *Paradise Lost*, p. 392, has the following explanation:—"*Bases*, from *Bas*, (Fr.) they fall *low* to the ground; they are also called the *housing*, from *Housse*, *be-daggled*." *Steevens.*

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?[7]
1 *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.
Sim. Return them, we are ready;[8] and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a* Lord.
Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express[9]
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.
Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.[1]

[7] *Are the knights ready to begin the* triumph?] In Gower's Poem, and *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510, certain gymnastick exercises only are performed before the Pentapolitan monarch, antecedent to the marriage of *Appollinus*, the Pericles of this play. The present tournament, however, as well as the dance in the next scene, seems to have been suggested by a passage of the former writer, who, describing the manner in which the wedding of Apollinus was celebrated, says:

"The *knightes* that be yonge and proude,
"Thei *juste* first, and after *daunce*." *Malone.*

A *triumph*, in the language of Shakspeare's time, signified any publick *show*, such as a *Mask*, or *Revel*, &c. Thus, in *King Richard II*:

"—— hold those justs and *triumphs*?"

Again, in *King Henry VI*:

"With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comick shows."

Steevens.

[8] *Return them, we are ready;*] i. e. return them notice, that we are ready, &c. *Percy.*

[9] *It pleaseth you,* &c.] Old copy:

It pleaseth you, my royal *father to express* ——.

As this verse was too long by a foot, I have omitted the epithet *royal*. *Steevens.*

[1] *'Tis now your* honour, *daughter, to* explain
The labour of each knight, in his device.] The old copy reads

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll perform.[2]

Enter a Knight: he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*[3]

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.
[*The second Knight passes.*
Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that 's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulcura que per fuerca.*[4]
[*The third Knight passes.*

Sim. And what 's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:

—to *entertain*, which cannot be right. Mr. Steevens suggested the emendation. *Malone.*

The sense would be clearer were we to substitute, both in this and the following instance, *office*. *Honour*, however, may mean her situation as *queen of the feast*, as she is afterwards denominated.

The idea of this scene appears to have been caught from the *Iliad*, Book III, where Helen describes the Grecian leaders to her father-in-law Priam. *Steevens.*

[2] *Which, to* preserve *mine honour, I 'll perform.*] Perhaps we should read—to *prefer*, i. e. to advance. *Percy.*

[3] *The* word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*] What we now call the *motto*, was sometimes termed the *word* or *mot* by our old writers. *Le mot*, French. So, in Marston's Satires, 1599:

" —— Fabius' perpetual golden coat,
" Which might have *semper idem* for a *mot*."

These Latin mottos may perhaps be urged as a proof of the learning of Shakspeare, or as an argument to show that he was not the author of this play; but tournaments were so fashionable and frequent an entertainment in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that he might easily have been furnished with these shreds of literature. *Malone.*

[4] —— *Piu per dulcura que per fuerca.*] That is, *more by sweetness than by force.* The author should have written *Mas* per dulcura, &c. *Piu* in Italian signifies more; but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word. *Malone.*

The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*[5]

[*The fourth Knight passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth?[6]

Thai. A burning torch,[7] that 's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows, that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that 's by the touchstone tried:
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*

Sim. And what 's the sixth and last, which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch,[8] that 's only green at top;

[5] —— *Me pompæ provexit apex.*] All the old copies have—*Me Pompey, &c.* Whether we should amend these words as follows—me pompæ provexit apex,—or correct them thus—me Pompei provexit apex, I confess my ignorance. A *wreath of chivalry*, in its common sense, might be the desert of many knights on many various occasions; so that its particular claim to honour on the present one is not very clearly ascertained.—If the wreath declares of itself that it was once the ornament of *Pompey's* helm, perhaps here may be some allusion to those particular marks of distinction which he wore after his bloodless victory over the Cilician pirates:

"Et victis cedat *piratica laurea* Gallis." *Steevens.*

Steevens is clearly right in reading *pompæ*, instead of *Pompey*, and the meaning of the Knight in the choice of his device and motto seems to have been, to declare that he was not incited by love to enter the lists, but by the desire of glory, and the ambition of obtaining the wreath of victory which Thaisa was to bestow upon the conqueror. *M. Mason.*

[6] *What is the fourth?*] i. e. What is the fourth device. *Malone.*

[7] *A burning torch*, &c.] This device and motto may have been taken from Daniel's translation of *Paulus Jovius*, in 1585, in which they are found. Signat. H. 7. b. *Malone.*

The same idea occurs again in *King Henry VI*, P. I:

" Here *dies* the dusky *torch* of Mortimer,
" *Chok'd*" &c. *Steevens.*

[8] *He seems* &c.] Old copy:

He seems to be *a stranger; but his present*
Is a wither'd branch, ——.

For reasons frequently given. I have here deserted the ancient text. *Steevens.*

The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock,[9] than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.[1]

Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.[2]
But stay, the knights are coming; we 'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great Shouts, and all cry,* The mean knight.[3]

[9] —— *the* whipstock,] i. e. the carter's whip. See note on *Twelfth Night*, Vol. III. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *let his armour rust*
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.] The idea of this ill-appointed knight appears to have been adopted from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I: "His armour of as old a fashion, besides the rustie poornesse &c.—so that all that looked on, measured his length on the earth already," &c. *Steevens.*

[2] *The outward habit by the inward man.*] i. e. that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit.

This kind of inversion was formerly very common. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— that many may be meant
" By the fool multitude."

See the note on that passage in Vol. IV, p. 358, n. 7. *Malone.*

Why should we not read:

The inward *habit by the* outward *man.*

The words were accidentally misplaced. In the prose romance already quoted, the king says: " — the habyte maketh not the relygious man." *Steevens.*

In my copy this line is quoted in an old hand as Mr. Steevens reads. *Farmer.*

I don't think any amendment necessary; but the passage should be pointed thus:

Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by, the inward man.

That is, that makes us scan the inward man, by the outward habit. *M. Mason.*

[3] *Great shouts, and all cry,* The mean knight.] Again, in

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, *and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,[4]
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are my guests.[5]
Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.[6]
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists,[7] art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you 're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,[8]

first Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "The victory being by the judges given, the trumpets witnessed to the *ill-apparelled knight.*" *Steevens.*

[4] To *place* &c.] The quarto, 1609, reads—*I* place; and this corrupt reading was followed in that of 1619, and in the folio, 1664. The emendation is taken from the folio, 1685. *Malone.*

[5] *You are my guests.*] Old copy:
You are princes, and *my guests.*
But as all the personages addressed were not *princes*, and as the measure is overburthened by the admission of these words, I have left them out.
The change I have made, likewise affords a natural introduction to the succeeding speech of the Princess. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *than* my merit.] Thus the original quarto, 1609. The second quarto has—*by* merit. *Malone.*

[7] *In framing artists,*] Old copy:
In framing an *artist.*
This judicious emendation is Mr. Malone's. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *Come,* queen o' the feast,
(*For, daughter,* so you are,) So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond 's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.[9]

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon.[1]

" ——— present yourself
" That *which you are, mistress o' the feast.*" *Steevens.*

[9] That *neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,*
Envy *the great, nor* do *the low despise.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1619. The first quarto reads—
Have *neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,*
Envies *the great, nor* shall *the low despise.* *Malone.*

[1] *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,*
These cates resist me, she *not thought upon.*] All the copies read—" *he* not thought upon"—and these lines are given to Simonides. In the old plays it is observable, that declarations of affection, whether disguised or open, are generally made by both the parties; if the lady utters a tender sentiment, a corresponding sentiment is usually given to her lover.—Hence I conclude, that the author wrote—
——— she *not thought upon*;
and that these lines belong to Pericles. If *he* be right, I would read:
——— *he* now *thought upon.*
The prince recollecting his present state, and comparing it with that of Simonides, wonders that he can eat. In Gower, where this entertainment is particularly described, it is said of *Appollinus*, the Pericles of the present play, that—
" He sette and cast about his eie
" And sawe the lordes in estate,
" And with hym selfe were in debate
" Thynkende what he had lore;
" And such a sorowe he toke therefore,
" That he sat ever stille and *thought*,
" *As he which of no meat rought.*"
So, in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: " — at the last he sate him down at the table, and *without etynge*, he beheelde the [illegible] company of lordes and grete estates.—Thus as he [illegible]

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat

about, a grete lorde that served at the kynge's table sayde unto the kynge, Certes, syr, this man wolde gladly your honour, for he *dooth not ete*, but beholdeth hertely your noble magnyfycence, and is in poynt to weep."

The words *resist me*, however, do not well correspond with this idea. Perhaps they are corrupt. *Malone.*

These cates resist *me*,] i. e. go against my stomach. I would read, however,—be *not thought upon.*

It appears from Gower and the prose novel, as well as many of the following circumstances, that the thoughts of *Pericles* were not yet employed about the *Princess.* He is only ruminating on his past misfortunes, on his former losses. The lady had found out what ailed her, long before Pericles had made a similar discovery. *Steevens.*

I have no doubt but *she* is the right reading, that the first of these speeches belongs to Pericles; and that the words *these cates resist me*, are justly explained by Steevens. The intention of the poet is to shew that their mutual passion had the same effect on Thaisa and Pericles: but as we are not to suppose that his mistress was ever out of his thoughts, the sense requires that we should read—

These cates resist me, she *but thought upon.*

Meaning to say, that the slightest thoughts of her took away his appetite for every thing else, which corresponds with what she says in the subsequent speech. There are no two words more frequently mistaken for each other, in the old plays, than *not* and *but.* A mistress, when not thought upon, can have no effect with her lover. *M. Mason.*

If this speech belongs to Pericles, he must mean to say, that when he ceases to think of his mistress, his stomach fails him. Is there any thing unnatural in this? As displeasing sensations are known to diminish appetite, so pleasant ideas may be supposed to encrease it.

Pyrocles, however, the hero of Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I, finds himself in the contrary situation, while seated at table with his mistress, Philoclea: " — my eyes drank much more eagerly of her beautie, than my mouth did of any other liquor. And so was my common sense deceived (being chiefly bent to her) that as I dranke the wine, and withall stole a looke on her, mee seemed I tasted her deliciousnesse."

I have not disturbed the speech in question, and yet where would be the impropriety of leaving it in the mouth of Simonides? He is desirous of Pericles for a son-in-law, as Thaisa to possess him as a husband; and if the old gentleman cannot eat for thinking of him, such weakness is but of a piece with what follows, where his Pentapolitan majesty, in a colloquy with the lovers, renders himself as ridiculous as King Arthur in Tom *Thumb.* Simonides and Thaisa express a sort of family impa-

Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat![2]
Sure he 's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He 's but
A country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.
Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. Yon king 's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;[3]
Where now his son 's a glow-worm in the night,[4]

tience for the attainment of their different purposes. He wonders why his appetite fails him, unless he is thinking on Pericles; she wishes for an exchange of provision; and (as nurses say in fondness to their infants) loves her prince so well that she could eat him. The grossness of the daughter can only be exceeded by the anility of the father. I cannot persuade myself that Shakspeare had any hand in producing the Hurlothrumbic character of Simonides. *Steevens.*

[2] —— *wishing him my meat!*] I am afraid that a jingle is here intended between *meat* and *mate*. The two words were, I believe, in our author's time, generally, and are at this day in Warwickshire, pronounced alike. The address to *Juno* countenances this supposition. *Malone.*

Surely the plain meaning is, that she had rather have a husband than a dinner; that she wishes Pericles were in the place of the provisions before her: regarding him (to borrow a phrase from Romeo) as *the dearest morsel of the earth.* So, in *Two Noble Kinsmen:*

" If thou couch
" But one night with her ——
" Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
" That banquet bids thee to." *Steevens.*

[3] *Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;*] This idea perhaps was caught from the *Revelations,* iv, 10: " And the four and twenty elders fell down before him that sat on the throne, and cast their crowns before the throne." *Steevens.*

[4] *Where now his* son *'s a glow-worm in the night,*] The old copies read—*Where now his* son *&c.* But this is scarcely intelligible. The slight change that has been made affords an easy sense. *Where* is, I suppose, here, as in many other places, used for *whereas.*

The peculiar property of the glow-worm, on which the

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men,
For he 's their parent, and he is their grave,[5]
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
1 *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that 's stor'd unto the brim,[6]
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,[7])
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your grace.
Sim. Yet pause a while;
Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court

has here employed a line, he has in *Hamlet* happily described by a single word:

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
"And 'gins to pale his *uneffectual fire*." *Malone.*

[5] *For he 's their parent, and he is their grave,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"The earth, that 's nature's *mother*, is her *tomb;*
"What is her burying *grave*, that is her *womb*."

Milton has the same thought:

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

In the text the second quarto has been followed. The first reads:

He 's both *their parent, and he is their grave.* *Malone.*

[6] —— *that 's* stor'd *unto the brim,*] The quarto, 1609, reads, —that 's *stur'd* unto the brim. *Malone.*

If *stirr'd* be the true reading, it must mean, as Milton expresses it, that the liquor

"—— *dances* in its chrystal bounds."

But I rather think we should read—*stor'd*, i. e. replenished. So before in this play:

"Their tables were *stor'd* full."

Again:

"Were not this glorious casket *stor'd* with ill."

Again:

"———— these our ships
"Are *stor'd* with corn —." *Steevens.*

[7] (*As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,*)] i. e. let the quantity of wine you swallow, be proportioned to the love you bear your mistress: In plainer English—*If you love kissing, drink a bumper.* The construction is—As you love your mistresses' lips, so fill to them. *Steevens.*

Read—*fill to your* mistresses. *Farmer.*

Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaïsa?
Thai. What is it
To me, my father?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.[8]
Therefore to make 's entrance more sweet, here say,[9]
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.[1]
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

[8] ——— *and princes, not doing so,*
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.] i. e. when they are found to be such small insignificant animals, after making so great a noise. *Percy.*

The sense appears to be this:—When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it:—a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character.

I cannot, however, help thinking that this passage is both corrupted and disarranged, having been originally designed for one of those rhyming couplets with which the play abounds:

"And princes, not doing so, are like the gnat,
"Which makes a sound, but kill'd is wonder'd at."
Steevens.

[9] *Therefore to make 's* entrance *more sweet, here say,*] Old copy—

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say, &c. *Steevens.*

Entrance was some times used by our old poets as a word of three syllables. *Malone.*

By his *entrance,* I believe, is meant his present *trance,* the *reverie* in which he is supposed to be sitting. *Steevens.*

[1] ——— *this* standing-bowl *of wine to him.*] A *standing-bowl* was a bowl resting on a foot. *Steevens.*

Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.
Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.[2] [*Aside.*
Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.[3]
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;[4])—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.
Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from this melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.[5]

[2] *Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.*] Thus, in Twine's translation: "Then Lucina having already in her heart professed to do him good, and now perceiuing very luckily her father's mind to be inclined to the desired purpose," &c. *Steevens.*

[3] *Of whence he is, his name and parentage.*] So, in the *Confessio Amantis:*

"His doughter ———
"He bad to go on his message,
"And fonde for to make him glade,
"And she did as her fader bade;
"And goth to him the softe paas,
"And asketh whens and what he was,
"And praithe he shulde his thought leve." *Malone.*

[4] —— being *in arts and arms;*] The old copies have—*been.* I am responsible for the correction; and for the introduction of the words *has been* in the following speech. *Malone.*

[5] *Even* in your armours, *as you are* address'd,

I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud musick is too harsh[6] for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.
[*The* Knights *dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.[7]
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard,[8] you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that 's as much, as you would be denied
[*The* Knights *and* Ladies *dance.*
Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To* PER.] Pages and lights, conduct[9]
These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,

Will very *well become a* soldier's dance.] As you are accoutered, prepared for combat. So, in *King Henry V:*

" To-morrow for the march are we *addrest'd.*"

The word *very*, in the next line, was inserted by the editor of the folio. *Malone.*

So, in Twine's translation:—" I may not discourse at large of the liberall challenges made and proclaimed at the tilt &c.—running afoote, and *dauncing in armour*" &c. *Steevens.*

[6] *I will not have excuse, by saying*, this
Loud musick is too harsh—] i. e. the loud noise made by the clashing of their armour.

The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient *Dialogue against the Abuse of Dancing*, bl. l. no date:

" There is a dance called Choria,
" Which joy doth testify;
" Another called Pyrricke
" Which warlike feats doth try;
" For men in armour gestures made,
" And leapt, that so they might,
" When need requires, be more prompt
" In publique weale to fight." *Malone.*

[7] *So, this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd.*] i. e. the excellence of this exhibition has justified the solicitation by which it was obtained. *Steevens.*

[8] *And I have often heard,*] I have inserted the word *often*, which was probably omitted by the carelessness of the compositor. *Malone.*

[9] —— *conduct*—] Old copy—*to conduct.* Steevens.

We have given order to be next our own.[1]
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,[2]—
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
Their bodies,[3] even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.[4]

[1] —— *to be next our own.*] So, Gower:
" The kynge his chamberleyne let calle,
" And bad that he by all weye
" A chamber for this man purvei
" *Which nigh his own chambre bee.*" *Malone.*

[2] *No*, no, my *Escanes*; &c.] The old copy:
No, Escanes, know this of me, ——.
But this line being imperfect, I suppose it should be read as I have printed it. *Steevens.*
No, *Escanes*;] I suspect the author wrote—*Know*, Escanes; &c. *Malone.*

[3] *A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up*
Their bodies,] This circumstance is mentioned by Gower:
" —— they hym tolde,
" That for vengeance as God it wolde,
" Antiochus, as men maie witte,
" With thonder and lightnyng is forsmitte.
" His doughter hath the same chance,
" So ben thei both in o balance." *Malone.*

[4] *That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,*
Scorn now &c.] The expression is elliptical:
That all those eyes which ador'd them &c. Malone.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.
Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has respect with him but he.[5]
2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve, without reproof.
3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.
1 *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.
1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.
1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,[6]
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us[7] to our free election.
2 *Lord.* Whose death 's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:[8]
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,[9]

[5] *See, not a man* &c.] To what this charge of partiality was designed to conduct, we do not learn; for it appears to have no influence over the rest of the dialogue. *Steevens.*

[6] *And be* resolv'd, *he lives to govern us,*] *Resolv'd* is satisfied, free from doubt. So, in a subsequent scene:
" *Resolve* your angry father, if my tongue," &c. *Malone.*

[7] *And* leaves *us*—] The quarto, 1609, reads—And *leave* us, which cannot be right. *Malone.*

[8] *Whose death 's, indeed,* the strongest in our censure:] i. e. the most probable in our opinion. *Censure* is thus used in *King Richard III:*
" To give your *censures* in this weighty business."
Steevens.
The old copies read—whose *death* indeed, &c. *Malone.*

[9] *And knowing this kingdom,* if *without a head,*] They di[illegible]

(Like goodly buildings left without a roof[1])
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign.
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.
All. Live, noble Helicane!
Hel. Try honour's cause;[2] forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.[3]

know that the kingdom had absolutely lost its governor; for in the very preceding line this Lord observes that it was only more *probable* that he was dead, than living. I therefore read, with a very slight change,—*if* without a head. The old copy, for *if*, has—*is*. In the next line but one, by supplying the word *will*, which I suppose was omitted by the carelessness of the compositor, the sense and metre are both restored. The passage as it stands in the old copy, is not, by any mode of construction, reducible to grammar. *Malone.*

[1] (*Like goodly buildings* left *without a roof*)] The same thought occurs in *King Henry IV*, Part II:

" —— leaves his part-created cost
" And naked subject to the weeping clouds,
" And waste for churlish winter's tyranny." *Steevens.*

[2] *Try honour's* cause;] Perhaps we should read:
Try honour's course; ——. *Steevens.*

[3] *Take I your wish, I leap into the* seas,
Where 's hourly trouble, &c.] Thus the old copy. *Steevens.*
It must be acknowledged that a line in *Hamlet*,—
" Or to take arms against a *sea* of *troubles*,"
as well as the rhyme, adds some support to this reading: yet I have no doubt that the poet wrote:
—— *I leap into the* seat, ——.
So, in *Macbeth*:
" ——— I have no spur
" To prick the sides of my intent, but only
" *Vaulting* ambition, which o'er-*leaps* itself," &c.
On ship-board the pain and pleasure may be in the proportion here stated; but the troubles of him who plunges *into the sea*, (unless he happens to be an expert swimmer) are seldom of an hour's duration. *Malone.*

Where 's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease,] So, in *King Richard III*:
" And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen."
Malone.

The expression is figurative, and by the words—*I leap into the seas*, &c. I believe the speaker only means—*I embark too hastily on an expedition* in which case is disproportioned to labour. *Steevens.*

A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice i' the absence of your king;[4]
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth:
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.[5]

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;
And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.[6]

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a Letter;*[7] *the* Knights *meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

[4] *To forbear* &c.] Old copy:
To forbear the absence of your king.
Some word being omitted in this line, I read:
To forbear choice i' *the absence of your king.* *Steevens.*

[5] —— *and win unto* return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.] As these are the concluding lines of a speech, perhaps they were meant to rhyme. We might therefore read:
—— *and win unto* renown.
i. e. if you prevail on him to quit his present obscure retreat, and be reconciled to glory, you shall be acknowledged as the brightest ornaments of his throne. *Steevens.*

[6] *We with our travels will endeavour* it.] Old copy:
We with our travels will endeavour.
Endeavour what? I suppose, to find out Pericles. I have therefore added the syllable which appeared wanting both to metre and sense. *Steevens.*

The author might have intended an abrupt sentence. *Malone.*

I would readily concur with the opinion of Mr. Malone, had passion, instead of calm resolution, dictated the words of the speaker. *Steevens.*

[7] In *The Historie of Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, "two *kynges*

That for this twelvemonth, she 'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,[8]
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loth to bid farewel, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt.*

Sim. So
They 're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she 's in 't
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes:—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet musick this last night:[9] my ears,

sones" pay their court to the daughter of *Archystrates*, (the Simonides of the present play.) He sends two rolls of paper to her, containing their names, &c. and desires her to choose which she will marry. She writes him a letter (in answer), of which Appolyn is the bearer,—that she will have the man "which hath passed the daungerous undes and perylles of the sea—all other to refuse." The same circumstance is mentioned by Gower, who has introduced *three* suitors instead of *two*, in which our author has followed him. *Malone.*

In Twine's translation, these suitors are also *three* in number, —Ardoninus, Munditius, and Carnillus. *Steevens.*

[8] *This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,*] It were to be wished that Simonides (who is represented as a blameless character) had hit on some more ingenuous expedient for the disposition of these wooers. Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *I am beholden to you,*
For your sweet musick this last night:] Here also our author has followed Gower:

I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are musick's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing. What do you think, sir, of
My daughter?
Per. As of a most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she 'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.
Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.[1]
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What 's here!
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. [*Aside.*
O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,[2]

" She, to doone hir faders hest,
" Hir harpe fet, and in the feste
" Upon a chaire, whiche thei sette,
" Hir selfe next to this man she sette.
" With harpe both and eke with mouth
" To him she did all that she couth,
" To make him chere; and ever he sigheth,
" And she him asketh howe him liketh.
" Madame, certes well, he saied;
" But if ye the measure plaied,
" Whiche, if you list, I shall you lere,
" It were a glad thing for to here,
" A leve, sir, tho quod she,
" Nowe take the harpe, and lete me see
" Of what measure that ye mene.—
" He taketh the harpe, and in his wise
" He tempreth, and of such assize
" Synginge he harpeth forth withall,
" That as a voice celestial
" Hem thought it sowned in her ere,
" As though that it an angell were." *Malone.*

[1] —— to be *her schoolmaster.*] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads—*for* her schoolmaster. *Malone.*

[2] —— my *gracious lord,*] Old copies—*me.* I am answerable for the correction. *Malone.*

A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,[3] and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or you displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king[4])
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[*Aside.*

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.[5]
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he 's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.[6]

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

[3] *Thou hast* bewitch'd *my daughter,*] So, Brabantio, addressing himself to Othello:

"Damn'd as thou art, thou hast *enchanted* her." *Steevens.*

[4] —— the *king*] Thus the quarto, 1609. The second copy has—*a* king. *Malone.*

[5] *That never* relish'd *of a base descent.*] So, in *Hamlet:*

"That has no *relish* of salvation in it."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
"They *smack* of *honour* both." *Malone.*

[6] ———— No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.] Thus all the copies. Simonides, I think, means to say—Not *a rebel to our state!—Here comes my daughter: she can prove, thou art one.* Perhaps, however, the author wrote—*Now,* Here comes, &c.—In *Othello,* we find nearly the same words:

"Here comes the lady, let her witness it." *Malone.*

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I 'll tame you;
I 'll bring you in subjection.—
Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*
Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleas'd?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.[7]
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, 'please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I 'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.[8] [*Exeunt.*

[7] *Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.*] Even as my life loves my blood that supports it.—The quarto, 1619, and the subsequent copies, read:

Even as my life, or *blood that fosters it.*

The reading of the text is found in the first quarto. *Malone.*

I cannot approve of Malone's explanation of this line:—To make a person of life, and to say it loves the blood that fosters it, is an idea to which I cannot reconcile myself.

Pericles means merely to say, that he loves Thaisa as his life, or as the blood that supports it; and it is in this sense that the editors of the quarto of 1619, and the subsequent copies, conceived the passage.—But the insertion of the word *or* was not necessary; it was sufficient to point it thus:

Even as my life;—the *blood that fosters it. M. Mason.*

Will a preceding line (see p. 178) befriend the opinion of either commentator?

"Wishing it so much *blood* unto your *life.*"

In my opinion, however, the sense in the text was meant to coincide with that which is so much better expressed in *Julius Cæsar:*

"As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
"That visit my sad heart." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *get you to bed.*] I cannot dismiss the foregoing scene,

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;[9]
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast[1]
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;[2]

till I have expressed the most supreme contempt of it. Such another gross, nonsensical dialogue, would be sought for in vain among the earliest and rudest efforts of the British theatre. It is impossible not to wish that the *Knights* had horsewhipped *Simonides*, and that *Pericles* had kicked him off the stage.
Steevens.

[9] *Now sleep yslaked hath the* rout;
No din but snores, &c.] The quarto, 1609, and the subsequent copies, read:
No din but snores about the house.
As Gower's speeches are all in rhyme, it is clear that the old copy is here corrupt. It first occurred to me that the author might have written:
Now sleep yslaked hath the rouse;
i. e. the carousal. But the mere transposition of the latter part of the second line, renders any further change unnecessary. *Rout* is likewise used by Gower for a *company* in the tale of *Appolinus*, the *Pericles* of the present play:
" Upon a tyme with a *route*
" This lord to play goeth hym out."
Again:
" It fell a daie thei riden oute,
" The kynge and queene and all the *route*." *Malone.*

[1] *No din but snores, the house about,*
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast —] So Virgil, speaking of Rhamnes, who was killed in the midnight expedition of Nisus and Euryalus:
" Rhamneten aggreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis
" Extructus, *toto proflabat pectore somnum*." *Steevens.*
The quarto 1619, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, all read, o'er *fee beast*. The true reading has been recovered from the first quarto. *Malone.*

[2] —— 'fore *the mouse's hole;*] Old copy:
——— from *the mouse's hole;*
which may perhaps mean—*at some little distance from the mouse's hole*. I believe, however, we ought to read—*'fore* the mouse's hole. *Malone.*

And crickets sing at th' ovens mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.[3]
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded:[4]—Be attent,[5]
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;[6]
What 's dumb in show, I 'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES *at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a Letter.* PERICLES *shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the Lords kneel to the former.*[7] *Then enter* THAISA *with child, and* LICHORIDA. SIMONIDES *shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her Father, and depart. Then* SIMONIDES *&c. retire.*

[3] *And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth*
As *the blither for their drouth.*] So, in *Cymbeline:*
" The *crickets sing*, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
" Repairs itself by rest."
The old copy has—*Are* the blither &c. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. Perhaps we ought to read:
And crickets, singing *at the oven's mouth,*
Are *the blither for their drouth. Malone.*
This additional syllable would derange the measure. *Steevens.*

[4] *Hymen hath* brought *the bride* to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded:] So, in Twine's translation: " The bride was *brought to bed*, and Appollonius tarried not long from her, where he accomplished the duties of marriage, and faire Lucina *conceived with childe the same night.*" *Steevens.*

[5] *Be* attent,] This adjective is again used in *Hamlet:* Act I, sc. ii. *Malone.*

[6] *With your fine fancies quaintly* eche;] i. e. eke out. So, in the Chorus to *King Henry V*, (first folio):
" ——————— still be kind,
" And *eche* out our performance with your mind."
Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, quarto, 1600, (Heyes's edition):
" ——— 'tis to peeze the time,
" To *ech* it, and to draw it out in length." *Malone.*

[7] —— *the Lords kneel to the former.*] The Lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch,[8]
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,[9]
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expence,
Can stead the quest.[1] At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquire[2])

letter, that he is king of Tyre. "No man," says Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis:*

" ——————— knew the soth cas,
" But he hym selfe; what man he was."

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him. *Malone.*

[8] *By many a dearn and painful perch,* &c.] *Dearn* is *direful, dismal.* See Skinner's *Etymol.* in v. *Dere.* The word is used by Spenser, B. II, c. i, st. 35.—B III, c, i, st. 14. The construction is somewhat involved. *The careful search of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch,—by the four opposing coignes, which join the world together;—with all due diligence,* &c. *Malone.*

Dearn signifies *lonely, solitary.* See note on *King Lear,* Act III, sc. vii, Vol. XIV. A *perch* is a measure of five yards and a half. *Steevens.*

[9] *By the four opposing* coignes,] By the four opposing *corner-stones* that unite and bind together the great fabrick of the world. The word is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth:*

" ——— No jutty, frieze,
" Buttress, or *coigne* of vantage, but this bird
" Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle."

In the passage before us, the author seems to have considered the world as a stupendous edifice, artificially constructed.—To seek a man in every *corner* of the *globe,* is still common language.

All the ancient copies read:

By the four opposing cringes.

but there is no such English word. For the ingenious emendation inserted in the text, which is produced by the change of a single letter, the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. *Malone.*

The word—*coign,* occurs also in *Coriolanus:*

" See you yond' *coign* o' the Capitol?" *Steevens.*

[1] *Can* stead *the quest.*] i. e. help, befriend, or assist the search. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

" —— can you so *stead* me,
" To bring me to the sight of Isabella?" *Steevens.*

[2] *(Fame answering the most* strong inquire)] The old copy reads—the most *strange* inquire; but it surely was not strange, that Pericles' subjects should be solicitous to know what was become of him. We should certainly read—the most *strong* in-

To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter 's dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes t' appease;[3]
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not, in twice six moons, home,
He obedient to their doom,[4]
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,[5]
And every one with claps, 'gan sound,

e;—this earnest, anxious inquiry. The same mistake has pened in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, folio, 1623:

" Whose weakness married to thy *stranger* state —."

ead of *stronger*. The same mistake has also happened in r places. *Malone.*

The mutiny &c.] Old copy:

. *The mutiny he there hastes t'* oppress;
Says to them if king Pericles ——.

ely both sense and rhyme direct us to read:

The mutiny here he hastes t' appease; &c. *Steevens.*

Come not, &c.] Old copy:

Come not home in twice six moons,
He obedient to their dooms, ——.

loons and *dooms* are very miserable rhymes; nor do I recollect a plural of the substantive *doom* is ever used.—A slight sposition will remedy the present defect—

Come not in twice six moons, home,
He obedient to their doom, &c. *Steevens.*

Y-ravished *the regions round*,] From the false print of the edition, *Iranished*, the subsequent editors formed a still e absurd reading:

Irony shed *the regions round*, ——.

Mr. Steevens's ingenious emendation, to which I have paid attention by inserting it in the text, is strongly confirmed by following passage in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis:*

" This tale after the kinge it had
" *Pentapolin all oversprad*,
" *There was no joye for to seche*,
" For every man it had in speche,
" And saiden all of one accorde,
" *A worth kynge shall ben our lorde.*
" That *thought* us first an heaviness,
" *Is shape* us nowe to great gladnes.
" *Thus goth the tydinge over all.*" *Malone.*

Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and woe:)
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood[7]
Varies again: the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth
That, as a duck for life that dives
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near![8]
Doth fall in travail with her fear:[9]
And what ensues in this fell storm,[1]
Shall, for itself, itself perform.

[6] —— *half the flood*
Hath their keel cut;] They have made half their voyage with a favourable wind. So, Gower:
" When thei were in the sea *amid*,
" Out of the *north* thei see a cloude;
" The storme arose, the wyndes loude
" Thei blewen many a dredeful blaste,
" The welkin was all over caste." *Malone.*

[7] —— *but fortune's* mood —] The old copy reads—but fortune *mov'd*. *Malone.*
Mov'd could never be designed as a rhyme to *flood*. I suppose we should read—but fortune's *mood*, i. e. disposition. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:
" My wife 's in a wayward *mood* to-day."
Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well*:
" —— muddied in *fortune's mood*." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *well-a-near!*] This exclamation is equivalent to *well-a-day*, and is still used in Yorkshire, where I have often heard it. The Glossary to the *Praise of Yorkshire Ale*, 1697, says,—*well-a-neerin* is *lack-a-day*, or *alas, alas!* *Reed.*

[9] —— *and, well-a-near!*
Doth fall in travail with her fear:] So, in Twine's translation: "Lucina, what with sea-sicknesse, and fear of danger, fell in labour of a child," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *in this* fell *storm,*] This is the reading of the earliest quarto. The folios and the modern editions have *self* storm. *Malone.*

I nill relate;[2] action may
Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.[3]
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost[4] prince[5] appears to speak. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, *on a Ship at Sea.*

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,[6]
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast

[2] *I nill relate;*] The *further* consequences of this storm I shall not describe. *Malone.*

[3] *Which might not what by me is told.*] i. e. which might not *conveniently convey* what by me is told, *&c.* What ensues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related. *Malone.*

[4] *In your imagination hold*
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost &c.] It is clear from these lines, that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. The ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the stage-apparatus in the time of our author. The old copy has—*seas tost.* Mr. Rowe made the correction. *Malone.*

[5] *The sea-tost* prince —] The old copy reads—the sea-tost *Pericles.* The transcriber perhaps mistook the abbreviation of *Prince,* for that of *Pericles,* a trisyllable which our present metre refuses to admit. *Steevens.*

[6] *Thou God of this great vast,* rebuke *these* surges,] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: "The *waters* stood above the mountains;—at thy *rebuke* they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away." It should be remembered, that Pericles is here supposed to speak from the deck of his ship. *Lychorida,* on whom he calls, in order to obtain some intelligence of his queen, is supposed to be beneath, in the cabin. —This great *vast,* is, this *wide expanse.* See Vol. VI, p. 164, n. 3.

This speech is exhibited in so strange a form in the original, and all the subsequent editions, that I shall lay it before the reader, that he may be enabled to judge in what a corrupted state this play has hitherto appeared, and be induced to treat the editor's imperfect attempts to restore it to integrity, with the more indulgence:

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still[7] thy deaf'ning,
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
Thy sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself?[8]—The seaman's whistle

" The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
" Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
" Upon the windes commaund, bind them in brasse;
" Having call'd them from the deepe, ô still
" Thy deafning dreadful thunders, gently quench
" Thy nimble sulphirous flashes, ô How Lychorida!
" How does my queene? than storm venomously,
" Wilt thou spout all thyself? the sea-man's whistle
" Is as a whisper in the eares of death,
" Unheard Lychorida? Lucina oh!
" Divinest patrioness and my wife gentle
" To those that cry by night, convey thy deitie
" Aboard our dauncing boat, make swift the pangues
" Of my queene's travayles? now Lychorida." *Malone.*

[7] *Having call'd them from the deep! O still*—] Perhaps a word was omitted at the press. We might read:

Having call'd them from th' enchafed *deep*, ——. *Malone.*

The present regulation of the lines, by the mere repetition of the pronouns—*thy* and *thou*, renders, perhaps, any other insertion needless. *Steevens.*

[8] Thou *storm, thou! venomously*
Wilt thou spit all thyself?] All the copies read—*Then* storm, *&c.* which cannot be right, because it renders the passage nonsense. The slight change that I have made, [*Thou* storm] affords an easy sense. *Malone.*

Pericles, having called to Lychorida, without the power to make her hear on account of the tempest, at last with frantick peevishness addresses himself to it—

" —— Thou storm, thou! venomously
" Wilt thou spit all thyself?"

Having indulged himself in this question, he grows cooler, and observes that the very boatswain's whistle has no more effect on the sailors, than the voices of those who speak to the dead. He then repeats his enquiries to Lychorida, but receiving no answer, concludes with a prayer for his queen in her present dangerous condition.

Venomously is maliciously. Shakspeare has somewhat of the same expression in one of his historical plays:

" The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head
" *Spits* in the face of heaven, ——."

Chapman likewise, in his version of the fourth *Iliad*, says of *the sea* that she—

" —— *spits* every way her foam." Steevens.

Is as a whisper in the ears of death,[9]
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife,[1] gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida ——

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant.*

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit,[2] would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.[3]

[9] *Is as a whisper in the ears of death,*] In another place the poet supposes *death* to be awakened by the turbulence of the storm:

" —— And in the visitation of the winds,
" Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
" Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
" With *deafning* clamours in the slippery clouds,
" That with the hurly, *death itself awakes* —."

King Henry IV, Part II. *Malone.*

The image in the text might have been suggested by Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: " — They could scarcely, when they directed, hear their own *whistle*; for the sea strave with the winds which should be lowder, and the shrowds of the ship, with a ghastful noise to them that were in it, witnessed that their ruine was the wager of the others' contention." *Steevens.*

[1] *Divinest patroness, and* midwife, *&c.*] The quarto, 1609, and the subsequent copies, read—and *my wife.* Mr. Steevens's happy emendation, which I have inserted in the text, is so clearly right, that it requires neither support nor illustration. If it wanted the latter, Horace would furnish it:

" Montium custos nemorumque virgo,
" Quæ laborantes utero puellas
" Ter vocata audis, adimisque leto,
" Diva triformis."

Again, in the *Andria* of Terence:

" Juno *Lucina*, fer opem; serva me, obsecro!" *Malone.*

[2] —— *who if it had*
Conceit,] If it had *thought.* So, in *King Richard III:*

" There 's some *conceit* or other likes him well,
" When that he bids good morrow with such spirit."

Malone.

[3] *Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.*] Our author uses the same expression, on the same occasion, in The Tempest:

Here 's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourselves.[4]
Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions![5]

" You mar our labour;—keep your cabins; *you do assist the storm.*" *Malone.*

[4] Vie *honour with your*selves.] Old copy—*Use* honour *&c.* *Steevens.*

The meaning is sufficiently clear.—*In this particular you might learn from us a more honourable conduct.*—But the expression is so harsh, that I suspect the passage to be corrupt. *Malone.*

I suspect the author wrote—*Vie* honour, a phrase much in use among Shakspeare and his contemporaries. Thus, in Chapman's version of the twentieth *Iliad:*

" What then need we *vie* calumnies; like women —?"

See also Vol. VI, p. 71, n. 4. Mr. M. Mason has offered the same conjecture. I read, however, for the sake of measure,—*yourselves. Steevens.*

The meaning is evidently this: " We poor mortals recal not what we give, and therefore in that respect we may contend with you in honour." I have therefore no doubt but we ought to read:

And therein may
Vie *honour with* &c.

The same expression occurs in the introduction to the fourth Act, where Gower says:

" ——————— so
" The dove of Paphos might with the crow
" *Vie* feathers white."

The trace of the letters in the words *vie* and use is nearly the same, especially if we suppose that the *v* was used instead of the *u* vowel; which is frequently the case in the old editions:

" Nature wants stuff,
" To *vie* strange forms with fancy."
Antony and Cleopatra. *M. Mason.*

[5] *Quiet and gentle thy* conditions!] *Conditions* anciently meant *qualities;* dispositions of mind. So, in *Othello:*

" And then of so gentle a *condition!*"

He is speaking of Desdemona. Again, in *King Henry V:*

" Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not smooth."

For thou 'rt the rudeliest welcom'd[6] to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,[7]
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb:[8] even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,[9]
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

" The late Earl of Essex (says Sir Walter Raleigh) told Queen Elizabeth that her *conditions* were as crooked as her carcase;—but it cost him his head." *Malone.*

[6] —— *welcom'd* —] Old copy—*welcome.* For this correction I am answerable. *Malone.*

[7] —— *as* chiding *a nativity,*] i. e. as noisy a one. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* Hippolyta, speaking of the clamour of the hounds:

" —— never did I hear
" Such gallant *chiding.*"

See note on that passage, Vol. II, p. 344, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[8] *To* herald *thee from the womb:*] The old copy reads:

To harold *thee from the womb:* ——

For the emendation now made, the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— only to *herald* thee into his presence,
" Not pay thee."

This word is in many ancient books written *harold* and *harauld.* So, in Ives's SELECT PAPERS *relative to English Antiquities,* quarto, 1773, p. 130: " — and before them kings of armes, *harolds,* and pursuyvaunts."

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates,* 1610:

" Truth is no *harauld,* nor no sophist, sure."

See also Cowel's *Interpreter,* in v. Herald, Heralt, or *Harold;* which puts Mr. Steevens's emendation beyond a doubt. *Malone.*

[9] *Thy loss is more than can thy* portage *quit,*] i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is used for gate or entrance in one of Shakspeare's historical plays. *Steevens.*

Portage is used in *King Henry V,* where it signifies an open space:

" Let it [*the eye*] pry through the *portage* of the head."

Portage is an old word signifying a toll or impost, but it will not commodiously apply to the present passage. Perhaps, however, Pericles means to say, you have lost more than the *payment* made to me by your birth, together with all that you may hereafter acquire, can countervail. *Malone.*

Enter Two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;[1] It hath done to me the worst.[2] Yet, for the love Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,[3] I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there;[4] thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.[5]

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.[6]

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.[7]

[1] —— *I do not fear the* flaw;] i. e. the blast. See *Hamlet*, Act V, sc. i. *Malone.*

So, in Chapman's version of the eleventh *Iliad:*

"Wraps waves on waves, hurls up the froth beat with a vehement *flaw.*" *Steevens.*

[2] *It hath done to me the worst.*] So, in the *Confessio Amantis:*

"—————— a wife!
"My joye, my lust, and my desyre,
"My welth and my recoverire!
"Why shall I live, and thou shalt die?
"*Ha, thou fortune, I thee defie,*
"*Now hast thou do to me thy werst;*
"A herte! why ne wilt thou berst? *Malone.*

[3] —— *this* fresh-new *sea-farer,*] We meet a similar compound epithet in *King Richard III:*

"Your *fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current."
Malone.

[4] *Slack the* bolins *there;*] *Bowlines* are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable. They are slackened when it is high. This term occurs again in *The Two Noble Kinsmen:*

"—————— the wind is fair,
"Top the *bowling.*"

They who wish for more particular information concerning *bolings*, may find it in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 4to. 1627, p. 23. *Steevens.*

[5] 1 Sail. —— *Blow and split thyself,*
2 Sail. *But sea-room,* &c.] So, in *The Tempest:*
"*Blow* till thou *burst thy wind,* if *room enough.*" *Malone.*

[6] —— *an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.*] So, in *The Winter's Tale:* "Now the *ship* boring the *moon* with her main-mast." *An* is used here, as in many other places, for *if*, or *though. Malone.*

[7] —— *till the ship be cleared of the dead.*] So, in Twine's

Per. That 's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath been observed; and we are strong in earnest.[8] Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.[9]

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave,[1] but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;[2]

translation: "My lord, plucke up your hearte, and be of good cheere, and consider, I pray you, *that the ship may not abide to carry the dead carkas, and therefore commaund it to be cast into the sea*, that we may the better escape."

This superstitious belief is also commemorated by Fuller in his *Historie of the Holy Warre*, Book IV, ch. 27: "His body was carried into France there to be buried, and was most miserably tossed; it being observed, that *the sea cannot digest the crudity of a dead corpse, being a due debt to be interred where it dieth; and a ship cannot abide to be made a bier of.*"

A circumstance exactly similar is found in the *Lyfe of Saynt Mary Magdalene*, in the *Golden Legend*, Wynkyn de Worde's edition, fo. CLXIX. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *strong in* earnest.] Old copy—strong in *eastern. Steevens.*

I have no doubt that this passage is corrupt, but know not how to amend it. *Malone.*

I read, with Mr. M. Mason, (transposing only the letters of the original word)—strong in *earnest.* So, in *Cymbeline*, we have—"strong in appetite;" and in *Timon*, "Be *strong in* whore." *Steevens.*

[9] —— *for she must overboard straight.*] These words are in the old copy, by an evident mistake, given to *Pericles. Malone.*

[1] *To give thee hallow'd to thy grave.*] The old Shepherd, in *The Winter's Tale*, expresses the same apprehension concerning the want of sepulchral rites, and that he shall be buried—

"—— where no priest shovels in dust." *Malone.*

[2] *Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in* the ooze;] The defect both of metre and sense shows that this line, as it appears in the old copy, is corrupted. It reads:

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in oare. *Malone.*

I believe we should read, with that violence which a copy so much corrupted will sometimes force upon us:

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, &c.

Shakspeare, in *The Tempest*, has the same [illegible] occasion:

"My son i' *the ooze* is bedded." *Steevens.*

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps,[3] the belching whale,[4]
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,[5]

Again, *ibidem*:

" ——————— I wish
" Myself were mudded in that *oozy* bed,
" Where my son lies." *Malone.*

[3] And aye-*remaining lamps*, &c.] Old copies:
The air-*remaining lamps*, ———. *Steevens.*

Air-remaining, if it be right, must mean *air-hung*, suspended for ever in the air. So, (as Mr. Steevens observes to me,) in Shakspeare's 21st Sonnet:

" —— *those* gold *candles fix'd in heaven's air.*"

In *King Richard II*, *right-drawn* sword is used for a sword drawn in a just cause; and in *Macbeth* we meet with *air-drawn* dagger. Perhaps, however, the author wrote—*aye*-remaining. Thus, in *Othello*:

" Witness, you *ever*-burning lights above, —."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" To feed for *aye her lamp*, and flames of love." *Malone.*

Thus also, Milton, in his *Comus*, v. 197:

" ——————————— the stars
" That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their *lamps*
" With *everlasting* oil ——."

The propriety of the emendation suggested by Mr. Malone, will be increased, if we recur to our author's leading thought, which is founded on the customs observed in the pomp of ancient sepulture. Within old monuments and receptacles for the dead, perpetual (i. e. *aye-remaining*) lamps were supposed to be lighted up. Thus, Pope, in his *Eloisa*:

" Ah hopeless, *lasting* flames, like those that burn
" To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!"

I would, however, read:

And *aye-remaining lamps*, &c.

Instead *of a monument erected above thy bones*, AND *perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head.* *Steevens*

[4] —— *the* belching whale,] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" —— like scaled sculls
" Before the *belching whale*." *Malone.*

[5] *And* humming *water must o'erwhelm thy corpse*,] Milton perhaps had this verse in his head, when he wrote,

" Where thou perhaps under the *humming* tide
" Visit'st." &c. *Lycidas*, v. 157.

He afterward changed *humming* to *whelming*. *H. White.*

Thus also Pope, 18th *Iliad*, 472:

" The rushing ocean *murmur'd* o'er my head."

Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,[6]
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the sattin coffer:[7] lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewel to her: suddenly, woman. [*Exit* LYC.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre.[8] When can'st thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Perhaps our great translator had previously cast his eye on Chapman's version of the same passage, 4to. 1598:

" ———— over us
" The swelling waves of old Oceanus
" With fomie *murmur* flow'd." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *ink and* paper,] This is the reading of the second quarto. The first has *taper*. *Malone.*

[7] *Bring me the sattin* coffer:] The old copies have—*coffin*. It seems somewhat extraordinary that Pericles should have carried a coffin to sea with him. We ought, I think, to read, as I have printed,—*coffer*. *Malone.*

Sattin coffer is most probably the true reading. So, in a subsequent scene:

" Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
" Lay with you in your *coffer*."

Our ancient *coffers* were often adorned on the inside with such costly materials. A relation of mine has a trunk which formerly belonged to Katharine Howard when queen, and it is lined throughout with rose-coloured *sattin*, most elaborately quilted.

By the *sattin coffer*, however, may be only meant the coffer employed to contain *sattins* and other rich materials for dress. Thus we name a *tea-chest*, &c. from their contents.

Pericles, however, does not mean to bury his queen in this *sattin coffer*, but to take from thence the *cloth of state* in which it seems she was afterwards *shrowded*. It appears likewise that her body was found in the chest *caulk'd* and *bitumed* by the sailors.

So, in Twine's translation: " —— a large *chest*,—and we will seare it all ouer within with pitch and rozen melted together &c.—Then tooke they the body of the faire lady Lucina, and arrayed her in princely apparell, and laid her into the *chest*" &c. *Steevens.*

[8] *Alter thy course for Tyre.*] Change thy course, which is now for *Tyre*, and go to *Tharsus*. *Malone.*

Per. O make for Tharsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I 'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Ephesus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *House.*

Enter CERIMON,[9] *a* Servant, *and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,[1]
And tell me how it works. [*To* PHIL. [*Exeunt* PHIL. Servant, *and those who had been shipwrecked.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;[2]

[9] —— *Cerimon,*] In Twine's translation he is called a *Physician.* Our author has made a Lord of him. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *Give this to the 'pothecary,*] The recipe that Cerimon sends to the apothecary, we must suppose, is intended either for the poor men already mentioned, or for some of his other patients.—The preceding words shew that it cannot be designed for the master of the servant introduced here. *Malone.*

Perhaps this circumstance was introduced for no other reason than to mark more strongly the extensive benevolence of Cerimon. For the poor men who have just left the stage, kitchen physick only was designed. *Steevens.*

[2] *Shook, as the earth did quake;*] So, in Macbeth:

The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple:[3] pure surprize and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.[4]

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you,[5] should at these early hours

" ——— the obscure bird
" Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, *the earth*
" *Was feverous, and did shake.*"

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——————— as if the world
" Was feverous, and did tremble." *Malone.*

[3] *The very* principals *did seem to rend,*
And all to topple:] The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building. The second quarto, which is followed by the modern copies, reads corruptly—*principles*. If the speaker had been apprehensive of a general dissolution of nature, (which we must understand, if we read *principles*) he did not need to leave his house: he would have been in as much danger without as within.

All to is an augmentative often used by our ancient writers. It occurs frequently in the *Confessio Amantis*. The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth*, and applied to buildings:

" Though castles *topple* on their warders' heads."

Again, in *King Henry IV*, Part I:

" Shakes the old beldame earth, and *topples* down
" Steeples and moss-grown towers." *Malone.*

Mr. Malone has properly explained the word—*principals*. So, in Philemon Holland's translation of the 33d Book of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* edit. 1601, p. 367:—" yea, the jambes, posts, *principals*, and standerds, all of the same metall." *Steevens.*

I believe this only means, *and every thing to tumble down.*
M. Mason.

[4] *'Tis not our* husbandry.] *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. So, in *King Henry V:*

" For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,
" Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*."

See also *Hamlet*, Act I, sc. iii. *Malone.*

[5] Rich tire *about you*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1609; but the sense of the passage is not sufficiently clear. The gentlemen rose early, because they were but in lodgings which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder, however, to find Lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire about him*; meaning, [illegible] *haps a bed more richly* and comfortably furnished, [illegible]

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.[6]
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.
Cer. I held it ever.
Virtue and cunning[7] were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physick, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;[8]
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,[9]

could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. The reasoning of these gentlemen should rather have led them to say—*such towers* about you; i. e. a house or castle that could safely resist the assaults of weather. They left their mansion because they were no longer secure if they remained in it, and naturally wonder why he should have quitted his, who had no such apparent reason for deserting it and rising early. *Steevens.*

[6] *Shake off the* golden *slumber* of repose.] So, in *Macbeth:*
" *shake off* this downy *sleep.*" *Steevens.*

[7] *Virtue and* cunning —] *Cunning* means here *knowledge.* *Malone.*
So, in *Jeremiah*, ix, 17: " Send for *cunning* women that they may come." Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" Sirrah, go hire me twenty *cunning* cooks." *Steevens.*

[8] ——— *the blest infusions*
That dwells in vegetives, in metals, stones;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
" In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities."
Steevens.

[9] *Or tie my* treasure *up in silken bags,*] The old copy reads:
Or tie my pleasure *up* &c.
Let the c[illegible] can exist in this reading of the quarto, displace my emendation. *Steevens.*

To please the fool and death.[1]

[1] *To please the* fool *and* death.] The *Fool* and *Death* were principal personages in the old moralities. They are mentioned by our author in *Measure for Measure*:

" merely thou art *death's fool*," &c. *Malone.*

Mr. Malone (as I had been) is on this occasion misled by a positive and hitherto uncontradicted assertion of Dr. Warburton. But I now think myself authorised to declare, on the strength of long and repeated enquiries, urged by numerous friends as well as myself, that no *Morality* in which *Death* and the *Fool* were agents, ever existed among the early French, English, or Italian stage-representations.

I have seen, indeed, (though present means of reference to it are beyond my reach) an old Flemish print, in which *Death* is exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) is standing behind, and grinning at the process.

The following intelligence on the same subject, though it applies more immediately to the allusion in *Measure for Measure*, and has occurred too late to stand in its proper place, may here, without any glaring impropriety, be introduced:

" —— Merely, thou art *death's fool*;
" For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
" And yet run'st towards him still."

It was a comment on these lines that Dr. Warburton's *gratis dictum* concerning the *Fool* and *Death*, made its first appearance.

The subsequent *notitiæ* are derived from two different gentlemen, whose reports reflect a light on each other.

Mr. Douce, to whom our readers are indebted for several happy illustrations of Shakspeare, assures me, that some years ago, at a fair in a large market town, he observed a solitary figure sitting in a booth, and apparently exhausted with fatigue. This personage was habited in a close black vest, painted over with bones, in imitation of a skeleton. But my informant being then very young, and wholly uninitiated in theatrical antiquities, made no enquiry concerning so whimsical a phenomenon. Indeed, but for what follows, I might have been induced to suppose that the object he saw, was nothing more or less than the hero of a well known pantomime, entitled *Harlequin Skeleton.*

This circumstance, however, having accidentally reached the ears of a venerable clergyman who is now more than eighty years of age, he told me that he very well remembered to have met with such another figure, above fifty years ago, at Salisbury. Being there during the time of some publick meeting, he happened to call on a surgeon at the very instant when the representative of *Death* was brought in to be let blood on account of a tumble he had had on the stage, while in pursuit of his antagonist, a *Merry Andrew*, who very anxiously attended him (dressed also in character) to the phlebotomist's house. The same gentleman's curiosity a few days afterwards, prevailed on him to be

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never ——

Enter Two Servants *with a Chest.*

Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What is that?
Serv. Sir, even now

spectator of the dance in which our emblem of mortality was a performer. This dance, he says, entirely consisted of *Death's* contrivances to surprize the *Merry Andrew*, and of the *Merry Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered; his *finale* being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley.

What Dr. Warburton therefore has asserted of the drama, is only known to be true of the dance; and the subject under consideration was certainly more adapted to the latter than the former, agility and grimace, rather than dialogue, being necessary to its exhibition. They who seek after the last lingering remains of ancient modes of amusement, will rather trace them with success in the country, than in the neighbourhood of London, from whence even *Punch*, the legitimate and undoubted successor of the old *Vice*, is almost banished.

It should seem, that the general idea of this serio-comick *pas-de-deux* had been borrowed from the ancient dance of *Machabre*, commonly called *The Dance of Death*, a grotesque ornament of cloisters, both here and in foreign parts. The aforesaid combination of figures, though erroneously ascribed to Hans Holbein, was certainly of an origin more remote than the times in which that eminent painter is known to have flourished. *Steevens.*

Although the subject before us was certainly borrowed from the ancient *Dance of Macaber*, which I conceive to have been acted in churches, (but in a perfectly serious and moral way) it receives a completer illustration from an old initial letter belonging to a set of them in my possession, on which is a dance of Death, infinitely more beautiful in point of design than even the celebrated one cut in wood and likewise ascribed to the graver of Holbein. In this letter, the *Fool* is engaged in a very stout combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles, an instrument yet in fashion among Merry Andrews. It is almost unnecessary to add that these initials are of foreign workmanship; and the inference is, that such farces were common upon the continent, and are here alluded to by the artist. I should not omit to mention, that *the* letter in question has been rudely copied in an edition of *Stowe's Survey of London*. Douce.

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;
'Tis of some wreck.
Cer. Set 't down, let 's look on it.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,[2]
It is a good constraint of fortune, that
It belches upon us.[3]
2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—[4]
Did the sea cast it up?
Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.
Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.
2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril;[5] so,—up with it.
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!
1 *Gent.* Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd
With bags of spices full! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i' the characters![6] [*Unfolds a Scroll.*

[2] *If the sea's stomach be* o'ercharg'd *with gold*, &c.] This indelicate allusion has already occurred in the scene between Pericles and the Fishermen, and may also be found in *King Richard III:*

" Whom their *o'ercloyed* country vomits forth, ——."
Steevens.

[3] *It is a good constraint of fortune, that*
It belches *upon us.*] This singular expression is again applied by our author to the sea, in *The Tempest:*

" You are three men of sin, whom destiny
" (That hath to instrument this lower world,
" And what is in 't,) the never-surfeited *sea*
" Hath caused to *belch up!*" *Malone.*

[4] *How close 'tis caulk'd and* bitum'd!] *Bottom'd*, which is the reading of all the copies, is evidently a corruption. We had before:

" Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and *bitumed* ready." *Malone.*

[5] *As ever hit my nostril;*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*
" — as ever offended nostril." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!*] Cerimon, having made physick his peculiar study, would naturally, in any emer-

Here I give to understand, [Reads.
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,[7])
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.[8]
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:[9]
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe![1]—This chanc'd to-night.
Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The overpressed spirits. I have heard[2]
Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,[3]

gency, invoke Apollo. On the present occasion, however, he addresses him as the patron of learning. *Malone.*

[7] (*If e'er this coffin drive* a-land,)] This uncommon phrase is repeatedly used in Twine's translation: "Then give thanks unto God, who in my flight hath brought me *a-land* into your costes." Again: "— certaine pyrats which were come *a-land.*" *Steevens.*

[8] —— *mundane* —] i. e. worldly. *Malone.*

[9] *Who finds her, give her burying,*
She was the daughter of a king:] The author had, perhaps, the sacred writings in his thoughts: "Go see now this cursed woman and *bury her, for she is a king's daughter.*" 2 *Kings*, ix, 36. *Malone.*

The following, in Twine's translation, are the first words of Lucina on her recovery: "— touch me not otherwise than thou oughtest to doe, for *I am a king's daughter* and the wife of a king." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *thou hast a heart*
That even cracks *for woe!*] So, in *Hamlet:*
"Now *cracks* a noble heart."
Even is the reading of the second quarto. The first has *ever.* *Malone.*

[2] —— *I* have *heard* —] For the insertion of the word—*have*, which both the metre and the sense require, I am responsible. *Malone.*

[3] —— *nine hours* lien *dead.*] So, in the lxviiith *Psalm:*
"— though ye have *lien* among the pots —." *Steevens.*

By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, *with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.[4]
The rough and woful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.[5]
The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block?—
The musick there.[6]—I pray you, give her air:—

[4] Well said, well said; *the fire and the cloths.*] So, on a similar occasion, in *Othello*, Act V, sc. i:

" ——— O, a chair, a chair!—
" —— *O, that 's well said,* the chair;—
" Some good man bear him carefully from hence." *Malone.*

[5] *The rough and woful musick that we have.*
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.] Paulina in like manner in *The Winter's Tale*, when she pretends to bring Hermione to life, orders musick to be played, to awake her from her trance. So also, the Physician in *King Lear*, when the King is about to wake from the sleep he had fallen into, after his frenzy:

" Please you draw near;—*Louder the musick there!*" *Malone.*

[6] *The* vial *once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block?*"
The musick there.] The first quarto reads,—the *viol* once more. The second and the subsequent editions—the *vial.* If the first be right, Cerimon must be supposed to repeat his orders that they should again sound their *rough and woful musick.* So, in *Twelfth Night:*

" That *strain again!*"

The word *viol* has occurred before in this play in the sense of *violin.* I think, however, the reading of the second quarto is right. Cerimon, in order to revive the Queen, first commands loud musick to be played, and then a second time administers some cordial to her, which we may suppose had been before administered to her when his servants entered with the napkins, &c. See *Confessio Amantis*, p. 180:

" —— this worthie kinges wife
" Honestlie thei token oute,
" And maden fyres all aboute;
" Thei leied hir on a couche softe,
" And with a shete warmed ofte
" Hir colde breste began to heate,
" Hir herte also to slacke and beate.
" This maister hath hir every joynte
" With certein oyle and balsam anoynte,
" *And put a licour in hir mouthe*
" Which is to few clerkes couthe."

Little weight is to be laid on the spelling of the first quarto, for *vial* was formerly spelt *viol.* In the quarto edition of *King Richard II*, 1615:

Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her;[7] she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!
1 *Gent.* The heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels[8]
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;[9]
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,

" Edward's seven sons whereof thyself art one,
" Were seven *viols* of his sacred blood."

Again, in the folio, 1623, *ibidem:*

" One *viol* full of Edward's sacred blood."

Again, in *The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" She poured forth into the *vyoll* of the fryer
" Water ——." *Malone.*

[7] —— *a warmth*
Breathes *out of her;*] The old copies read—a warmth *breath* out of her. The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. The second quarto, and the modern editions, read unintelligibly:

Nature awakes a warm breath *out of her. Malone.*

In Twine's translation it is to Cerimon's pupil Machaon, and not to Cerimon himself, that the lady is indebted for her recovery: " — he pulled the clothes from the ladies bosome, and powred foorth the ointment, and bestowing it abroad with his hand perceived some *warmth* in her breast, and that there was life in her body.—Then went Machaon unto his master Cerimon, and saide: The woman whom thou thinkest to be deade is alive." &c. *Steevens.*

[8] —— cases *to those heavenly jewels* —] The same expression occurs in *The Winter's Tale:* " — they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear *the cases* of their eyes." *Malone.*

*Her eye*lids, cases *to those heavenly* jewels —] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book III: " Her faire *lids*, then hiding her fairer eyes, seemed unto him sweet *boxes*, rich in themselves, but containing in them far richer *jewels.*" *Steevens.*

[9] *Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;*] So, in *The Tempest:*

" The *fringed curtains* of thine *eye* advance,
" And say what thou see'st yond?" *Malone.*

Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*
Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?[1]
2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?
1 *Gent.* Most rare.
Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.[2]
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us! [*Exeunt, carrying* THAI. *away.*

SCENE III.

Tharsus. *A Room in* Cleon's *House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, *and* MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!
Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,[3]
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.[4]

[1] —— *What world is this?*] So, in the *Confessio Amantis*:
" And first hir eyen up she caste,
" And whan she more of strength caught,
" Hir armes both forth she straughte;
" Helde up hir honde and pitcouslie
" She spake, and said, *where am I?*
" *Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?*
" As she that wote not howe it is." *Malone.*

[2] *Hush,* gentle *neighbours;*—
—— *to* the next chamber bear her.] Thus, in Twine's translation: " And when he had so saide, he tooke the body reverently in his armes, and *bare it unto his owne chamber,*" &c. *Steevens.*

So, in *King Henry IV,* Part II:
" I pray you, take me up, and *bear me hence*
" *Into another chamber: softly,* pray;
" Let there be no noise made, *my gentle friends,*
" Unless some dull and favourable hand
" Will whisper musick to my wearied spirit." *Malone.*

[3] —— *though they* hurt *you mortally,*] First quarto—*haunt.* The folios and the modern editions read—*hate.* *Malone.*

[4] *Your* shafts *of fortune, though they* hurt you mortally,

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes!
Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.[5]
Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace,[6] that fed my country with your corn,

Yet glance full wand'ringly *on us.*] Old copy:
Your shakes *of fortune, though they* haunt *you mortally,*
Yet glance full wond'ringly *on us.*
I read (as in the text):
Your shafts *of fortune, though they* hurt *you mortally,*
Yet glance full wand'ringly &c.
Thus, Tully, in one of his Familiar Epistles: "— omnibus *telis fortunæ* proposita sit vita nostra." Again, Shakspeare, in his *Othello:*
"—— The shot of accident, or *dart of chance* —."
Again, in *Hamlet:*
"The stings and *arrows* of outrageous *fortune.*"
Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* "I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your *arrow* hath *glanced.*"
The sense of the passage should seem to be as follows.—All the malice of fortune is not confined to yourself. Though her arrows strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark, they sometimes glance on us; as at present, when the uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your company at Tharsus. *Steevens.*

[5] Manner'd *as she is born.*] So, in *Cymbeline:*
"—————— and he is one
"The truest *manner'd,* such a holy witch,
"That he enchants societies to him." *Malone.*

[6] *Fear not, my lord:* &c.] Old copies:
Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, &c. *Steevens.*
I suspect the poet wrote:
Fear not my lord, but that
Your grace, &c. *Malone.*
I have removed the difficulty by omitting the words—*but think,* which are unnecessary to the sense, and spoil the measure. *Steevens.*

(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile,[7] the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,[8]
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!
Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,[9]
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in 't.[1] So I take my leave.

[7] ——— *If* neglection
Should therein make me vile,] The modern editions have *neglect.* But the reading of the old copy is right. The word is used by Shakspeare in *Troilus and Cressida:*
" And this *neglection* of degree it is
" That by a pace goes backward." *Malone.*

[8] —— *my nature need a* spur,] So, in *Macbeth:*
" ——— I have no *spur*
" To prick the sides of my intent ——." *Steevens.*

[9] *Your honour and your goodness* teach *me* credit,] Old copies —teach me *to it,* a weak reading, if not apparently corrupt. For the insertion of its present substitute I am answerable. I once thought we should read—*witch* me to it, a phrase familiar enough to Shakspeare.
Mr. M. Mason is satisfied with the old reading; but thinks " the expression would be improved by leaving out the participle *to,* which hurts the sense, without improving the metre." Then, says he, the line will run thus:
Your honour and your goodness teach me it, ——. *Steevens.*

[1] *Though I show* will *in 't:*] The meaning may be—" Though I appear wilful and perverse by such conduct." We might read:
Though I show ill *in 't. Malone.*
—— Till she be married, *madam,*
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
*Un*scissar'd *shall this* hair *of mine remain,*
Though I show will *in 't.*] Old copy:
*Un*sister'd *shall this* heir *of mine* &c.
But a more obvious and certain instance of corruption perhaps is not discoverable throughout our whole play.
I read, as in the text; for so is the present circumstance recited in Act V, and in consequence of the oath expressed at the present moment:

Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.
Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We 'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,[2] and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

" ———— And now,
" *This ornament,* that makes me look so dismal,
" Will I, my lov'd Marina, *clip to form;*
" And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
" *To grace thy marriage day,* I 'll beautify."

So also, in Twine's translation: " —— and he sware a solemn oath, that he would not *poule his head,* clip his beard, &c. untill he had *married his daughter* at ripe yeares."

Without the present emendation therefore, Pericles must appear to have behaved unaccountably; as the binding power of a romantick oath could alone have been the motive of his long persistence in so strange a neglect of his person.

The words—un*scissar'd* and hair, were easily mistaken for—un*sister'd* and heir; as the manuscript might have been indistinct, or the compositor inattentive.

The verb—to *scissar* [i. e. to cut with *scissars*] is found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen,* by Fletcher:

" My poor chin too, for 'tis not *scissard* just
" To such a favourite's glass."

I once strove to explain the original line as follows:

Unsister'd *shall this* heir *of mine remain,*
Though I show will *in 't:*

i. e. till she be married, I swear by Diana, (though I may show [*will,* i. e.] obstinacy in keeping such an oath) this *heir* of mine shall have *none who can call her sister;* i. e. I will not marry, and so have a chance of other children before she is disposed of.—*Obstinacy* was anciently called *wilfulness.*

But it is scarce possible that *unsister'd* should be the true reading; for if Pericles had taken another wife, after his daughter's marriage, could he have been sure of progeny to *sister* his first child? or what *wilfulness* would he have shown, had he continued a single man? To persist in wearing a squalid head of hair and beard, was indeed an obstinate peculiarity, though not without a parallel; for both Francis I, and our Henry VIII, reciprocally swore that their beards should grow untouched till their proposed interview had taken place. *Steevens.*

[2] —— mask'd *Neptune,*] i. e. insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile:

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *House.*

Enter Cerimon *and* Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now[3]
At your command. Know you the character?
Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time;[4] but whether there

"Subdola pellacis ridet clementia ponti." *Lucretius.*

This passage in *Pericles* appears to have been imitated by Fletcher in *Rule a Wife* &c. 1640:

"I 'll bring you on your way
"And then deliver you to the blue Neptune." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *which are* now —] For the insertion of the word *now*, I am accountable. *Malone.*

[4] —— *I well remember,*
Even on my yearning *time;*] The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was probably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The first quarto reads *learning*. The editor of the second quarto seems to have corrected many of the faults in the old copy, without any consideration of the original corrupted reading. *Malone.*

Read—*yearning* time. So, in *King Henry V:*

"———— for Falstaff he is dead,
"And we must *yearn* therefore."

To *yearn* is to feel internal uneasiness. The time of a woman's labour is still called, in low language—her *groaning* time—her *crying out.*

Mr. Rowe, would read—*eaning*, a term applicable only to sheep when they *produce their young.* *Steevens.*

Thaisa evidently means to say, that she was put on ship-board just at the time when she expected to be delivered; and as the word *yearning* does not express that idea, I should suppose it to be wrong. The obvious amendment is to read—*even at my yeaning time*; which differs from it but by a single letter:—Or perhaps we should read—*yielding time.*

So, Pericles says to Thaisa in the last scene:

"Look who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;

Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say: But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.[5]
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.[6]

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,[7]
Welcom'd, to his own desire.

" Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
" For she was *yielded* there." *M. Mason.*

[5] *Where you may 'bide until your* date expire.] Until you die. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" The *date is out* of such prolixity."

The expression of the text is again used by our author in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" An *expir'd date*, cancell'd ere well begun."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ——— and *expire* the term
" Of a despised life." *Malone.*

[6] *Enter* Gower.] This chorus, and the two following scenes, have hitherto been printed as part of the third Act. In the original edition of this play, the whole appears in an unbroken series. The editor of the folio in 1664, first made the division of Acts and scenes (which has been since followed) without much propriety. The poet seems to have intended that each Act should begin with a chorus. On this principle the present division is made. Gower, however, interposing eight times, a chorus is necessarily introduced in the middle of this and the ensuing Act. *Malone.*

[7] *Imagine Pericles* &c.] The old copies read:

Imagine Pericles arriv'd *at Tyre,*
Welcom'd and settled *to his own desire.*
His woful queen we *leave at Ephesus,*
Unto *Diana there a votaress.*

For the sake of uniformity of metre, the words, &c. distinguished by the *Roman* character, are omitted. *Steevens.*

His woful queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.[8]
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find[9]
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In musick, letters;[1] who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder.[2] But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack

[8] *His woful queen leave at Ephess,*
To Dian there a votaress.] Old copy—*we* leave at *Ephesus*; but Ephes*us* is a rhyme so ill corresponding with votar*ess*, that I suspect our author wrote Ephese or Eph*ess*; as he often contracts his proper names to suit his metre. Thus Pont for Pont*us*, Mede for Med*ia*, Comagene for Comagen*a*, Sicil*s* for Sicil*ies*, &c. Gower, in the story on which this play is founded, has *Dionyze* for Dionyz*a*, and *Tharse* for Tharsus. *Steevens.*
To Dian there *a votaress.*] The old copies read—*there 's* a votaress. I am answerable for the correction. *Malone.*

[9] *Whom our* fast-growing scene *must find*—] The same expression occurs in the chorus to *The Winter's Tale:*
" —— your patience this allowing,
" I turn my glass, and give my *scene* such *growing*,
" As you had slept between." *Malone.*

[1] *In musick, letters;*] The old copy reads, I think corruptly —In *musicks* letters. The corresponding passage in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, confirms the emendation now made:
" My doughter *Thaise* by your leve
" I thynke shall with you be leve
" As for a tyme: and thus I praie,
" That she be kepte by all waie,
" And whan she hath of age more
" That she be set to *bokes lore*," &c.
Again:
" —— she dwelleth
" In Tharse, as the Cronike telleth;
" She was well kept, she was well loked,
" *She was well taught, she was well boked;*
" So well she sped hir in hir youth,
" That she of every wysedome couth —." *Malone.*

[2] *Which makes* her *both the* heart *and place*
Of general wonder.] The old copies read:
Which makes high *both the* art *and place* &c.
The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*
Which makes her *both the* heart *and place*
Of general wonder.] Such an education as rendered her the

Of earned praise,[3] Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,[4]
Even ripe for marriage fight;[5] this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:

center and *situation* of general wonder. We still use the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense. Shakspeare in *Coriolanus* says, that one of his ladies is—" the *spire* and *top* of praise." *Steevens.*

Place here signifies *residence*. So, in *A Lover's Complaint:*

" Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

In this sense it was that Shakspeare, when he purchased his house at Stratford, called it *The New-Place*. *Malone.*

[3] —— *oft the wrack*
Of earned *praise*,] Praise that has been well deserved. The same expression is found in the following lines, which our author has imitated in his *Romeo and Juliet:*

" How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his name?
" Whose deadly foes do yeld him dew and *earned praise*."
Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

" If we have un*earned* luck —." *Malone.*

[4] *And in this kind hath our Cleon*
One daughter, and a wench full grown,] The old copy reads:
And in this kind our Cleon hath
One daughter, and a full grown wench.
The rhyme shows evidently that it is corrupt. For the present regulation the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[5] *Even* ripe *for marriage* fight;] The first quarto reads:
Even right *for marriage* sight; ——.
The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions, have—
Even ripe *for marriage* sight ——.
Sight was clearly misprinted for *fight*. We have before in this play *Cupid's wars*. *Malone.*

I would read:
Even ripe for marriage rites. *Percy.*

Read—*fight;* i. e. the combats of Venus; or *night*, which needs no explanation.

" Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
" Those limbs were fashion'd for a softer *fight*."
Dryden's version of Ovid's *Epistle from Helen to Paris*. *Steevens.*

Be 't when she weav'd the sleided silk[6]
With fingers, long, small, white[7] as milk;
Or when she would with sharp neeld wound[8]
The cambrick, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan;[9] or when
She would with rich and constant pen

[6] *Be 't when* she *weav'd the* sleided *silk* —] The old copies read:

Be it when they *weav'd* &c.

But the context shows that *she* was the author's word. To have praised even the hands of Philoten would have been inconsistent with the general scheme of the present chorus. In all the other members of this sentence we find Marina alone mentioned:

" Or when *she* would &c.
" ——— or when to the lute
" *She* sung," &c. *Malone.*

Sleided silk is untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sley* or *slay*. *Percy.*

For a further explanation of *sleided* silk, see Vol. VII, p. 93, n. 4; and Mr. Malone's edit. of our author, Vol. X, p. 353, n. 5. *Steevens.*

[7] *With fingers, long, small, white* &c.] So, in Twine's translation: " — beautified with a white hand, and fingers long and slender." *Steevens.*

[8] *Or when she would with sharp* neeld *wound* —] All the copies read—with sharp *needle* wound; but the metre shows that we ought to read *neeld*. In a subsequent passage, in the first quarto, the word is abbreviated:

" —— and with her *neele* composes —."

So, in Stanyhurst's Virgil, 1582:

" —— on *neeld*-wrought carpets."

See also Vol. VII, p. 407, n. 9. *Malone.*

[9] —— *or when to the lute*
She sung, and made the night-bird *mute,*
That still records with moan;] The first quarto reads:

—— *the* night-bed *mute,*
That still records with moan;

for which in all the subsequent editions we find—

—— *and made the night-bed mute,*
That still records within one.

There can, I think, be no doubt, that the author wrote—night-*bird*. Shakspeare has frequent allusions, in his works, to the *nightingale*. So, in his 101st Sonnet:

" As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
" And stops her pipe in growth of riper days,

Vail to her mistress Dian;[1] still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina:[2] so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white.[3] Marina gets

" Not that the summer is less pleasant now
" Than when her *mournful hymns* did hush the *night*," &c.
Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:
" And for, poor bird, *thou sing'st not in the day*,
" As shaming anie eye should thee behold, —."

To *record* anciently signified to *sing*. So, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Ourania*, by N. B. [Nicholas Breton] 1606:
" *Recording* songs unto the Deitie —."
See Vol. II, p. 231, n. 4.—" A bird (I am informed) is said to *record*, when he sings at first low to himself, before he becomes master of his song and ventures to sing out. The word is in constant use with bird-fanciers at this day." *Malone.*

[1] —— *With rich and constant pen*
Vail *to her mistress Dian;*] To *vail* is to bow, to do homage. The author seems to mean—*When she would compose* supplicatory hymns to Diana, or verses expressive of her gratitude to Dionyza.

We might indeed read—*Hail* to her mistress Dian; i. e. salute her in verse. *Steevens.*

I strongly suspect that *vail* is a misprint. We might read:
Wail *to her mistress Dian.*
i. e. compose elegies on the death of her mother, of which she had been apprized by her nurse, Lychorida.

That *Dian*, i. e. Diana, is the true reading, may, I think, be inferred from the passage in *The Merchant of Venice*; which may at the same time perhaps afford the best comment on that before us:
" Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
" With sweetest touches pierce your *mistress'* ear,
" And draw her home with musick."
Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*
" To be a barren sister all your life,
" Chanting *faint hymns* to the cold fruitless *moon*." *Malone.*

[2] *With* absolute *Marina:*] i. e. highly accomplished, perfect. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" —————— at sea
" He is an *absolute* master."
Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1614: " — from an *absolute* and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." *Malone.*

[3] Vie *feathers white.*] See note on *the Taming of a Shrew*, Vol. VI, p. 75, n. 5. *Steevens.*
Old copy:

All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,[4]
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,[5]
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath[6]
Prest for this blow.[7] The unborn event
I do commend to your content:[8]

The dove of Paphos might with the crow
Vie feathers white. M. Mason.

The sense requires a transposition of these words, and that we should read:

——— *so*
The dove of Paphos might with the crow
Vie feathers white. M. Mason.

I have adopted Mr. Mason's judicious arrangement. *Steevens.*

[4] ——— *This so* darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" —— and their blaze
" Shall *darken* him for ever."
Again, *ibidem*:
" —— You are *darken'd* in this action, sir,
" Even by your own." *Malone.*

[5] —— *with* envy *rare,*] *Envy* is frequently used by our ancient writers, in the sense of *malice*. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act II, sc. i, Vol. XIV. It is, however, I believe, here used in its common acceptation. *Malone.*

[6] *The* pregnant *instrument of wrath* —] *Pregnant*, in this instance, means *prepared, instructed*. It is used in a kindred sense in *Measure for Measure*. See Vol. III, p. 453, n. 7. *Steevens.*
Pregnant is *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:
" And crook the *pregnant* hinges of the knee, —." *Malone.*

[7] Prest *for this blow.*] *Prest* is *ready; pret.* Fr. So, in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
" I will, God lendyng lyfe, on Wensday next be *prest*
" To wayte on him and you ——."
See note on *The Merchant of Venice*, Vol. IV, p. 318, n. 2.
Malone.

[8] —— *The unborn event*
I do commend to your content:] I am not sure that I understand this passage; but so quaint and licentious is the phrase-

Only I carry[9] winged time[1]
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:[2]
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,[3]

logy of our Pseudo-Gower, that perhaps he means—I wish you to find content in that portion of our play which has not yet been exhibited.

Our author might indeed have written—*consent*, i. e. co-operation, your assistance in carrying on our present delusion. *Steevens.*

[9] *Only I* carry —] Old copy—*carried*. *Steevens.*

[1] —— *winged time* —] So, in the Chorus to *The Winter's Tale*:

" I ——————————
" Now take upon me in the name of *time*,
" To use my *wings*."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

" Thus with imagin'd *wing* our swift scene flies,
" In motion of no less celerity
" Than that of thought." *Malone.*

[2] *Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it:*] Here, I think, may be traced the rudiments of the scene in which Lady Macbeth instigates her husband to murder Duncan:

" I have given suck, and know
" How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
" I would, while it was smiling in my face,
" Have pluck'd my nipple from its boneless gums,
" And dash'd the brains out, *had I but so sworn*,
" *As you have done to this*." *Malone.*

[3] —— *inflame love in thy bosom*,] The first quarto reads—" Let not conscience which is but cold, *in flaming thy love* bosome, enflame too nicelie, nor let pitie," &c. The subsequent impressions afford no assistance. Some words seem to have been lost. The sentiment originally expressed, probably was this—Let not conscience, which is but a cold monitor, deter

Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I 'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.[4]

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.[5] Here
Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.[6]

you from executing what you have promised; nor let the beauty of Marina enkindle the flame of love in your bosom; nor be softened by pity, which even I, a woman, have cast off.—I am by no means satisfied with the regulation that I have made, but it affords a glimmering of sense. Nearly the same expression occurred before:

" —— That have *inflam'd desire in my breast* —."

I suspect, the words *enflame too nicely* were written in the margin, the author not having determined which of the two expressions to adopt; and that by mistake they were transcribed as a part of the text. The metre, which might be more commodiously regulated, if these words were omitted, in some measure supports this conjecture:

" Nor let pity, which ev'n women have cast off,
" Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose." *Malone.*

We might read:

—— *inflame thy loving bosom:*

With Mr. Malone's alteration, however, the words will bear the following sense:—Let not conscience, which in itself is of a cold nature, have power to raise the flame of love in you, raise it even to folly.—*Nicely*, in ancient language, signifies *foolishly*. *Niais*, Fr.

Perhaps, indeed, the passage originally stood thus:

——— *Let not conscience,*
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom;
Nor let that *pity women have cast off,*
Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.

Enflame too nicely—and—*which even*, are the words I omit. I add only the pronoun—*that*. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *but* yet she is a goodly creature.] So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— and *yet* my conscience says
" *She 's a good creature.*" *Steevens.*

[5] —— *but yet she is a goodly creature.*
Dion. *The fitter then the gods should have her.*] So, in *King Richard III:*

" O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.—
" The fitter for the King of Heaven." *Steevens.*

[6] ——— ——— *Here*
Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.] [illegible]
Here she comes weeping for her only [illegible]

Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, *with a Basket of Flowers.*

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers:[7] the yellows, blues,

As Marina had been trained in musick, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida could not have been her *only mistress*. I would therefore read:

Here comes she weeping for her old nurse's *death.* - *Percy.*

I have no doubt but we should adopt the ingenious amendment suggested by Percy, with this difference only, the leaving out the word *for*, which is unnecessary, and hurts the metre. I should therefore read:

Here she comes, weeping her old nurse's death. M. Mason.

I have adopted Dr. Percy's amendment, but without Mr. M. Mason's attempt to improve it. The word *for* is necessary to the metre, as *above* in the preceding line was a modern interpolation. *Steevens.*

I think *mistress* right. Her nurse was in one sense her mistress; Marina, from her infancy to the age of fourteen, having been under the care of Lychorida.

Her only (or her *old*) *mistress' death*, (not "*mistresses* death,") was the language of Shakspeare's time. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"With sweetest touches pierce your *mistress' ear*," &c.
Malone.

[7] *No,* [*no,*] *I will rob Tellus of her weed,*
To strew thy green *with flowers:*] Thus the quartos. In the folio *grave* was substituted for *green*. By the *green*, as Lord Charlemont suggests to me, was meant "the green turf with which the grave of Lychorida was covered." So, in Tasso's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, translated by Fairfax, 1600:

"My ashes cold shall, buried on this *green*,
"Enjoy that good this body ne'er possest."

Weed in old language meant garment. *Malone.*

Before we determine which is the proper reading, let us reflect a moment on the business in which Marina is employed. She is about to strew the grave of her nurse Lychorida with flowers, and therefore makes her entry with propriety, saying—

No, no, I will rob Tellus &c.

i. e. No, no, it shall never be said that I left the *tomb* of one to whom I owe so much, without some ornament. Rather than it shall remain undecorated, I will strip the earth of its robe, &c. The prose romance, already quoted, says "that always as she came homeward, she went and washed the *tombe* of her nouryce, and kept it contynually fayre and clene."

Though I do not recollect that the *green hillock* under which a person is buried, is any where called *their green*, my respect for Lord Charlemont's opinion has in this present instance with-

The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last.[8] Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.[9]

held me from deserting the most ancient text, however dubious its authority. *Steevens.*

[8] *Shall, as a* chaplet, [Old copy—*carpet,*] *hang upon thy* grave,
While summer days do last.] So, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— with *fairest flowers,*
" *While summer lasts,* and I live here, Fidele,
" I 'll sweeten thy sad *grave.* Thou shalt not lack
" The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
" The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no nor
" The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
" Out-sweeten'd not thy breath."

Mr. Steevens would read—Shall as a *chaplet,* &c. The word *hung,* it must be owned, favours this correction, but the flowers strew'd *on the green-sward,* may with more propriety be compared to a carpet than a wreath. *Malone.*

Malone informs us that all the former copies read—*as a carpet,* which was probably the right reading: nor would Steevens have changed it for *chaplet* had he attended to the beginning of Marina's speech:

" I will rob Tellus of her weed,
" To *strew* thy grave with flowers:"

which corresponds with the old reading, not with his amendment. *M. Mason.*

Perhaps Mr. M. Mason's remark also might have been spared, had he considered that no one ever talked of *hanging carpets* out in honour of the dead. *Steevens.*

[9] Whirring *me from my friends.*] Thus the earliest copy; I think rightly. The second quarto, and all the subsequent impressions, read—

Hurrying *me from my friends.*

Whirring or *whirrying,* had formerly the same meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noise, is still said to *whirr* away. Thus, Pope:

" Now from the brake the *whirring* pheasant springs."

The verb to *whirry* is used in the ancient ballad entitled *Robin Goodfellow. Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,* Vol. II, 203:

" More swift than wind away I go,
" O'er hedge and lands,
" Thro' pools and ponds,
" I *whirry,* laughing ho ho ho." *Malone.*

The verb—to *whirr,* is often used by Chapman in his version of the *Iliad.* So, Book XIV:

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?[1]
How chance my daughter is not with you?[2] Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing:[3] you have
A nurse of me.[4] Lord! how your favour 's chang'd[5]
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,[6]

" —— gathering dust with *whirring* fiercely round."
Again, Book XVII:
" —— through the Greeks and Ilians they rapt
" The *whirring* chariot." —— *Steevens.*

[1] *How now,* Marina! *why do you keep alone?*] Thus the earliest copy. So, in *Macbeth:*
" How now, *my lord!* why do you keep alone?"
The second quarto reads—why do you *weep* alone? *Malone.*

[2] *How chance my daughter is not with you?*] So, in *King Henry IV,* Part II:
" How chance thou art not with the prince, thy brother?"
Malone.
Milton, as Mr. Todd observes, employs a similar form of words in *Comus,* v. 508:
" How chance she is not in your company." *Steevens.*

[3] *Consume your blood with sorrowing:*] So, in *King Henry VI,* P. II: " — *blood-consuming sighs.*" See also note on *Hamlet,* Act IV, sc. vii. *Malone.*

[4] —— *you have*
A nurse of me.] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads: " Have you a nurse of me?" The poet probably wrote:
—— *Have you* not
A nurse of me? Malone.

[5] —— *your* favour 's *chang'd* —] i. e. countenance, look. So, in *Macbeth:*
" To alter *favour* ever is to fear." *Steevens.*

[6] —— *ere the sea mar it.*
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there.] Some words must, I think, have been omitted. Probably the author wrote:
—— *ere the sea mar it,*
Walk on the shore *with Leonine, the air*
Is quick there. Malone.
—— *ere the sea mar it,* &c.] i. e. ere the sea mar your walk upon the shore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with Leonine. We see plainly by the circumstance of the pirates, that Marina, when seized upon, was walking on the sea-shore; and Shakspeare was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean. *Charlemont.*
The words—*wreath of*—were formerly inserted in the text by Mr. Malone. Though he has since discarded, I have ventured to retain them. *Steevens.*

Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;[7]—
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
Mar. No, I pray you;
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.
Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart.[8] We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports,[9] thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses.[1] Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old.[2] Care not for me;

[7] *Piercing, and sharpens* well *the stomach. Come;*] Here the old copy furnishes the following line, which those who think it verse, may replace, the room of that supplied by the present text:—

And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come —. *Steevens.*

[8] *With 'more than foreign heart.*] With the same warmth of affection as if I was his countrywoman. *Malone.*

[9] *Our paragon to all reports,*] Our fair charge, whose beauty was once *equal to* all that fame said of it. So, in *Othello:*

" —— He hath achiev'd a maid,
" *That paragons description and wild fame.*" *Malone.*

[1] ——— *that we have ta'en*
No care to *your best courses.*] Either we should read—" *of* your best courses," or the word *to* has in this place the force that *of* would have. *M. Mason.*

The plain meaning is—that we have paid no attention *to* what was best for you. *Steevens.*

[2] ——————— reserve
That excellent complexion, *which did* steal
The eyes *of young and old.*] So, in Shakspeare's 20th Sonnet:

" A man in *hue* all hues in his controlling,
" Which *steals* men's *eyes*, and women's souls amazeth."

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint:*

" Thus did he in the general bosom reign
" *Of young and old.*"

To *reserve* is here, to *guard;* to *preserve* carefully. So, in Shakspeare's 32d Sonnet:

" *Reserve* them, for my love, not for their rhymes."
Malone.

I can go home alone.
Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.[3]
Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.
Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.
Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit* Dion.
Is this wind westerly that blows?
Leon. South-west.
Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.
Leon. Was 't so?
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;[4]
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck,[5] and from the ladder-tackle
Wash'd off a canvas-climber:[6] *Ha!* says one,

[3] *Well, I will go;*
But yet I have no desire to it.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
" I have no mind of feasting forth to-night,
" But I will go." *Steevens.*

[4] *His kingly hands* with *hauling* of *the ropes;*] For the insertion of the words *with* and *of* I am answerable. *Malone.*
So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: " — the princes did in their countenances accuse no point of feare, but encouraging the sailors to doe what might be done (putting their hands to every most paineful office) taught them to promise themselves the best," &c. *Steevens.*

[5] *That almost* burst *the deck,*] *Burst* is frequently used by our author in an active sense. See Vol. IX, p. 110, n. 2. *Malone.*

[6] —— *from the ladder-tackle*
Wash'd off a canvas-climber:] A ship-boy. So, in *King Henry V:*
" —— and in them behold
" Upon the *hempen-tackle* ship-boys *climbing.*"
I suspect that a line preceding these two, has been lost, which perhaps might have been of this import:
O'er the good ship the foaming billow breaks
And from the ladder tackle &c. *Malone.*

Wilt out? and, with a dropping industry,
They skip from stem to stern:[7] the boatswain whistles,
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.[8]

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was when I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me.[9]

A *canvas*-climber is one who climbs the mast, to furl, or unfurl, the *canvas* or *sails*. *Steevens.*

Malone suspects that some line preceding these has been lost, but that I believe is not the case, this being merely a continuation of Marina's description of the storm, which was interrupted by Leonine's asking her, *When was that?* and by her answer, *When I was born, never were waves nor wind more violent.*

Put this question and the answer in a parenthesis, and the description goes on without difficulty:

——— *endur'd a sea*
That almost burst the deck,
And from the ladder tackle washes off &c. *M. Mason.*

In consequence of Mr. M. Mason's remark, I have regulated the text anew, and with only the change of a single tense, (*wash'd* for *washes*,) and the omission of the useless copulative *and*. The question of Leonine, and the reply of Marina, which were introduced after the words,—

that almost burst the deck,

are just as proper in their present as in their former situation; but do not, as now arranged, interrupt the narrative of Marina. *Steevens.*

[7] ——*from* stem *to stern*:] The old copies read—from *stern* to *stern*. But we certainly ought to read—from *stem* to stern. So, Dryden:

" Orontes' barque, even in the hero's view,
" *From stem to stern* by waves was overborne."

A hasty transcriber, or negligent compositor, might easily have mistaken the letter *m* and put *rn* in its place. *Malone.*

[8] —— *and trebles their confusion.*] So, in *King Henry V*:

" Hear the shrill *whistle*, which doth order give
" To sounds *confus'd*." *Malone.*

[9] Leon. *Come, say your prayers* ———.
Mar. *What mean you?*

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it.[1] How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. *If you require a little space for prayer,*
I grant it: Pray; be not tedious, &c.
Mar. *Why, will you kill me?*] So, in *Othello:*
" *Oth.* Have you pray'd to night, Desdemona?—
" If you bethink yourself of any crime
" Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
" Solicit for it straight.
" *Des.* Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?
" *Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief.——
" *Des.* Talk you of killing," &c. *Steevens.*

This circumstance is likewise found in the *Gesta Romanorum:* " Peto domine, says Tharsia, (the Marina of this play) ut si nulla spes est mihi, permittas me deum testare. Villicus ait, ' testate; et Deus ipse scit quod coactus te interficio.' Illa vero cum esset posita in oratione, venerunt pyratæ," &c. *Malone.*

Thus, in Twine's translation: " I pray thee, since there is no hope for me to escape my life, give me license to say my prayers before I die. I give thee license, saide the villaine. And I take God to record, that I am constrained to murther thee against my will. *Steevens.*

[1] *I trod upon a worm against my will,*
But I wept for it.] Fenton has transplanted this image into his *Mariamne:*
" ——— when I was a child,
" I kill'd a linnet, but indeed I wept;
" Heaven visits not for that." *Steevens.*

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, *whilst* MARINA *is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [LEON. *runs away.*[2]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let 's have her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt* Pirates *with* MAR.

SCENE II.

The same.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Val des;[3]
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I 'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

[2] Leonine *runs away.*] So, in Twine's translation: "When the villain heard that, he ran away as fast as he could.—Then came the Pyrats and rescued Tharsia, and carried her away to their ships, and hoised sailes, and departed." *Steevens.*

[3] *These* roving *thieves serve the great pirate* Valdes;] [Old copy—*roguing.*] The Spanish armada, I believe, furnished our author with this name. Don Pedro de *Valdes* was an Admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake, on the twenty-second of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play, therefore, we may conclude, was not written till after that period.—The making one of this Spaniards ancestors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days. *Malone.*

In Robert Greene's *Spanish Masquerado*, 1589, the curious reader may find a very particular account of this *Valdes*, who was commander of the Andalusian troops, and then prisoner in England. *Steevens.*

We should probably read—These *roving* thieves.—The idea of roguery is necessarily implied in the word *thieves*. *M. Mason.*

SCENE III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDAR, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action[4] are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.[5]

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards,[6] as I think, I have brought up some eleven ——

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.[7] But shall I search the market?

[4] —— *and with continual action* —] Old copies—and *they* with &c. The word *they* was evidently repeated by the carelessness of the compositor. *Malone.*

[5] *Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.*] The sentiments incident to vicious professions suffer little change within a century and a half.—This speech is much the same as that of *Mother Cole*, in *The Minor*: " 'Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?" *Steevens.*

[6] *Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards,*] There seems to be something wanting. Perhaps—*that will do*—or some such words. The author, however, might have intended an imperfect sentence. *Malone.*

[7] Ay, to *eleven, and brought them down again.*] I have *brought up* (i. e. educated) says the Bawd, some eleven. Yes, (answers Boult) to eleven (i. e. as far as eleven years of age) and then brought them down again. The latter clause of the sentence requires no explanation.

Thus, in *The Play of the Wether*, by John Heywood, 4to. bl. l. Mery Report says:

" Oft tyme is sene both in court and towne,
" Longe be women a bryngynge up, and some brought
downe." *Steevens.*

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome o' conscience.[8] The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him;[9] she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I 'll go search the market.

[*Exit* BOULT.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger;[1] therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

The modern copies read—*I too* eleven. The true reading, which is found in the quarto, 1609, was pointed out by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

[8] *Thou say'st true;* they 're too *unwholesome o' conscience.*] The old copies read—*there 's two* unwholesome o' conscience. The preceding dialogue shows that they are erroneous. The complaint had not been made of *two*, but of *all the stuff* they had. According to the present regulation, the pandar merely assents to what his wife had said. The words *two* and *too* are perpetually confounded in the old copies. *Malone.*

[9] *Ay, she quickly* pooped *him;*] The following passage in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607, will sufficiently explain this singular term:

" —— foul Amazonian trulls,
" Whose lanterns are still lighted in their *poops.*" *Malone.*

This phrase (whatever be its meaning) occurs in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: " But we shall l'envoy him, and trumpe and *poope* him well enough —."

The same word is used by Dryden, in his *Wild Gallant*: " He 's *poopt* too." *Steevens.*

[1] —— *the commodity* wages *not with the danger:*] i. e. is not equal to it. Several examples of this expression are given in former notes on our author. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— his taints and honours
" *Wag'd* equal with him." *Steevens.*

Again, more appositely, in *Othello:*

" *To* wake and *wage* a *danger* profitless." *Malone.*

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.[2]

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, *and* BOULT, *dragging in* MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*To* MAR.]—My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough[3] for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there 's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What 's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.[4]

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.[5] [*Exeunt* Pander *and* Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age,[6] with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.*[7] Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if

[2] *Come, other* sorts *offend as well as we.*] From her husband's answer, I suspect the poet wrote—Other *trades*, &c. *Malone.*

Malone suspects that we should read—*other trades*, but that is unnecessary; the word *sorts* has the same sense, and means *professions* or *conditions of life.* So, Macbeth says:

" I have won
" Golden opinion of all *sorts* of people." *M. Mason.*

[3] —— *I have gone* thorough —] i. e. I have bid a high price for her, *gone far* in my attempt to purchase her. *Steevens.*

[4] *I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.*] This speech should seem to suit the *Pirate.* However, it may belong to *Boult.*—I cannot *get them to bate me* one doit of a thousand pieces. *Malone.*

[5] —— *that she may not be* raw *in her entertainment.*] Unripe, unskilful. So, in *Hamlet:* " — and yet but *raw* neither, in respect of his quick sail." *Malone.*

[6] —— *age,*] So, the quarto, 1619. The first copy has—*her* age. *Malone.*

[7] —— *and cry,* He that will give most, shall have her first.]

men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit* BOULT.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,
(Not enough barbarous) had not overboard
Thrown me, to seek my mother![8]

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.[9]

The prices of first and secondary prostitution are exactly settled in the old prose romance already quoted: "Go thou, and make a crye through the citye that of all men that shall enhabyte with her carnally, the fyrst shall gyve me a pounde of golde, and after that echone a peny of golde." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *or that these pirates*
(Not enough barbarous) had not over-board
Thrown me, to seek my mother!] Old copy:
(Not enough barbarous) had not *o'erboard thrown me,*
For *to seek* &c. *Steevens.*

I suspect the second *not* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor. Marina, I think, means to say, Alas, how unlucky it was, that Leonine was so slack in his office; or, he having omitted to kill me, *how fortunate would it have been for me,* if those pirates *had* thrown me into the sea to seek my mother. *Malone.*

We should recur to the old copies, and read:
Not enough barbarous, had not *overboard,* &c.
which is clearly right;—for Marina is not expressing what she wished that Leonine and the Pirates had done, but repining at what they had omitted to do. She laments that Leonine had *not* struck, instead of speaking, and that the Pirates had *not* thrown her overboard. *M. Mason.*

The original reading may stand, though with some harshness of construction. Alas, how unfortunate it was, that Leonine was so merciful to me, or that these pirates *had not* thrown me into the sea to seek my mother.

If the second *not* was intended by the author, he should rather have written—*did* not o'er-board *throw* me, &c. *Malone.*

[9] *You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— Be of good cheer;
" You have fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing."
Malone.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult 's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.[1]

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went[2] to bed to her very description.

[1] *Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?*
—— *I have drawn her picture with my voice.*] So, in *The Wife for a Month*, [by Fletcher, Vol. V, p. 285, edit. 1778,] Evanthe says,—

" I 'd rather thou had'st deliver'd me to pirates,
" Betray'd me to uncurable diseases,
" Hung up her picture in a market-place,
" And sold her to vile bawds!"

And we are told in a note on this passage, [by Mr. Reed] that it was formerly the custom at Naples to hang up the pictures of celebrated courtezans in the publick parts of the town, to serve as directions where they lived. Had not Fletcher the story of Marina in his mind, when he wrote the above lines?

M. Mason.

The Wife for a Month was one of Fletcher's latest plays. It was exhibited in May, 1624. *Malone.*

[2] —— *a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went* &c.] Thus

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?[3]

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.[4]

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it.[5] I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.[6]

the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads,—*a Spaniard's mouth water'd*, and *he went* &c. *Malone.*

[3] —— *that* cowers *i' the hams?*] To *cower* is to sink by bending the hams. So, in *King Henry VI:*

"The splitting rocks *cow'r'd* in the sinking sands."

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle:*

"They *cower* so o'er the coles, their eies be blear'd with smoke." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.*] If there were no other proof of Shakspeare's hand in this piece, this admirable stroke of humour would furnish decisive evidence of it. *Malone.*

[5] —— *here he does but* repair *it.*] To *repair* here means to *renovate.* So, in *Cymbeline:*

"O, disloyal thing!

"That should'st *repair* my youth, —"

Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

"—— It much *repairs* me

"To talk of your good father." *Malone.*

[6] —— *to scatter his crowns in the sun.*] There is here perhaps some allusion to the *lues venerea*, though the words *French Crowns* in their literal acceptation were certainly also in Boult's thoughts. It occurs frequently in our author's plays. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"*Lucio.* A *French crown* more.

"*Gent.* Thou art always figuring *diseases* in me." *Malone.*

I see no allusion in this passage to the French disease, but merely to French crowns in a literal sense, the common coin of that country.

Boult had said before, that he had prolcaimed the beauty of Marina, and drawn her picture with his voice. He says, in the next speech, that with such a sign as Marina, they should draw every traveller to their house, considering Marina, or rather the picture he had drawn of her, as the sign to distinguish [illegible] house, which the Bawd, on account of her beauty, calls t[illegible] and the meaning of the passage is merely this—"I

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.[7]

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.[8]

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.[9]

French knight will seek the shade or shelter of their house, to scatter his money there."—But if we make a slight alteration in this passage, and read "*on* our shadow," instead of "*in* our shadow," it will then be capable of another interpretation. *On our shadow* may mean, *on our representation* or *description of Marina;* and the *sun* may mean, the *real sign* of the house. For there is a passage in *The Custom of the Country*, which gives reason to imagine that the sun was, in former times, the usual sign of a brothel.

When Sulpitia asks, "What is become of the Dane?" Jacques replies, "What! goldy-locks! he lies at the *sign of the sun* to be new-breeched." *M. Mason.*

Mr. M. Mason's note is too ingenious to be omitted; and yet, where humour is forced, (as in the present instance) it is frequently obscure, and especially when vitiated by the slightest typographical error or omission. All we can with certainty infer from the passage before us is, that an opposition between *sun* and *shadow* was designed. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *we should lodge them with this sign.*] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin. This, I think is the meaning. A similar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in *Cymbeline:* "She 's a good *sign*, but I have seen small reflection of her wit." Perhaps there is some allusion to the constellation of *Virgo.* *Malone.*

[8] —— *a* mere *profit.*] i. e. an absolute, a certain profit. So, in *Hamlet:*

"—— things rank and gross in nature
"Possess it *merely.*"

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"Engag'd my friend to his *mere* enemy." *Malone.*

[9] —— *for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way*

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint, ——

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn;[1] therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.[2]

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,[3] as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I 'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,[4] Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.[5]

to go with warrant.] You say true; for even a bride, who has the sanction of the law to *warrant* her proceeding, will not surrender her person without some constraint. *Which is her way to go with warrant*, means only—*to which she is entitled to go. Malone.*

[1] *When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn;*] A similar sentiment occurs in *King Lear:*

" That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh,
" To raise my fortunes." *Steevens.*

[2] —— *and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

" Frame the season for your own harvest." *Steevens.*

[3] —— *thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,*] Thunder is not supposed to have an effect on fish in general, but on eels only, which are roused by it from the mud, and are therefore more easily taken. So, in Marston's Satires:

" They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare,
" Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
" Their slimy beds." L. II, Sat. vii, v. 204. *Whalley.*

[4] *If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— if knife, drugs, serpents, have
" Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe." *Steevens.*

Again, more appositely, in *Othello:*

" —— If there be cords, or *knives,*
" Poison, or *fire,* or *suffocating streams,*
" I 'll not endure it." *Malone.*

[5] *Untied I still my* virgin knot *will keep.*] We have the same classical allusion in *The Tempest:*

" *If thou dost break her virgin knot,*" &c. *Malone.*

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in* Cleon's *House.*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?[6]

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You 'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,
I 'd give it to undo the deed.[7] O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat:[8] what canst thou say,

[6] —— *Can it be undone?*] Thus, Lady Macbeth:
" ——— what 's done, is done." *Steevens.*

[7] —— *to undo the deed.*] So, in *Macbeth:*
" Wake Duncan with this knocking:—*Ay, would thou could'st!*"
In *Pericles*, as in *Macbeth*, the wife is more criminal than the husband, whose repentance follows immediately on the murder.
Thus also, in Twine's translation: " But Strangulio himself consented not to this treason, but so soon as he heard of the foul mischaunce, being as it were all amort, and amazed with heaviness &c. —— and therewithal he looked towardes his wife, saying, Thou wicked woman" &c. *Steevens.*

[8] *If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness*
Becoming well thy feat:] Old copy—*face;* which, if this reading be genuine, must mean—hadst thou poisoned thyself by pledging him, it would have been an action well becoming thee. For the sake of a more obvious meaning, however, I read, with Mr. M. Mason, *feat* instead of *face.* *Steevens.*
Feat, i. e. of a piece with the rest of thy exploit. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Palamon says:
" Cozener Arcite, give me language such
" As thou hast shewed me *feat.*" *M. Mason.*
So, in Holinshed, p. 756: " —aiders and partakers of his *feat* and enterprize." *Steevens.*

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?[9]
Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.[1]
She died by night;[2] I 'll say so. Who can cross it?[3]
Unless you play the impious innocent,[4]
And for an honest attribute, cry out,

[9] ——— *what canst thou say,*
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?] So, in the ancient romance already quoted: " — tell me now what rekenynge we shall gyve hym of his doughter," &c.
Again, in Twine's translation: "Thou reportedst that Prince Appollonius was dead; and loe now where he is come to require his daughter. What shall we now doe or say to him?" *Steevens.*
So also, in the *Gesta Romanorum:* " Quem [Appollonium] cum vidisset Strangulio, perrexit rabido cursu, dixitque uxori suæ Dyonisidi—Dixisti Appollonium naufragum esse mortuum. Ecce, venit ad repetendam filiam. Ecce, quid dicturi sumus pro filiâ?" *Malone.*

[1] ——— *Nurses are not the fates,*
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.] So, King John, on receiving the account of Arthur's death:
" We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—
" Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
" Think you I bear *the shears of destiny?*
" Have I commandment on the pulse of life?" *Malone.*

[2] *She died* by night;] Old copy—*at* night. I suppose Dionyza means to say that she died *by* night; was found dead in the morning. The words are from Gower:
" She saith, that Thaisa *sodeynly*
" *By night* is dead." *Steevens.*

[3] ——— *I 'll say so. Who can cross it?*] So, in *Macbeth:*
" *Macb.* ——— Will it not be receiv'd,
" When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
" Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
" That they have done 't?
" Lady M. *Who dares receive it other,*
" As we shall make our grief and clamour roar
" Upon his death?" *Malone.*

[4] *Unless you play the* impious *innocent,*] The folios and the modern editors have omitted the word *impious,* which is necessary to the metre, and is found in the first quarto.—She calls him, an *impious* simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife.
An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an idiot. See Mr. Whalley's note in Vol. V, p. 271, n. 7. *Malone.*
Notwithstanding Malone's ingenious explanation, I should wish to read—*the pious* innocent, instead of impious. M. Mason.

She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,[5]
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd a spirit.[6]

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent,[7] he did not flow

[5] *The* petty *wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,*] Thus the quarto, 1609; that of 1619 reads—*pretty*. *Steevens.*

[6] ——— *I do shame*
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how cow'd *a spirit.*] Old copy—*coward.* I read (for the sake of metre)—of how *cow'd* a spirit. So, in *Macbeth:*

" For it hath *cow'd* my better part of man." *Steevens.*

Lady Macbeth urges the same argument to persuade her husband to commit the murder of Duncan, that Dionyza here uses to induce Cleon to conceal that of Marina:

" ——— art thou *afraid*
" To be the same in thine own act and valour,
" As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
" Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
" And live a *coward* in thine own esteem?
" Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would,*
" Like the poor cat i' the adage?"

Again, after the murder, she exclaims:

" My hands are of your colour, but I *shame*
" *To wear a heart so white.*" *Malone.*

[7] *Though not his* pre-*consent,*] The first quarto reads—*prince* consent. The second quarto, which has been followed by the modern editions, has—*whole* consent. In the second edition, the editor or printer seems to have corrected what was apparently erroneous in the first, by substituting something that would afford sense, without paying any regard to the corrupted reading, which often leads to the discovery of the true. For the emendation inserted in the text the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. A passage in *King John* bears no very distant resemblance to the present:

" —— If thou didst but consent
" To this most cruel act, do but despair,
" And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
" That ever spider twisted from her womb
" Will serve to strangle thee." *Malone.*

From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child,[8] and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at,[9] and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day.[1] It pierc'd me thorough;

[8] *She did* disdain *my child,*] Thus the old copy, but I think erroneously. Marina was not of a *disdainful* temper. Her excellence indeed *disgraced* the meaner qualities of her companion, i. e. in the language of Shakspeare, *distained* them. Thus, Adriana, in *The Comedy of Errors*, says—"I live *distained;*" and, in *Tarquin and Lucrece*, we meet with the same verb again:

"Were Tarquin night (as he is but night's child)
"The silver shining-queen he would *distain;* —."

The verb—to *stain* is frequently used by our author in the sense of—to *disgrace*. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III, sc. iv. *Steevens.*

[9] *Whilst ours was* blurted *at,*] Thus the quarto, 1609. All the subsequent copies have—*blurred* at.

This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So, in *King Edward III*, 1596:

"This day hath set derision on the French,
"And all the world will *blurt* and scorn at us." *Malone.*

She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at,] The usurping Duke in *As You Like It*, gives the same reasons for his cruelty to Rosalind:

"—— she robs thee of thy name;
"And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
"When she is gone."

The same cause for Dionyza's hatred to Marina, is also alledged in Twine's translation: "The people beholding the beautie and comlinesse of Tharsia said: happy is the father that hath Tharsia to his daughter; but her companion that goeth with her is foule and evil favoured. When Dionisiades heard Tharsia commended, and her owne daughter Philomacia so dispraised, she returned home wonderful wrath," &c. *Steevens.*

[1] ———— *a* malkin,
Not worth the time of day.] A *malkin* is a coarse wench. A kitchen-*malkin* is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. *Not worth the time of day*, is, not worth a *good day*, or *good morrow;* undeserving the most common and usual salutation. *Steevens.*

See *Coriolanus*, Act II, sc. i, Vol. XIII. *Malone.*

And though you call my course unnatural,[2]
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.[3]

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,
Seize with an eagle's talons.[4]

[2] *And though you call my* course *unnatural,*] So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"Our *course* will seem too *bloody*, Caius Cassius,
"To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs." *Malone.*

[3] *It* greets *me, as an enterprize of kindness,*
Perform'd to your sole daughter.] Perhaps *it greets me,* may mean, *it pleases me;* c'est a mon gré. If *greet* be used in its ordinary sense of *saluting* or *meeting with congratulation,* it is surely a very harsh phrase. There is, however, a passage in *King Henry VIII,* which seems to support the reading of the text in its ordinary signification:

"—— Would I had no being,
"If this *salute* my blood a jot." *Malone.*

[4] *Thou art* &c.] Old copy:

Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons. Steevens.

There is an aukwardness of construction in this passage, that leads me to think it corrupt. The sense designed seems to have been—*Thou resemblest in thy conduct the harpy, which allures with the face of an angel, that it may seize with the talons of an eagle.* —Might we read:

Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost wear *thine angel's face;*
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Which is here, as in many other places, for *who.*

In *King Henry VIII,* we meet with a similar allusion:

"Ye have *angels' faces,* but Heaven knows your *hearts.*"

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!"

Again, in *King John:*

"Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
"*With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens.*" *Malone.*

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;[5]
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Monument of* MARINA *at* Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles,[6] have, and wish but for 't;
Making, (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn,[7] region to region.

I have adopted part of Mr. Malone's emendation, changing only a syllable or two, that the passage might at least present some meaning to the reader. *Steevens.*

[5] *Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;*] You resemble him who is angry with heaven, because it does not control the common course of nature. Marina, like the flies in winter, was fated to perish; yet you lament and wonder at her death, as an extraordinary occurrence. *Malone.*

I doubt whether Malone's explanation be right; the words, *swear to the gods*, can hardly imply, *to be angry with heaven*, though to swear *at* the gods might: But if this conjecture be right, we must read *superciliously*, instead of *superstitiously*; for to arraign the conduct of heaven is the very reverse of superstition. Perhaps the meaning may be—" You are one of those who superstitiously appeal to the gods on every trifling and natural event." But whatever may be the meaning, *swear to the gods*, is a very aukward expression.

A passage somewhat similar occurs in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, where Alberto says:

" Here we study
" The kitchen arts, to sharpen appetite,
" Dull'd with abundance; and *dispute with heaven*,
" If that the least puff of the rough north wind
" Blast our vine's burden." *M. Mason.*

[6] *Sail seas in* cockles,] We are told by Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, that " it was believed that witches could *sail* in an egg shell, a *cockle*, or muscle shell, through and under tempestuous seas."—This popular idea was probably in our author's thoughts. *Malone.*

See Vol. VII, p. 27, n. 6. *Steevens.*

[7] Making, (*to take* your *imagination*)
From bourn to bourn,] *Making*, if that be the true reading, must be understood to mean—*proceeding in our course*, from bourn to bourn, &c.—It is still said at sea—*the ship* makes *much way*. I suspect, however, that the passage is corrupt. All the copies have—*our* imagination, which is clearly wrong. Perhaps the *author* wrote—to *task* your imagination. *Malone.*

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story.[8] Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,[9]

Making, (*to* take *your imagination*)
From bourn to bourn, &c.] *Making* is most certainly the true reading. So, in p. 202:
" O *make* for Tharsus."
Making &c. is travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story.—We still use a phrase exactly corresponding with—*take* your *imagination*; i. e. " To *take* one's fancy." *Steevens.*

[8] —— *who stand* i' the gaps *to teach you*
The stages of our story. &c.] So, in the Chorus to *The Winter's Tale:*
" ——— I slide
" O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
" Of that wide *gap.*"
The earliest quarto reads—*with* gaps; that in 1619—*in* gaps. The reading that I have substituted, is nearer that of the old copy. *Malone.*
To learn of me who stand with *gaps* —] I should rather read: — *i' the* gaps. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" That I may sleep out this great *gap* of time
" My Antony 's away."
I would likewise transpose and correct the following lines thus:

——— *I do beseech ye*
To learn of me, who stand i' the *gaps to teach you*
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's *delight.*
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear it in your mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharsus: think his *pilot thought;*
So, with his steerage, shall your thoughts go on,
To fetch &c. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *thwarting* the *wayward seas,*] So, in *King Henry V:*
" ——— and there being seen,
" Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
" *Athwart the seas.*"

(Attended on by many a lord and knight)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late[1]
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.[2]

The wayward &c. is the reading of the second quarto. The first has—*thy*. In the next line but one, the old copies read—all his *lives* delight. *Malone.*

[1] *Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late* &c.] In the old copies these lines are strangely misplaced:

" Old Helicanus goes along behind
" Is left to governe it, you beare in mind.
" Old Escanes whom Helicanus late
" Advancde in time to great and hie estate.
" Well sailing ships and bounteous winds have broght
" This king to Tharsus," &c.

The transposition suggested by Mr. Steevens, renders the whole passage perfectly clear. *Malone.*

[2] —— (*think* his *pilot thought;*
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.] The old copies read:

——— *think* this *pilot thought,*
So with his steerage shall your thoughts groan, *&c.*

but they are surely corrupt. I read—think *his* pilot thought; suppose that your imagination is his pilot. So, in *King Henry V:*

" —— 'Tis your *thoughts*, that now must deck our kings,
" *Carry them here and there;* jumping o'er times."

Again, *ibidem:*

" Heave him away *upon your winged thoughts*
" *Athwart the seas.*"

In the next line the versification is defective by one word being printed instead of two. By reading *grow on* instead of *groan*, the sense and metre are both restored. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (fol. 1623): " — and so *grow on* to a point." See Vol. II, p. 255, n. 3. We might read—*go on;* but the other appears to be more likely to have been the author's word. *Malone.*

I cannot approve of Malone's amendment, but adhere to the old copies, with this difference only, that I join the words *thought* and *pilot* with a hyphen, and read:

——— *think this pilot-thought;* ——

That is, " Keep this leading circumstance in your mind, which

Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;[3]
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter at one door, PERICLES *with his Train;* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other.* CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the Tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *retire.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;[4]
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershow'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,[5]
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit[6]
The epitaph is for Marina writ

will serve as a pilot to you, and guide you through the rest of the story, in such a manner, that your imagination will keep pace with the king's progress." *M. Mason.*

The plainer meaning seems to be—Think that his pilot had the celerity of thought, so shall your thought keep pace with his operations. *Steevens.*

—— *who first is gone.*] Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there. *Malone.*

[3] Like *motes and* shadows *see them move awhile;*] So, in *Macbeth:*

" Come *like shadows,* so depart." *Steevens.*

[4] —— *for* true *old woe;*] So, in *King Henry V:*

" —————— Sit and see,
" Minding *true* things by what their *mockeries* be."
Malone.

—— *for true* old *woe;*] i. e. for such tears as were shed when the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to persuade themselves that sincerity expired with the first ages. Perhaps, however, we ought to read—true *told* woe. *Steevens.*

[5] *A* tempest *which his* mortal vessel *tears,*] So, in *King Richard III:*

" O, then began the *tempest* to my soul!"

What is here called his *mortal vessel,* (i. e. his body) is styled *by Cleopatra* her *mortal house.* Steevens.

[6] —— *Now please your wit* —] Now be pleased to learn. So, *in* Gower:

By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on* MARINA'S *Monument.*

The fairest, sweet'st, and best,[7] *lies here,*
Who wither'd in her Spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd;[8] *and at her birth,*
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:[9]

" In whiche the lorde hath to him writte
" That he would understonde and *witte*, —."

The editor of the second quarto (which has been copied by all the other editions) probably not understanding the passage, altered it thus:

" ——— Now *take we our way*
" To the epitaph for Marina writ by *Dionysia*." *Malone.*

[7] —— sweet'st, *and best,*] *Sweet'st* is here used as a monosyllable. So, *highest*, in *The Tempest*: " *Highest* queen of state." &c. *Malone.*

We might more elegantly read, omitting the conjunction—*and*—

The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here —. *Steevens.*

[8] *Marina* was she *call'd;* &c.] It might have been expected that this epitaph, which sets out in four-foot verse, would have confined itself to that measure; but instead of preserving such uniformity, throughout the last six lines it deviates into heroicks, which, perhaps, were never meant by its author. Let us remove a few syllables, and try whether any thing is lost by their omission:

" Marina call'd; and at her birth
" Proud Thetis swallow'd part o' the earth:
" The earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
" Hath Thetis' birth on heaven bestow'd:
" Wherefore she swears she 'll never stint
" Make battery upon shores of flint."

The image suggested by—" Thetis *swallowed*" &c. reminds us of Brabantio's speech to the senate, in the first Act of *Othello*:

" —— my particular grief
" Is of so *floodgate and o'erbearing nature*,
" That it *engluts and swallows* other sorrows." *Steevens.*

[9] *Thetis, being proud swallow'd* some part o' the earth:] The modern editions by a strange blunder, read,—*That is*, being proud, &c.

I formerly thought that by the words—*some part of the earth* was meant *Thaisa*, the mother of Marina. So Romeo calls his beloved Juliet, when he supposes her dead, *the dearest morsel of the earth*. But I am now convinced that I was mistaken. *Malone.*

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, (and swears she 'll never stint)[1]
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.
No visor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our scenes display[2]
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,

The inscription alludes to the violent storm which accompanied the birth of Marina, at which time the sea, proudly o'erswelling its bounds, swallowed, as is usual in such hurricanes, some part of the earth. The poet ascribes the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores. The line, *Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,* proves beyond doubt that the words, *some part of the earth,* in the line preceding, cannot mean the *body* of Thaisa, but a *portion* of the continent. *M. Mason.*

Our poet has many allusions in his works to the depredations made by the sea on the land. So, in his 64th Sonnet:

" When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
" Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
" And the firm soil win of the watry main,
" Increasing store with loss, and loss with store; —." &c.

We have, I think, a similar description in *King Lear* and *King Henry IV,* P. II. *Malone.*

[1] —— (*and swears she 'll never* stint)] She 'll never *cease.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" It *stinted,* and said, ay." *Malone.*

[2] —— *while our* scenes *display* —] The old copies have—

—— *while our* steare *must play.*

We might read—our *stage*—or rather, our *scene* (which was formerly spelt *sceane*). So, in *As You Like It:*

" This wide and universal theatre,
" Presents more woful pageants than the *scene*
" Wherein we *play.*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" —————— as if
" The *scene* you *play,* were mine."

It should be remembered, that *scene* was formerly spelt *sceane;* so there is only a change of two letters, which in the writing of the early part of the last century were easily confounded. *Malone.*

I read as in the text. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— and *display'd* the effects
" Of disposition gentle." Steevens.

In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I 'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter PANDAR, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fy, fy upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus,[3] and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith. I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.[4]

[3] —— *Priapus,*] The present mention of this deity was perhaps suggested by the following passage in Twine's translation: "Then the bawde brought her into a certaine chappell where stoode the idoll of *Priapus* made of gold," &c. *Steevens.*

[4] *Here comes the lord Lysimachus,* disguis'd.] So, in the ancient prose romance already quoted:—"Than anone as Anthygoras *prynce of the cyte it wyste,* went and he *disguysed* himselfe, and *went to the bordell* whereas Tarcye was" &c. Steevens.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?[5]

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour![6]

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity?[7] Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would —— but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she 'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but ——

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.[8]

So also, in the *Gesta Romanorum:* "Cum Lenone antecedente et tuba, tertia die cum symphonia ducitur [Tharsia] ad lupanar. Sed *Athenagoras princeps* primus ingreditur *velato corpore.* Tharsia autem videns eum projecit se ad pedes ejus, et ait," &c. No mention is made in the *Confessio Amantis* of this interview between Athenagoras (the Lysimachus of our play) and the daughter of Appollinus. So that Shakspeare must have taken this circumstance either from *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre,* or some other translation of the *Gesta Romanorum.* *Malone.*

The same circumstances are found in Twine's translation. *Steevens.*

[5] *How now?* How *a dozen of virginities?*] For what price may a dozen of virginities be had? So, in *King Henry IV,* Part II:

"*How* a score of ewes now?" *Malone.*

[6] *Now, the gods* to-bless *your honour!*] This use of *to* in composition with verbs (as Mr. Tyrwhitt remarks) is very common in Gower and Chaucer. See Vol. III, p. 131, n. 4. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *wholesome* iniquity?] Thus the quarto, 1609. The second quarto and the modern editions read—*impunity.* *Malone.*

[8] *That* dignifies *the renown* of a bawd, no *less than it gives a good report to a number* to be chaste.] This is the reading of the

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To* MAR. *whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing,[9] will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she 's not paced yet;[1] you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.[2]

[*Exeunt* Bawd, PAND. *and* BOULT.

quarto, 1619. The first quarto has—That *dignities* &c. Perhaps the poet wrote—That *dignity is* the renown &c. The word *number* is, I believe, a misprint; but I know not how to rectify it. *Malone.*

The intended meaning of the passage should seem to be this: "The mask of modesty is no less successfully worn by procuresses than by wantons. It palliates grossness of profession in the former, while it exempts a multitude of the latter from suspicion of being what they are. 'Tis politick for each to assume the appearance of this quality, though neither of them in reality possess it."—I join with Mr. Malone, however, in supposing this sentence to be corrupt. *Steevens.*

[9] —— *without any more* virginal *fencing,*] This uncommon adjective occurs again in *Coriolanus:*

"—— the *virginal* palms of your daughters —." *Malone.*

[1] *My lord, she 's not* paced *yet;*] She has not yet learned her *paces. Malone.*

[2] *Come, we will leave his honour and her together.*] The first

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.[3]

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?[4]

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known to you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof[5] for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

quarto adds—*Go thy ways.* These words, which denote both authority and impatience, I think, belong to Lysimachus. He had before expressed his desire to be left alone with Marina: "—Well, there 's for you;—*leave us.*" *Malone.*

These words may signify only—*Go back again;* and might have been addressed by the bawd to Marina, who had offered to quit the room with her. *Steevens.*

[3] What *I cannot name but I shall offend.*] The old copies read: Why *I cannot name* &c. *Malone.*

I read—*What* I cannot &c. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"*What* but to speak of would offend again." *Steevens.*

[4] *Were you* a gamester *at five or at seven?*] A *gamester* was formerly used to signify a *wanton.* So, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

"She 's impudent, my lord,

"And was a common *gamester* to the camp." *Malone.*

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"——— sluttish spoils of opportunity,

"And *daughters of the game.*" *Steevens.*

[5] —— *and so stand* aloof—] Old copies—*aloft.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. *Malone.*

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;[6]
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this?—Some more;—be sage.[7]

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physick,—O that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever still in that clear way thou goest,[8]

[6] *If you were born to honour, show it now;*] In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Tharsia (the Marina of the present play) preserves her chastity by the recital of her story: "Miserere me propter Deum et per Deum te adjuro, ne me violes. Resiste libidini tuæ, et audi casus infelicitatis meæ, et unde sim diligenter considera. Cui cum universos casus suos exposuisset, princeps confusus et pietate plenus, ait ei,—'Habeo et ego filiam tibi similem, de qua similes casus metuo.' Hæc dicens, dedit ei viginti aureos, dicens, ecce habes amplius pro viginitate quam impositus est. Dic advenientibus sicut mihi dixisti, et liberaberis."

The affecting circumstance which is here said to have struck the mind of Athenagoras, (the danger to which his own daughter was liable) was probably omitted in the translation. It hardly, otherwise, would have escaped our author. *Malone.*

It is preserved in Twine's translation, as follows: "Be of good cheere, Tharsia, for surely I rue thy case; and I myselfe have also a daughter at home, to whome I doubt that the like chances may befall," &c. *Steevens.*

[7] —— *Some more;—be sage.*] Lysimachus says this with a sneer.—*Proceed with your fine moral discourse.* *Malone.*

[8] *Persever still in that* clear *way thou goest,*] Continue in your present virtuous disposition. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"—————— For the sake
"Of *clear* virginity, be advocate
"For us and our distresses." *Malone.*

See *Timon of Athens*, Act III, sc. iii, Vol. XVI. *Steevens.*

And gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewel. Thou art a piece of virtue,[9] and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here 's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* Lys. *is putting up his Purse,* Boult *enters.*

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away! [*Exit.* Lys.

Boult. How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,[1] shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd,

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.[2]

[9] —— *a piece of virtue,*] This expression occurs in *The Tempest:*

" ———— thy mother was
" *A piece of virtue* —." *Steevens.*

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Let not the *piece of virtue,* which is set
" Betwixt us, —."

Octavius is the person alluded to. *Malone.*

[1] —— *under the* cope,] i. e. under the *cope* or *covering* of heaven. The word is thus used in *Cymbeline.* In *Coriolanus* we have " under the *canopy;*" with the same meaning. *Steevens.*

[2] *She makes our profession as it were to* stink *afore the face of*

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a noblemen, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.[3]

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.[4]

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She 's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays![5] [*Exit* Bawd.

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

the gods.] So, in *Measure for Measure*, the Duke says to the Bawd:

" Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
" So *stinkingly* depending?
" *Clown.* Indeed, it does *stink* in some sort, sir —."
Steevens.

[3] —— *crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest* malleable.] So, in the *Gesta Romanorum:* " Altera die, adhuc eam virginem audiens, iratus [leno] vocans villicum puellarum, *dixit*, duc eam ad te, et *frange nodum virginitatis ejus.*" *Malone.*

Here is perhaps some allusion to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius and by Pliny, B. XXXVI, ch. xxvi, but more circumstantially by Petronius. See his *Satyricon*, Variorum edit. p. 189. A skilful workman who had discovered the art of *making glass malleable*, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, chapter 44. *Steevens.*

[4] —— *she shall be* ploughed.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed,
" He *plough'd* her, and she cropp'd. *Steevens.*

[5] —— *my dish of chastity* with rosemary and bays!] Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue. *Steevens.*

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.[6]

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art.[7]
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou 'rt the damn'd door keeper to every coystrel
That hither comes enquiring for his tib;[8]
To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy very food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.[9]

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars,

[6] Mar. *Pr'ythee, tell me* one thing *first.*
Boult. *Come now, your* one thing;] So, in *King Henry IV,* Part II:
" *P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee *one thing,* Poins?
" *Poins.* Go to, I stand the push of your *one thing.*"
Malone.

[7] *Neither of these are* yet *so bad as thou art,*] The word *yet* was inserted by Mr. Rowe for the sake of the metre. *Malone.*

[8] ——— *to every* coystrel
That hither comes enquiring for his tib;] To every mean or drunken fellow that comes to enquire for a girl. *Coysterel* is properly a wine-vessel. *Tib* is, I think, a contraction of *Tabitha.* It was formerly a cant name for a strumpet. See Vol. V, p. 208, n. 3. *Malone.*
Tib was a common nick-name for a wanton. So, in *Nosce te,* (*Humours*) by Richard Turner, 1607:
" They wondred much at Tom, but at *Tib* more,
" Faith (quoth the vicar) 'tis an exlent whore."
Again, in Churchyard's *Choise:*
" Tushe, that 's a toye, let Tomkin talke of *Tibb.*"
Coystrel means a paltry fellow. This word seems to be corrupted from *kestrel,* a bastard kind of hawk. It occurs in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night,* Act I, sc. iii. Spenser, Bacon, and Dryden, also mention the *kestrel;* and *Kastril,* Ben Jonson's angry boy in *The Alchemist,* is only a variation of the same term. The word *coystrel* is short, was employed to characterise any worthless or ridiculous being. *Steevens.*

[9] *As hath been* belch'd on by infected lungs.] Marina, who is designed for a character of juvenile innocence, appears much *too* knowing in the impurities of a brothel; nor are her expressions more chastised than her ideas. Steevens.

would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of these ways are better yet than this:[1]
For that which thou professest, a baboon,
Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.[2]
O that the gods would safely from this place
Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain ought by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.[3]

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom[4]

[1] *Any of these ways are* better yet *than this:*] The old copies read:

Any of these ways are yet better than this.

For this slight transposition I am accountable. *Malone.*

[2] *For that which thou professest, a* baboon,
Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.] The old copy thus:

For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear.

That is, a baboon would think his tribe dishonoured by such a profession. Iago says, "Ere I would drown myself, &c. I would change my humanity with a *baboon.*"

Marina's wish for deliverance from her shameful situation, has been already expressed in almost the same words:

"——— O that the good gods
"Would set me free from this unhallow'd place!"

In this speech I have made some trifling regulations. *Steevens.*

[3] *I doubt not but this populous city will*
Yield many scholars.] The scheme by which Marina effects her release from the brothel, the poet adopted from the *Confessio Amantis.* *Malone.*

All this is likewise found in Twine's translation. *Steevens.*

[4] *And prostitute me to the basest groom*—] So, in *King Henry V.*

"Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door,
"*Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,*
"*His fairest* daughter is contaminate." Steevens.

That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough.[5] Come, I 'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays:[6]
Deep clerks she dumbs;[7] and with her neeld composes[8]
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses;[9]
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:[1]

[5] —— *but I shall find them tractable enough.*] So, in Twine's translation: "— he brake with the bawd his master touching that matter, who, hearing of her skill, and hoping for the gaine, was easily persuaded." *Steevens.*

[6] ———— *and she dances*
As goddess-like *to her admired lays:*] This compound epithet (which is not common) is again used by our author in *Cymbeline:*
"———— and undergoes,
"More *goddess-like* than wife-like, such assaults
"As would take in some virtue." *Malone.*
Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"—— most *goddess-like* prank'd up." *Steevens.*

[7] *Deep clerks she* dumbs;] This uncommon verb is also found in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"—— that what I would have spoke
"Was beastly *dumb'd* by him." *Steevens.*
So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*
"Where I have come, great *clerks* have purposed

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;[2]
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;[3]
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

" To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
" Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
" Make periods in the midst of sentences,
" Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
" And, in conclusion, *dumbly* have broke off,
" Not paying me a welcome."

These passages are compared only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different. Theseus confounds those who address him, by his superior dignity; Marina silences the learned persons with whom she converses, by her literary superiority. *Malone.*

[8] —— *and with her* neeld *composes* —] *Neeld* for *needle.* So, in the translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, by Sir A. Gorges, 1614:

" —— Like pricking *neelds*, or points of swords." *Malone.*

[9] *That even her art* sisters *the natural roses;*] I have not met with this word in any other writer. It is again used by our author in *A Lover's Complaint*, 1609:

" From off a hill, whose concave womb reworded
" A plaintful story from a *sist'ring* vale ——." *Malone.*

[1] *Her* inkle, *silk*, twin *with the rubied cherry:*] *Inkle* is a species of tape. It is mentioned in *Love's Labour 's Lost*, and in *The Winter's Tale.* All the copies read, I think, corruptly,—*twine* with the rubied cherry. The word which I have substituted is used by Shakspeare in *Othello:*

" Though he had *twinn'd* with me, both at a birth, —."

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" —— who *twin* as it were in love." *Malone.*

Again, more appositely, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher:

" Her *twinning cherries* shall their sweetness fall
" Upon thy tasteful lips."

Inkle, however, as I am informed, anciently signified a particular kind of *crewel* or *worsted* with which ladies worked flowers, &c. It will not easily be discovered how Marina could work such resemblances of nature with *tape.* *Steevens.*

[2] —— Here *we her place;*] So, the first quarto. The other copies read,—*Leave* we her place. *Malone.*

[3] *Where we left him, on the sea. We there him* lost;] The first

God Neptune's annual feast to keep:[4] from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expence;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.[5]
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:[6]
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,[7]
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
[*Exit.*

quarto reads—We there him *lest*. The editor of that in 1619, finding the passage corrupt, altered it entirely. He reads:

Where we left him at *sea*, tumbled and tost; ——.

The corresponding rhyme, *coast*, shows that *lest*, in the first edition, was only a misprint for *lost*. *Malone.*

[4] ——— *The city* striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep:] The citizens *vied* with each other in celebrating the feast of Neptune. This harsh expression was forced upon the author by the rhyme. *Malone.*

I suspect that our author wrote:

——— *The city 's* hiv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: ——.

i. e. the citizens, on the present occasion, are collected like bees in a *hive*. Shakspeare has the same verb in *The Merchant of Venice*:—"Drones *hive* not with me." *Steevens.*

[5] *And to him in his barge with* fervour *hies.*] This is one the few passages in this play, in which the error of the first copy is corrected in the second. The eldest quarto reads unintelligibly.—with *former* hies. *Malone.*

[6] *In your* supposing *once more put your* sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the *bark:*] Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination. *Suppose* you *see* what we cannot exhibit to you; think this stage, on which I stand, the bark of the melancholy Pericles. So before:

"In your imagination hold
"This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
"The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak."

The quarto, 1609, reads:

Of heavy Pericles, think this his *bark:*

and such also is the reading of the copy printed in 1619. The folio reads—*On* heavy Pericles, &c. If this be right, the passage should be regulated differently:

And to him in his barge with fervour hies,
In your supposing.—Once more put your sight
On *heavy Pericles;* &c.

You must now aid me with your imagination, and suppose Lysimachus hastening in his barge to go on board the Tyrian ship. Once more behold the melancholy Pericles, &c. But the former

SCENE I.

On board PERICLES' *Ship, off* Mitylene. *A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the* Tyrian *Vessel.*

Enter Two Sailors, *one belonging to the* Tyrian *Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where 's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [*To the* Sailor *of* Mitylene.
O here he is.——
Sir, there 's a barge put off from Mitylene
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,
There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,
To greet them fairly.[8] [*The* Gentlemen *and the Two* Sailors *descend, and go on board the Barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords; *the* Tyrian Gentlemen, *and the Two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,

is, in my opinion, the true reading. To exhort the audience merely to behold Pericles, was very unnecessary; as in the ensuing scene he would of course be represented to them. Gower's principal office in these chorusses is, to persuade the spectators not to use, but to disbelieve, their eyes. *Malone.*

[7] *Where, what is done in action, more,* if *might,*] *Where all that may be displayed in action, shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit.* The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. *More,* if *might,*—is the reading of the first quarto. The modern copies read, unintelligibly,—*more* of *might. Malone.*

More of might, i. e. *of more might,* (were there authority for such a reading) should seem to mean—*of greater consequence.* Such things we shall exhibit. As to the rest, let your imaginations dictate to your eyes. We should, otherwise, read:

Where, of *what 's done in action, more, if might,*
Should *be discover'd;* ——. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *greet* them *fairly.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1609, has—greet *him* fairly. *Malone.*

Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.[9]

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;[1]
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir: [PER. *discovered.*][2] this was a goodly person,

[9] *But to* prorogue *his grief.*] To lengthen or *prolong* his grief. The modern editions read unnecessarily:

But to prolong *his grief.*

Prorogued is used by our author in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed:*

" My life were better ended by their hate,
" Than death *prorogued* wanting of thy love." *Malone.*

[1] Sir, *it would be* &c.] For the insertion of the supplemental word (*Sir*) here and in the next speech but one, as well as in the first address of Helicanus to Lysimachus, I am accountable. *Malone.*

[2] *Pericles discovered.*] Few of the stage-directions that have been given in this and the preceding Acts, are found in the old copy. In the original representation of this play, Pericles was probably placed on the back part of the stage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The ancient narratives represent him as remaining in the cabin of his ship. Thus, in the *Confessio Amantis*, it is said:

Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.[3]

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene,[4] I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:[5]

" But for all that though hem be lothe,
" He [Athenagoras, the governor of Mytelene,] fonde the ladder and *downe* he *goeth*
" And to him spake ——."

So also, in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: " — he is here *benethe* in tenebres and obscurete, and for nothinge that I may doe he wyll not yssue out of the place whereas he is."—But as in such a situation Pericles would not be visible to the audience, a different stage-direction is now given. *Malone.*

[3] *Till the disaster, that, one* mortal night,
Drove him to this.] The old copies all read—one mortal *wight.* The word which I suppose the author to have written, affords an easy sense. *Mortal* is here used for *pernicious, destructive.* So, in *Macbeth:*
" Hold fast the *mortal* sword." *Malone.*

[4] *Sir, we have a maid* &c.] This circumstance resembles another in *All 's Well that Ends Well,* where Lafeu gives an account of Helena's attractions to the King, before she is introduced to attempt his cure. *Steevens.*

[5] *And make a battery through his* deafen'd *parts,*
Which now are midway stopp'd:] The earliest quarto reads —*defend* parts. I have no doubt that the poet wrote—through his *deafen'd parts,*—i. e. ears; which were to be assailed by the melodious voice of Marina. In the old quarto few of the participles have an elision mark. This kind of phraseology, though it now appears uncouth, was common in our author's time.
Thus, in the poem entitled *Romeus and Juliet:*
" Did not thy *parts,* fordon with pain, languish away and pine?"
Again, more appositely, *ibidem:*
" Her dainty *tender* parts 'gan shiver all for dread;
" *Her* golden hair did stand upright upon her chillish *head?*"

She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.[6] [*He whispers one of the attendant* Lords.—*Exit* Lords, *in the Barge of* LYSIMACHUS.[7]

Again, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Or, were I deaf, thy *outward parts* would move
" Each part in me that were but sensible."

Again, in his 69th Sonnet:

" Those *parts* of thee, that the world's eye doth view," &c.

Stopp'd is a word which we frequently find connected with the ear. So, in *King Richard II*:

" *Gaunt.* My death's sad tale may not *undeaf* his ear.
" *York.* No; it is *stopp'd* with other flattering sounds."
Malone.

Mr. Malone's explanation is fully supported by a line in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" *Make battery to our ears* with the loud musick." *H. White.*

Perhaps we should read—his deafen'd *ports*. Thus, in *Timon*:

" Descend, and open your uncharged *ports*."

i. e. gates. *Deafen'd ports* would mean the oppilated doors of hearing. In *King Henry IV*, Part II, we have " the gates of breath." *Steevens.*

[6] *She, all as happy as of all the fairest,*
Is, *with her fellow maidens, now* within &c.] Old copy:
She is as happy, as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter ——. *Steevens.*

Marina might be said to be *under* the leafy shelter, but I know not how she could be *upon* it; nor have I a clear idea of *a shelter* abutting against the side of an island. I would read:

—————— *is now upon*
The leafy shelver *that abuts against*
The island's side.

i. e. *the shelving bank* near the sea-side, shaded by adjoining trees. It appears from Gower, that the feast of Neptune was celebrated on the *strand*:

" The lordes both and the commune
" The high festes of Neptune
" *Upon the stronde,* at rivage,
" As it was custome and usage,
" Solempneliche thei be sigh."

So, before in this scene:

" Being on *shore,* honouring of Neptune's triumphs, —."

Marina and her fellow-maids, we may suppose, had retired a little way from the crowd, and seated themselves under the adjoining trees, to see the triumph. This circumstance was an invention of the poet's. In *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, Tharsye, the Marina of this play, is brought from the bordel where she had been placed. In the *Confessio Amantis*, she is summoned, by

Hel. Sure, all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.[8]—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir,[9] I will recount it;—

order of the governor, from *the honest house* to which she had retreated.—The words *with* and *is*, which I have inserted, are not in the old copy. *Malone.*

If any alteration be thought necessary, I would read: "And is now *about* the leafy shelter," instead of *upon*. *M. Mason.*

Mr. M. Mason's alteration cannot be admitted, as the words *about* and *abut* would be so near each other as to occasion the most barbarous dissonance.—I have at least printed the passage so as to afford it smoothness, and some apparent meaning. *Steevens.*

[7] *Exit Lord, in the Barge of Lysimachus.*] It may seem strange that a fable should have been chosen to form a drama upon, in which the greatest part of the business of the last Act should be transacted at sea; and wherein it should even be necessary to produce two vessels on the scene at the same time. But the customs and exhibitions of the modern stage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as by any stretch of the imagination could be supposed to present either a sea, or a ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama, exhibited before such indulgent spectators, was not more incommodious in the representation than any other would have been. *Malone.*

[8] *And so* inflict *our province.*] Thus all the copies. But I do not believe *to inflict* was ever used by itself in the sense of to *punish*. The poet probably wrote—And so *afflict* our province. *Malone.*

[9] *Sit, sir,*] Thus the eldest quarto. The modern editions read —*Sir, sir. Malone.*

But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the Barge, Lord, MARINA, *and a young* Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is 't not a goodly presence?[1]

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She 's such, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I 'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:[2]
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat[3]

[1] *Is 't not a goodly* presence?] Is she not beautiful in her form? So, in *King John:*

" Lord of thy *presence,* and no land beside."

All the copies read, I think corruptedly,—

Is it not a goodly present? *Malone.*

Mr. Malone's emendation is undoubtedly judicious. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Show a *fair presence,* and put off these frowns." *Steevens.*

[2] *Fair* one, *all goodness that consists in* bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:] The quarto, 1609, reads:

Fair on, *all goodness that consists in* beauty *&c.*

The editor of the second quarto in 1619, finding this unintelligible, altered the text, and printed—Fair *and* all goodness, &c. which renders the passage nonsense.—*One* was formerly written *on;* and hence they are perpetually confounded in our ancient dramas.

See Vol. VII, p. 357, n. 1. The latter part of the line, which was corrupt in all the copies, has been happily amended by Mr. Steevens. *Malone.*

I should think, that instead of *beauty* we ought to read *bounty.* All the good that consists in *beauty* she brought with her. But she had reason to expect the *bounty* of her kingly patient, if she proved successful in his cure. Indeed Lysimachus tells her so afterwards in clearer language. The present circumstance puts us in mind of what passes between Helena and the King, in *All's Well that Ends Well. Steevens.*

[3] *If that thy prosperous-artificial* feat *&c.*] Old copy:

If that thy prosperous and artificial &c. *Steevens.*

" Veni ad me, Tharsia;" (says Athenagoras) " ubi nunc *ars studiorum* tuorum ut consoleris dominum navis in tenebris sedentem; ut provoces eum exire ad lucem, quia nimis dolet pro conjuge et filia suâ?"—*Gesta Romanorum,* p. 586, edit. 1558.

Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.
Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA *sings*.[4]

The old copy has—artificial *fate*. For this emendation the reader is indebted to Dr. Percy. *Feat* and *fate* are at this day pronounced in Warwickshire alike; and such, I have no doubt, was the pronunciation in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Hence the two words were easily confounded. [See Mr. Malone's *Supplement*, &c. to Shakspeare, Vol. I, p. 411, n. 1.]

A passage in *Measure for Measure* may add support to Dr. Percy's very happy emendation:

" ——— in her youth
" There is a prone and speechless dialect,
" Such as moves men; besides, she hath a *prosperous art*
" When she will play with reason and discourse,
" And well she can persuade." *Malone*.

Percy reads *feat*, instead of *fate*, which may possibly be the right reading; but in that case we ought to go further, and strike out the word *and:*

If that thy prosperous, artificial feat.

The amendment I should propose is to read—

If that thy prosperous artifice and fate. *M. Mason.*

I read as in the text. Our author has many compound epithets of the same kind; for instance,—*dismal-fatal, mortal-staring, childish-foolish, senseless-obstinate*, &c. in all of which the first adjective is adverbially used. See Vol. VII, p. 161, n. 7. *Steevens.*

[4] *Marina sings.*] This song (like most of those that were sung in the old plays) has not been preserved. Perhaps it might have been formed on the following lines in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (or some translation of it) which Tharsia is there said to have sung to King Apollonius:

" Per scorta [f. heu!] gradior, sed scorti conscia non sum;
" Sic spinis rosa [f. quæ] nescit violarier ullis.
" Corruit et [f. en] raptor gladii ferientis ab ictu;
" Tradita lenoni non sum violata pudore.
" Vulnera cessassent animi, lacrimæque deessent,
" Nulla ergo melior, si noscam certa parentes.
" Unica regalis generis sum stirpe creata;
" Ipsa jubente Deo, lætari credo aliquando.
" Fuge [f. Terge] modo lacrimas, curam dissolve molestam;

Lys. Mark'd he your musick?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear: ——
Per. Hum! ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like:[5] she speaks

" Redde polo faciem, mentemque ad sidera tolle:
" Jam [f. Nam] Deus est hominum plasmator, rector et auctor,
" Non [f. Nec] sinit has lacrimas casso finire labore."
Malone.

I have subjoined this song (which is an exact copy of the Latin hexameters in the *Gesta Romanorum*) from Twine's translation.

The song is thus introduced: " Then began she to record in verses, and therewithal to sing so swetely, that Appollonius, notwithstanding his great sorrow, wondred at her. And these were the verses which she soong so pleasantly unto the instrument."

" Amongst the harlots foul I walk,
" Yet harlot none am I:
" The rose among the thorns it grows,
" And is not hurt thereby.
" The thief that stole me, sure I think,
" Is slain before this time:
" A bawd me bought, yet am I not
" Defil'd by fleshly crime.
" Were nothing pleasanter to me
" Than parents mine to know:
" I am the issue of a king,
" My blood from kings doth flow.
" I hope that God will mend my state,
" And send a better day:
" Leave off your tears, pluck up your heart,
" And banish care away.
" Show gladness in your countenance,
" Cast up your cheerful eyes:
" That God remains that once of nought
" Created earth and skies.
" He will not let, in care and thought,
" You still to live, and all for nought." *Steevens.*

[5] —— *comet-like:*] So, in *Love's Labour 's Lost:*
" So, *portent-like*" &c.
The old copy of *Pericles* has—*like a comet.* *Steevens.*
—— *that ne'er before invited eyes,*
But have been gaz'd on like a comet:] So, in King Henry IV.

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:[6]
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward casualties[7]
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.[8]

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?[9]

" By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
" But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at." *Malone.*

[6] *My derivation was from ancestors*
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:] Thus, in *Othello:*
" ———— I fetch my birth
" From men of royal siege; ——" *Steevens.*

[7] —— *and* aukward *casualties* —] *Aukward* is adverse. Our author has the same epithet in *The Second Part of K. Henry VI:*
" And twice by *aukward* wind from England's bank
" Drove back again." *Steevens.*

[8] *You would not do me violence.*] This refers to a part of the story that seems to be made no use of in the present scene. Thus, in Twine's translation: " Then Apollonius fell in rage, and forgetting all courtesie, &c. rose up sodainly and stroke the maiden," &c. See, however, p. 274, line 2. *Steevens.*

[9] *I do think so.*
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
*You are like something that—What country*woman?
Here of these shores?] This passage is so strangely corrupted in the first quarto and all the other copies, that I cannot forbear transcribing it:
" *Per.* I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your like something that, what countrey women heare of these shewes.
" *Mar.* No nor of any shewes," &c.
For the ingenious emendation—*shores*, instead of *shewes*—(which is so clearly right, that I have not hesitated to insert it in the text) *as well as* the happy regulation of the whole passage, *I am indebted to* the patron of every literary undertaking, *my friend, the* Earl of Charlemont. *Malone.*

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.[1]
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been:[2] my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly,[3] in pace another Juno;[4]
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

[1] *I am* great with woe, *and shall* deliver *weeping.*] So, in *King Richard II:*

" —— Green, thou art the *midwife to my woe,*
" And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
" Now hath my soul *brought forth* her prodigy,
" And I, a gasping, *new-deliver'd mother,*
" Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd." *Malone.*

[2] ——— *such a one*
My daughter might have been:] So, Demones in the *Rudens* of Plautus, exclaims on beholding his long-lost child:

" O filia
" Mea! cum ego hanc video, mearum me absens miseritarum commones,
" Trima quæ periit mihi: *jam tanta esset, si vivit, scio.*"

It is observable that some of the leading incidents in this play strongly remind us of the *Rudens.* There Arcturus, like Gower, προλογίζει.—In the Latin comedy, fishermen, as in *Pericles,* are brought on the stage, one of whom drags on shore in his net the wallet which principally produces the catastrophe; and the heroines of Plautus and Marina fall alike into the hands of a procurer. A circumstance on which much of the plot in both these dramatick pieces depends. *H. White.*

[3] —— *her eyes as* jewel-*like,*
And cas'd *as richly:*] So, in *King Lear:*

" ——— and in this habit,
" Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
" Their *precious stones* new-lost."

Again, *ibidem:*

" What, with this *case* of eyes?" *Malone.*

So, in the third Act, Cerimon says:

" She is alive;—behold
" Her eye-lids, *cases* to those heavenly jewels,
" Which Pericles has lost,
" Begin to part their fringes of bright gold." *M. Mason.*

[4] —— *in* pace *another* Juno;] So, in *The Tempest:*

" —— Highest queen of state
" Great *Juno* comes; I know her by her gait." *Malone.*

The more she gives them speech.[5]—Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?[6]
Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in:[7] I 'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st

[5] *Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,*
The more she gives them speech.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" ——— other women cloy
" The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
" Where most she satisfies."
Again, in *Hamlet:*
" As if increase of appetite did grow
" By what it fed on." *Malone.*

[6] *And how achiev'd you these endowments, which*
You make more rich to owe?] To *owe* in ancient language is to *possess.* So, in *Othello:*
" ——— that sweet sleep
" That thou *ow'dst* yesterday."
The meaning of the compliment is:—These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heighten'd by being in your possession. They acquire additional grace from their owner. Thus also, one of Timon's flatterers:
" You mend the jewel by the wearing of it." *Steevens.*

[7] ——— *a palace*
For the crown'd *truth to dwell in:*] It is observable that our poet, when he means to represent any quality of the mind as eminently perfect, furnishes the imaginary being whom he personifies, with a crown. Thus, in his 114th Sonnet:
" Or whether doth my mind, being *crown'd* with you,
" Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?"
Again, in his 37th Sonnet:
" For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
" Or any of these all, or all, or more,
" Entitled in thy parts do *crowned* sit, —."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" *Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit,*
" *For 'tis a throne, where honour may be crown'd,*
" *Sole monarch of the universal earth.*" *Malone.*

Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say,[8] when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee) that thou cam'st
From good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing indeed[9]
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl:[1] yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves,[2] and smiling
Extremity out of act.[3] What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?

[8] *Didst thou not say,*] All the old copies read—Didst thou not *stay*. It was evidently a false print in the first edition. *Malone.*

[9] *Some such thing* indeed —] For the insertion of the word—*indeed*, I am accountable. *Malone.*

[1] —— *thou art a man, and I*
Have suffer'd like a girl:] So, in *Macbeth:*
" If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
" The baby of a girl." *Malone.*

[2] *Like* Patience, *gazing on king's graves,*] So, in *Twelfth Night:*
" She sat like *Patience* on a monument,
" Smiling at Grief."
Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:
" Onward to Troy with these blunt swains he goes;
" So mild, that *Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.*" *Malone.*

[3] —— *and smiling*
Extremity *out of act.*] By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her up-lifted sword. So, in *King Henry IV*, Part II:
" And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm,
" That was uprear'd to execution."
Extremity (though not personified as here) is in like manner used in *King Lear*, for the utmost of human suffering:
" ———— another,
" To amplify too much, would make much more,
" And top *extremity.*" *Malone.*

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.[4]
Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.
Per. Nay, I 'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,[5]
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion?[6]—Well; speak on. Where were you born?

[4] *How lost thou* them?—*Thy name, my most kind virgin?*
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.] All the old copies read:
How lost thou *thy name, my most kind virgin, recount,* &c.
But Marina had not said any thing about her name. She had indeed told the king, that "Time had rooted out her parentage, and to the world and aukward casualties bound her in servitude."—Pericles, therefore, naturally asks her, by what accident she had lost her *friends;* and at the same time desires to know her name. Marina answers his last question first, and then proceeds to tell her history. The insertion of the word *them,* which I suppose to have been omitted by the negligence of the compositor, renders the whole clear. The metre of the line, which was before defective, and Marina's answer, both support the conjectural reading of the text. *Malone.*

[5] —— *a* troubler *of your* peace,] Thus the earliest quarto. So, in *King Richard III:*
"And then hurl down their indignation
"On thee, the *troubler* of the poor world's *peace.*"
The folios and the modern editions read—*a* trouble *of your peace.* *Malone.*

[6] *No* motion?] i. e. no puppet dress'd up to deceive me. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
"*O* excellent *motion!* O exceeding puppet!" *Steevens.*

And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea? thy mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,[7]
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep[8]
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.
My daughter 's buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where were you bred?
I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You 'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did give o'er.[9]

This passage should be pointed thus:

Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy motion?

That is, "Have you really life in you, or are you merely a puppet formed by enchantment? the work of fairies." The present reading cannot be right, for fairies were supposed to be animated beings, and to have working pulses as well as men.

M. Mason.

If Mr. M. Mason's punctuation were followed, the line would be too long by a foot. Pericles suggests three images in his question—1. Have you a working pulse? i. e. are you any thing human and really alive? 2. Are you a fairy? 3. Or are you a puppet? *Steevens.*

In the old copy this passage is thus exhibited:

"But are you flesh and blood?
"Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?
"Motion well, speak on," &c. *Malone.*

[7] Who *died the very minute I was born,*] Thus the old copy. Either the construction is—My mother, who died the very minute I was born, was the daughter of a king,—or we ought to read:

She *died the very minute* &c.

otherwise it is the *king*, not the *queen*, that died at the instant of Marina's birth. In the old copies these lines are given as prose. *Steevens.*

The word *very* I have inserted to complete the metre. *Malone.*

[8] *This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep* —] The words, *This is the rarest dream* &c. are not addressed to Marina, but spoken aside. *Malone.*

[9] You 'll scarce *believe me; 'twere best I did give o'er.*] All the

Per. I will believe you by the syllable[1]
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,[2]

old copies read—*You scorn*, believe me, &c. The reply of Pericles induces me to think the author wrote:

You 'll scarce *believe* me; *'twere best* &c.

Pericles had expressed *no scorn* in the preceding speech, but, on the contrary, great complacency and attention. So, also before:

" ——— Pr'ythee speak:
" Falseness cannot come from thee——
" ——— *I 'll believe thee*," &c.

The false prints in this play are so numerous, that the greatest latitude must be allowed to conjecture. *Malone.*

[1] *I will believe you by the* syllable *&c.*] i. e. I will believe every word you say. So, in *Macbeth:*

" To the last *syllable* of recorded time."

Again, in *All 's Well that Ends Well:*

" To the utmost *syllable* of your worthiness." *Steevens.*

[2] —— who *having drawn,*] Mr. Malone supposes the old copy meant to read—Whom having drawn, &c. *Steevens.*

This mode of phraseology, though now obsolete, was common in Shakspeare's time. So, in *The Tempest:*

" Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
" A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
" Out of his charity, (*who* being then appointed
" Master of this design,) did give us," &c.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" ——— This your son-in-law,
" And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
" Is troth-plight to your daughter."

See also *Coriolanus*, Act III, sc. ii, Vol. XIII.

When the former edition of this play was printed, I imagined the original copy printed in 1609, read—*who* having drawn to do 't, not observing the mark of abbreviation over the letter o (whō) which shows the word intended was *whom*. *Malone.*

I have now two copies of this quarto 1609 before me, and neither of them exhibits the mark on which Mr. Malone's supposition is founded. I conclude therefore that this token of abbreviation was an accidental blot in the copy which that gentleman consulted.

Old copy—having drawn *to do 't*, —. I read:

A villain to attempt it, who, having drawn
A crew of pirates, &c.

The words—to do 't—are injurious to the measure, and un-

A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, now good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an imposter; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my gracious lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness.[3] O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.[4]

necessary to the sense, which is complete without them. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"What! art thou *drawn* among these heartless hinds?"

Again, in *King Henry V:*

"O, well-a-day, if he be not *drawn* now!" *Steevens.*

[3] *And drown me with their sweetness.*] We meet a kindred thought in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
"In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,
"I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
"For fear I surfeit." *Malone.*

[4] *Though doubts did ever sleep.*] i. e. in plain language, *though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your veracity.* *Steevens.*

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect)
My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.[5]

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.[6]

[5] ——— *the heir of kingdoms,*
And another life *to Pericles thy father.*] Mr. Malone reads:
And a mother like *to Pericles,* &c. *Steevens.*
The old copy has—
And another like *to Pericles thy father.*
There can be no doubt that there is here a gross corruption. The correction which I have made, affords an easy sense. The mother of Marina was the heir of kingdoms, and in that respect resembled Pericles.
I believe the same error has happened in *Hamlet,* where in Act V, sc. ii, we find—"Is 't not possible to understand in *another* tongue?" instead of which I believe the poet wrote, "Is 't possible not to understand in *a mother* tongue?"
This error actually happened in the first edition of Sir Francis Bacon's Essay on *The Advancement of Learning,* B. II, p. 60, 4to. 1605: "— by the art of grammar, whereof the use in *another* tongue is small; in a foreign tongue more." In the table of Errata we are desired to read—*a mother* tongue. *Malone.*
I think that a slight alteration will restore the passage, and read it thus:

——— *But tell me now*
My drown'd queen's name (*as in the rest* you said
Thou hast been godlike-perfect) *thou 'rt heir of kingdoms,*
And another life *to Pericles thy father.*

That is, "Do but tell me my drowned queen's name, and thou wilt prove the heir of kingdoms, and *another life* to your father Pericles."—This last amendment is confirmed by what he says in the speech preceding, where he expresses the same thought:
"——— O come hither,
"Thou that *beget'st him* that did thee beget." *M. Mason.*
I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's very happy emendation, with a somewhat different arrangement of the lines, and the omission of two useless words. *Steevens.*

[6] *Thaisa was my mother,* who did end,
The minute I began.] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:
"——— Lady,
"*Dear queen, that ended when I but began,*
"*Give me* that hand of yours to kiss." *Malone.*

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give my fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;[7]
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him[8]
O'er, point by point,[9] for yet he seems to doubt,[1]
How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None?
The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds!
Do ye not hear?
Lys. Musick? My lord, I hear —
Per. Most heavenly musick:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest.[2] [*He sleeps.*

[7] —— *Mine own, Helicanus,* &c.] Perhaps this means, she is *mine own* daughter, Helicanus, (not murder'd according to the design of Cleon) she (I say) shall tell thee all, &c. *Steevens.*

[8] —— *But hark, what musick?*
Tell *Helicanus, my Marina, tell him* —] Thus the earliest quarto. The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions read:
But hark, what musick's this *Helicanus? my*
Marina, &c. *Malone.*

[9] *O'er* point *by* point,] So, in Gower:
" Fro *poynt* to *poynt* all she hym tolde
" That she hath long in herte holde,
" And never durst make hir mone
" But only to this lorde allone." *Malone.*

[1] —— *for yet he seems to* doubt,] The old copies read—for yet he seems to *doat.* It was evidently a misprint. *Malone.*

[2] *Most heavenly musick:*
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs &c.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*
" Makes heaven *drowsy* with the harmony."

Lys. A pillow for his head; [*The curtain before the Pavilion of* PERICLES *is closed.*
So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I 'll well remember you.[3]
[*Exeunt* LYS. HEL. MAR. *and attendant* Lady.

See Vol. IV, p. 95, n. 5. Consult also Pindar's *First Pithyan*, Ronsard, Gray, &c.

The version of Ronsard is worth transcribing:

" Et au caquet de tes cordes bien jointes
" Son aigle dort sur la foudre a trois pointes,
" Abbaissant l'aile : adonc tu vas charmant
" Ses yeux aigus, et lui en les ferment
" Son dos herisse et ses plumes repousse,
" Flatté du son de ta corde si douce."
Ode 22, edit. 1632, folio. *Steevens.*

So, in *King Henry IV*, Part II:

" Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
" Unless some dull and favourable hand
" Will whisper musick to my weary spirit."

See Vol. IX, p. 143, n. 4. *Malone.*

[3] —— *Well, my* companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I 'll well remember you.] These lines clearly belong to Marina. She has been for some time silent, and Pericles having now fallen into a slumber, she naturally turns to her companion, and assures her, that if she has in truth found her royal father, (as she has good reason to believe) she shall partake of her prosperity. It appears from a former speech in which the same phrase is used, that a lady had entered with Marina:

" Sir, I will use
" My utmost skill in his recovery; provided
" That none but I, and my *companion-maid*
" Be suffer'd to come near him."

I would therefore read in the passage now before us:

——— *Well, my companion*-friend;

or, if the text here be right, we might read in the former instance—my companion-*maids*.—In the preceding part of this scene it has been particularly mentioned, that Marina was with her *fellow-maids* upon the leafy shelter, &c.

There is nothing in these lines that appropriates them to Lysimachus; nor any particular reason why he should be munificent to his friends because Pericles has found his daughter. On the other hand, this recollection of her lowly companion, is perfectly suitable to the amiable character of Marina. *Malone.*

I am satisfied to leave Lysimachus in quiet possession of these lines. He is much in love with Marina, and supposing himself to be near the gratification of his wishes, with a generosity com-

SCENE II.

The same.

PERICLES *on the Deck asleep;* DIANA *appearing to him as in a Vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus;[4] hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.[5]

mon to noble natures on such occasions, is desirous to make his friends and companions partakers of his happiness. *Steevens.*

[4] *My temple stands in Ephesus;*] This vision is formed on the following passage in Gower:

" The hie God, which wolde hym kepe,
" Whan that this kynge was fast aslepe,
" By nightes tyme he hath hym bede
" To sayle unto another stede:
" To Ephesum he bad hym drawe,
" And as it was that tyme lawe,
" He shall do there hys sacrifice;
" And eke he bad in all wise,
" *That in the temple, amongst all,*
" *His fortune, as it is befalle,*
" *Touchyng his doughter and his wife,*
" *He shall be knowe upon his life.*" *Malone.*

[5] *And give them repitition to the* life.] The old copies read—to the *like*. For the emendation, which the rhyme confirms, the reader is indebted to Lord Charlemont. " Give them repetition to the life," means, as he observes, " Repeat your misfortunes, so feelingly and so exactly, that the language of your narration may imitate to the life the transactions you relate." So, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— The younger brother, Cadwal,
" Strikes *life* into my speech."

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, these words are again confounded, for in the old copies we there find:

" Two of the first, *life* coats in heraldry," &c. *Malone.*

Before I had read the emendation proposed by Lord Charlemont, it had suggested itself to me, together with the following explanation of it: i. e. repeat to them a lively and faithful narrative of your adventures. Draw such a picture as shall prove *itself* to have been copied from real, not from pretended calamities; such a one as shall strike your hearers with all the lustre of conspicuous truth

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do 't, and be happy,[6] by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIA. *disappears.*
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,[7]
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir.
Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails;[8] eftsoons I 'll tell thee why.—
[*To* HEL.
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come ashore,

I suspect, however, that Diana's revelation to Pericles, was originally delivered in rhyme, as follows:

" My temple stands at Ephesus; hie thither,
" And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
" There, when my maiden priests are met together,
" Before the people all, in *solemn wise*,
" *Recount the progress of thy miseries.*
" Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;
" *How* mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's: *go*,
" And give them repetition to the *life*.
" Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
" Do 't, and be happy, by my silver bow."

Thus, in Twine's translation: " And when Appollonius laide him downe to rest, there appeared an angell in his sleepe, commaunding him to leaue his course toward Tharsus, and to saile unto Ephesus, and to go unto the temple of Diana, accompanied with his sonne in lawe and his daughter, and there with a loude voice to declare all his adventures, whatsoever had befallen him from his youth unto that present day. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *and* be *happy*,] The word *be* I have supplied. *Malone.*

[7] —— *goddess* argentine,] That is, regent of the *silver* moon. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
" The *silver-shining* queen he would distain."

" In the chemical phrase, (as Lord Charlemont observes to me,) a language well understood when this play was written, Luna or *Diana* means *silver*, as Sol does gold." *Malone.*

[8] —— blown *sails*;] i. e. swollen. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" A vent upon her arm, and something

I have another suit.[9]

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at* Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.[1]
This, as my last boon, give me,[2]
(For such kindness must relieve me)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,[3]

[9] *I have another* suit.] The old copies read—I have another *sleight*. But the answer of Pericles shews clearly that they are corrupt. The sense requires some word synonymous to *request*. I therefore read—I have another *suit*. So, in *K. Henry VIII*:

" I have a *suit* which you must not deny me." *Malone.*

This correction is undoubtedly judicious. I had formerly made an idle attempt in support of the old reading. *Steevens.*

[1] *More a little, and then* done.] See the following note. *Steevens.*

—— *and then* dumb.] Permit me to add a few words more, and then I shall be silent. The old copies have *dum*; in which way I have observed in ancient books the word *dumb* was occasionally spelt. Thus, in *The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image*, by J. Marston, 1598:

" Look how the peevish papists crouch and kneel
" To some *dum* idoll with their offering."

There are many as imperfect rhymes in this play, as that of the present couplet. So, in a former chorus, *moone* and *dooms*. Again, at the end of this, *soon* and *doom*. Mr. Rowe reads:

More a little, and then done. *Malone.*

Done is surely the true reading. See n. 5, in the following page. *Steevens.*

[2] *This*, as *my last boon, give me,*] The word *as*, which is not found in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Steevens, to complete the metre. *Malone.*

Some word is, in my opinion, still wanting to the measure. Perhaps our author wrote:

This then, *as my last boon, give me*, ——. Steevens.

As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.[4]
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they 're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful boon.[5] [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Temple of DIANA *at* Ephesus; THAISA *standing near the Altar, as high Priestess;*[6] *a number of Virgins on each side;* CERIMON *and other Inhabitants of* Ephesus *attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his Train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,

[3] *Till* he *had done his sacrifice,*] That is, till Pericles had done his sacrifice. *Malone.*

[4] *The* interim, *pray you, all* confound.] So, in *K. Henry V:*

" ——— Myself have play'd
" The *interim*, by remembering you 'tis past."

To *confound* here signifies to *consume.*—So, in *King Henry IV:*

" He did *confound* the best part of an hour,
" Exchanging hardiment with great Glendower." *Malone.*

[5] *That he can hither come so soon,*
Is by your fancy's thankful boon.] Old copies—thankful *doom;* but as *soon* and *doom* are not rhymes corresponding, I read as in the text.

Thankful boon may signify—*the licence you grant us in return for the pleasure we have afforded you in the course of the play;* or, *the boon for which we thank you.* So, before in this chorus:

" This as my last *boon* give me." *Steevens.*

We had similar rhymes before:

" ——— if king Pericles
" Come not home in twice six *moons,*
" He, obedient to their *dooms,*
" Will take the crown,"

I have, therefore, not disturbed the reading of the old copy. *Malone.*

I have already expressed my belief, that in this last instance, a transposition is necessary:

" Come not, in twice six moons, *home,*
" He, obedient to their *doom,*
" Will take" &c. *Steevens.*

[6] *Thaisa* —— *as* high-priestess;] Does this accord with Cerimo's description:

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed[7]
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery.[8] She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles![9]— [*She faints.*

Per. What means the woman?[1] she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

" Live, like *Diana's priestess*, 'twixt *cold sheets?*" Diana must have been wofully imposed on, if she received the mother of Marina as a maiden votaress. *Steevens.*

[7] *Who, frighted from my* country, *did wed*—] *Country* must be considered as a trisyllable. So, *entrance, semblance,* and many others. *Malone.*

[8] ——— *who, O goddess,*
Wears yet thy silver livery.] i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity. *Percy.*

So, in Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaint*:
" There my *white stole of chastity* I daft."
We had the same expression before:
" One twelve moons more she 'll wear *Diana's livery.*"
Malone.

[9] *You are, you are—O, royal Pericles!*] The similitude between this scene, and the discovery in the last Act of *The Winter's Tale,* will, I suppose, strike every reader. *Malone.*

[1] *What means the woman?*] This reading was furnished by the second quarto. The first reads—What means the *mum?* *Malone.*

Cer. Look to the lady;[2]—O, she 's but o'erjoy'd.
Early, one blust'ring morn,[3] this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels;[4] recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.[5]

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you.[6] Look! Thaisa is
Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense[7] bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,

[2] *Look to the lady;*] When Lady Macbeth pretends to swoon, on hearing the account of Duncan's murder, the same exclamation is used. These words belong, I believe, to Pericles. *Malone.*

[3] *Early,* one *blust'ring morn,*] Old copy—*in* blust'ring &c. The emendation, which is judicious, was furnished by Mr. Malone. *Steevens.*

[4] *Found* there *rich jewels;*] The second quarto, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, reads—*these* jewels. Pericles's next question shows that *these* could not be the poet's word. The true reading is found in the first quarto. It should be remembered, that Cerimon delivered these jewels to Thaisa, (before she left the house) in whose custody they afterwards remained. *Malone.*

[5] *Here* in Diana's temple.] The same situation occurs again in *The Comedy of Errors,* where Ægeon loses his wife at sea, and finds her at last in a nunnery. *Steevens.*

[6] —— *they shall be brought you to my house,*
Whither I invite you.] This circumstance bears some resemblance to the meeting of Leontes and Hermione. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Paulina in *The Winter's Tale.* *Steevens.*

[7] —— *to my* sense —] *Sense* is here used for *sensual passion.* So also, in *Measure for Measure* and in *Hamlet.* [See note on—
" —— *Sense,* sure, you have
" Else you could not have motion."
in the latter, Act III, sc. iv.] *Steevens.*

And drown'd.[8]

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport:[9] You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen.[1] O, come be buried
A second time within these arms.[2]

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to* THAI.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own![3]

[8] —— *supposed dead,*
And drown'd.] Supposed dead, and that my death was by drowning. *Malone.*

Drown'd, in this instance, does not signify suffocated by water, but overwhelmed in it. Thus, in Knolles's *History:* "Galleys might be *drowned* in the harbour with the great ordnance, before they could be rigged." *Steevens.*

[9] *This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness*
Makes my past miseries sport:] So, in *King Lear:*
"It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
"That ever I have felt." *Malone.*

[1] ———— *I may*
Melt, and no more be seen.] This is a sentiment which Shakspeare never fails to introduce on occasions similar to the present. So, in *Othello:*
"—— If it were now to die,
"'Twere now to be most happy, &c.
Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
"To die when I desire," *Malone.*

Melt, and no more be seen,] So, in the 39th *Psalm*:—"O, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and *be no more seen.*" *Steevens.*

[2] —— *O come, be buried*
A second time within these arms.] So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"Not like a corse;—or if—not to *be buried,*
"But quick, and in mine arms." *Malone.*

[3] *Bless'd, and* mine own!] So, in The Winter's Tale:

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Diana!
I bless[4] thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed[5] of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.[6] And now,

" Tell me, *mine own,*
" Where hast thou been preserv'd? Where liv'
found
" Thy father's court?" *Malone.*

[4] I *bless thee* —] For the insertion of the present pr
am responsible. *Malone.*

[5] —— *the fair-betrothed* —] i. e. fairly contracted, hon
bly affianced. *Steevens.*

[6] ——————— *Thaisa,*
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.] So, in the last sce
Winter's Tale, Leontes informs Paulina:
" ——— This your son-in-law,
" *And son unto the king,* (whom heav
" *Is troth-plight to your daughter.*" *M*

This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I 'll beautify.[7]

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father 's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him![8] Yet there, my queen,
We 'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.[9] [*Exeunt.*

[7] ——— *And now,*
This ornament *that makes me look so dismal,*
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I 'll beautify.] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* " —— the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old *ornament* of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls."

The author has here followed Gower, or *Gesta Romanorum:*

" ——— this a vowe to God I make
" That I shall never for hir sake,
" *My berde for no likynge shave.*
" Till it befalle that I have
" In convenable time of age
" *Besette hir unto mariage.*" *Confessio Amantis.*

The word *so* in the first line, and the words—*my lov'd Marina,* in the second, which both the sense and metre require, I have supplied. *Malone.*

The author is in this place guilty of a slight inadvertency. It was but a short time before, when Pericles arrived at Tharsus, and heard of his daughter's death, that he made a vow never to wash his face or cut his hair. *M. Mason.*

See p. 213, n. 1; where, if my reading be not erroneous, a proof will be found that this vow was made almost immediately after the birth of Marina; and consequently that Mr. M. Mason's present remark has no sure foundation. *Steevens.*

[8] *Heaven make a* star *of him!*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Take him and cut him into little *stars* ——."

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— for they are fit
" To inlay heaven with *stars.*" *Steevens.*

[9] *Sir, lead the way.*] Dr. Johnson has justly objected to the lame and impotent conclusion of *The Second Part of King Henry IV:* " Come, will you hence?" The concluding line of *The Winter's Tale* furnishes us with one equally as abrupt, and nearly resembling the present:—" Hastily lead away." This pas-

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter,[1] you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.[2]
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name[3]
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.[4]
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit* GOWER.[5]

sage will justify the correction of the old copy now made. It reads—Sir, *leads* the way. *Malone.*

[1] *In Antioch and his daughter.*] The old copies read—In *Antiochus* and his daughter, &c. The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. "So, (as he observes,) in Shakspeare's other plays, *France*, for the *king* of France; *Morocco*, for the *king* of Morocco," &c. *Malone.*

[2] *Virtue* preserv'd *from fell destruction's blast,*
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.] All the copies are here, I think, manifestly corrupt.—They read:
Virtue preferr'd *from fell destruction's blast* ——.
The gross and numerous errors of even the most accurate copy of this play, will, it is hoped, justify the liberty that has been taken on this and some other occasions.
It would be difficult to produce from the works of Shakspeare many couplets more spirited and harmonious than this. *Malone.*

[3] —— and *honour'd name* —] The first and second quarto reads—*the* honour'd name. The reading of the text, which appears to me more intelligible, is that of the folio 1664. *The city* is here used for the collective body of the citizens. *Malone.*

[4] *To punish* them; *although not done, but meant.*] The defective metre of this line in the old copy, induces me to think that the word *them*, which I have supplied, was omitted by the carelessness of the printer. *Malone.*

[5] This play is so uncommonly corrupted by the printers, &c. that it does not so much seem to want illustration as emendadation: and the errata are so numerous and gross, that one is tempted to suspect almost every line where there is the least deviation in the language from what is either usual or proper. Many of the corruptions appear to have arisen from an illiterate transcriber having written the speeches by ear from an inaccurate reciter; who between them both have rendered the text (in the verbs particularly) very ungrammatical.

More of the phraseology used in the genuine dramas of Shakspeare prevails in *Pericles*, than in any of the other six doubted plays. *Percy.*

The fragment of the MS. poem, mentioned in the preliminary observations, has suffered so much by time, as to be scarcely legible. The parchment on which it is written having been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpose its edges were cut off, some words are entirely lost. However, from the following concluding lines the reader may be enabled to form a judgment with respect to the age of this piece:

" . . . . . thys was translatyd almost at englondes ende
" . . . . . to the makers stat tak sich a mynde
" . . . . have y take hys bedys on hond and sayd hys patr. nostr. and crede
" *Tho*mas* vicary y understonde at wymborne mynstre in that stede
" . . . . . y thouzte zou have wryte hit is nouzt worth to be knowe
" . . that wole the sothe ywyte go thider and me wol the schewe."

On the subject of *Pericles*, Lillo formed a play of three Acts, which was first represented in the year 1738.

To a former edition of this play were subjoined two Dissertations; one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the latter I urged such arguments as then appeared to me to have weight, to prove that it was the entire work of Shakspeare, and one of his earliest compositions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of some elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whose hand was acknowledged to be visible in many scenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypothesis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no ifficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationers' books, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookseller of eminence, and one of the publishers of the first

* The letters in the Italick character have been supplied by the conjecture of Mr. Tyrwhitt, who very obligingly examined this ancient fragment, and furnished the editor with the above extract.

folio edition of Shakspeare's works. It was printed with his name in the title-page, in his life-time; but this circumstance proves nothing; because by the knavery of booksellers other pieces were also ascribed to him in his life-time, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it necessary to urge in support of its genuineness, that at a subsequent period it was ascribed to him by several dramatick writers. I wish not to rely on any circumstance of that kind; because in all questions of this nature, internal evidence is the best that can be produced, and to every person intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, must in the present case be decisive. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set the seal of Shakspeare on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the three last Acts may, I think, on this ground be safely ascribed to him; and his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two divisions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unsuccessful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe much more common in the time of Shakspeare than is generally supposed. This piece having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy strokes from his pen, is unquestionably entitled to that place among his works which it has now obtained. *Malone.*

After Mr. Malone's retraction, (which is no less honourable to himself than the present editor of *Pericles*) it may be asked why the dissertations mentioned in the foregoing note appear a second time in print. To such a question I am not unwilling to reply. My sole motive for republishing them is to manifest that the skill displayed by my late opponent in defence of what he conceived to have been right, can only be exceeded by the liberality of his concession since he has supposed himself in the wrong. *Steevens.*

In a former disquisition concerning this play, I mentioned, that the dumb shows, which are found in it, induced me to doubt whether it came from the pen of Shakspeare. The sentiments that I then expressed, were suggested by a very hasty and transient survey of the piece. I am still, however, of opinion, that this consideration (our author having expressly ridiculed such exhibitions) might in a very doubtful question have some weight. But weaker proofs must yield to stronger. It is idle to lay any great stress upon such a slight circumstance, when the piece itself furnishes internal and irresistible evidence of its authenticity. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, the incidents, the situations of the persons, the colour of the style, at least through the greater part of the play, all, in my apprehension, conspire to set the seal of Shakspeare on this performance.

What then shall we say to these dumb shows? Either, that the poet's practice was not always conformable to his opinions, (of which there are abundant proofs) or, (what I rather believe to be the case) that this was one of his earliest dramas, written at a time when these exhibitions were much admired, and before he had seen the absurdity of such ridiculous pageants; probably, in the year 1590, or 1591.*

Mr. Rowe, in his first edition of Shakspeare, says, "It is owned that some part of *Pericles* certainly was written by him, particularly the last Act." Dr. Farmer, whose opinion in every thing that relates to our author has deservedly the greatest weight, thinks the hand of Shakspeare may be sometimes seen in the latter part of the play, and there only. The scene, in the last Act, in which Pericles discovers his daughter, is indeed eminently beautiful; but the whole piece appears to me to furnish abundant proofs of the hand of Shakspeare. The inequalities in different parts of it are not greater than may be found in some of his other dramas. It should be remembered also, that Dryden, who lived near enough the time to be well informed, has pronounced this play to be our author's first performance:

"Shakspeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore;
"*The Prince of Tyre* was elder than the *Moor*."

Let me add, that the contemptuous manner in which Ben Jonson has mentioned it, is, in my apprehension, another proof of its authenticity. In his memorable Ode, written soon after his *New Inn* had been damned, when he was comparing his own unsuccessful pieces with the applauded dramas of his contemporaries, he naturally chose to point at what he esteemed a weak performance of a rival, whom he appears to have envied and hated merely because the splendor of his genius had eclipsed his own, and had rendered the reception of those tame and disgusting imitations of antiquity, which he boastingly called the only legitimate English dramas, as cold as the performances themselves.

As the subject is of some curiosity, I shall make no apology for laying before the reader a more minute investigation of it. It is proper, however, to inform him, that one of the following dissertations on the genuineness of this play precedes the other only for a reason assigned by Dogberry, that *where two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind.* That we might catch hints from the strictures of each other, and collect what we could mutually advance into a point, Mr. Steevens and I set forward with an agreement to maintain the propriety of our respective suppositions relative to this piece, as far as we were able; to submit our remarks, as they gradually increased, alternately to each other, and to dispute the opposite hypothesis, till one of us should acquiesce in the opinion of his opponent, or each remain confirm-

* If this play was written in the year 1590 or 1591, with what colour of truth could it be styled (as in the title-page to the first edition of it, 4to. 1609,) "the late and much admired" &c.?
Steevens.

ed in his own. The reader is therefore requested to bear in mind, that if the last series of arguments be considered as an answer to the first, the first was equally written in reply to the last:

" —— unus sese armat utroque,
" Unaque mens animat non dissociabilis ambos." *Malone.*

THAT this tragedy has some merit, it were vain to deny; but that it is the entire composition of Shakspeare, is more than can be hastily granted. I shall not venture, with Dr. Farmer, to determine that the hand of our great poet is *only* visible in the last Act, for I think it appears in several passages dispersed over each of these divisions. I find it difficult, however, to persuade myself that he was the original fabricator of the plot, or the author of every dialogue, chorus, &c. and this opinion is founded on a concurrence of circumstances which I shall attempt to enumerate, that the reader may have the benefit of all the lights I am able to throw on so obscure a subject.

Be it first observed, that most of the choruses in *Pericles* are written in a measure which Shakspeare has not employed on the same occasion, either in *The Winter's Tale, Romeo and Juliet*, or, *King Henry the Fifth*. If it be urged, that throughout these recitations *Gower* was his model, I can safely affirm that their language, and sometimes their versification, by no means resembles that of Chaucer's contemporary. One of these monologues is composed in hexameters, and another in alternate rhymes; neither of which are ever found in his printed works, or those which yet remain in manuscript; nor does he, like the author of *Pericles*, introduce four and five-feet metre in the same series of lines. If Shakspeare therefore be allowed to have copied not only the general outline, but even the peculiarities of nature with ease and accuracy, we may surely suppose that, at the expence of some unprofitable labour, he would not have failed so egregiously in his imitation of antiquated style or numbers:—That he could assume with nicety the terms of affectation and pedantry, he has shown in the characters of *Osrick* and *Armada*, *Holofernes* and *Nathaniel*. That he could successfully counterfeit provincial dialects, we may learn from *Edgar* and *Sir Hugh Evans*; and that he was no stranger to the peculiarities of foreign pronunciation, is likewise evident from several scenes of English tinctured with French, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *King Henry the Fifth*.*

* Notwithstanding what I have advanced in favour of Shakspeare's uncommon powers of imitation, I am by no means sure he would have proved successful in a cold attempt to copy the peculiarities of language more ancient than his own. His exalted genius would have taught him to despise so servile an undertaking; and his good sense would have restrained him from engaging in a task which he had neither leisure nor patience to perform. His talents are displayed in copies from originals of a higher rank. Neither am I convinced that inferior writers have been over-lucky in poetical mimickries of their early predeces-

But it is here urged by Mr. Malone, that an exact imitation of Gower would have proved unintelligible to any audience during the reign of Elizabeth. If it were (which I am slow to admit) our author's judgment would scarce have permitted him to choose an agent so inadequate to the purpose of an interpreter; one whose years and phraseology must be set at variance before he could be understood, one who was to assume the form, office, and habit of an ancient, and was yet to speak the language of a modern.

I am ready to allow my opponent that the authors who introduced *Machiavel, Guicciardine,* and the *Monk of Chester,* on the stage, have never yet been blamed because they avoided to make the two former speak in their native tongue, and the latter in the English dialect of his age. The proper language of the Italian statesman and historian, could not have been understood by our common audiences; and as to *Rainulph,* he is known to have composed his Chronicle in Latin. Besides, these three personages were writers in prose. They are alike called up to superintend the relations which were originally found in their respective books; and the magick that converted them into poets, might claim an equal power over their modes of declamation. The case is otherwise, when ancient bards, whose compositions were in English, are summoned from the grave to instruct their countrymen; for these apparitions may be expected to speak in the style and language that distinguishes their real age, and their known productions, when there is no sufficient reason why they should depart from them.

If the inequalities of measure which I have pointed out, be also visible in the lyrick parts of *Macbeth,* &c. I must observe that throughout these plays our author has not professed to imitate the style or manner of any acknowledged character or age; and therefore was tied down to the observation of no particular rules. Most of the irregular lines, however, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* &c. I suspect of having been prolonged by casual monosyllables, which stole into them through the inattention of the copyist, or the impertinence of the speaker.—If indeed the choruses in *Pericles* contain many such marked expressions as are discoverable in Shakspeare's other dramas, I

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sors. It is less difficult to deform language, than to bestow on it the true cast of antiquity; and though the licentiousness of Chaucer, and the obsolete words employed by Gower, are within the reach of moderate abilities, the humour of the one, and the general idiom of the other, are not quite so easy of attainment. The best of our modern poets have succeeded *but* tolerably in short compositions of this kind, and have therefore shown their prudence in attempting none of equal length with the assembled choruses in *Pericles,* which consist at least of three hundred lines.—Mr. Pope professes to give us a story in the manner of *Chaucer;* but uses a metre on the occasion in which not a single tale of that author is written.

must confess that they have hitherto escaped my notice; unless they may be said to occur in particulars which of necessity must be common to all soliloquies of a similar kind. Such interlocutions cannot fail occasionally to contain the same modes of address, and the same persuasive arguments to solicit indulgence and secure applause. As for the *ardentia verba* celebrated by Mr. Malone, (to borrow Milton's phrase) in my apprehension they *burn* but *cold and frore.*

To these observations I may add, that though Shakspeare seems to have been well versed in the writings of *Chaucer*, his plays contain no marks of his acquaintance with the works of *Gower*, from whose fund of stories not one of his plots is adopted. When I quoted the *Confessio Amantis* to illustrate "Florentius' love" in *The Taming of a Shrew*, it was only because I had then met with no other book in which that tale was related.—I ought not to quit the subject of these choruses without remarking that *Gower* interposes no less than six times in the course of our play, exclusive of his introduction and peroration. Indeed he enters as often as any chasm in the story requires to be supplied. I do not recollect the same practice in other tragedies, to which the chorus usually serves as a prologue, and then appears only between the Acts. Shakspeare's legitimate pieces in which these mediators are found, might still be represented without their aid; but the omission of *Gower* in *Pericles* would render it so perfectly confused, that the audience might justly exclaim with *Othello*:—"Chaos has come again."

Very little that can tend with certainty to establish or oppose our author's exclusive right in this dramatick performance, is to be collected from the *dumb shows;* for he has no such in his other plays, as will serve to direct our judgment. These in *Pericles* are not introduced (in compliance with two ancient customs) at stated periods, or for the sake of adventitious splendor. They do not appear before every Act, like those in *Ferrex and Porrex;* they are not, like those in *Jocasta*, merely ostentatious. Such deviations from common practice incline me to believe that originally there were no mute exhibitions at all throughout the piece; but that when Shakspeare undertook to reform it, finding some parts peculiarly long and uninteresting, he now and then struck out the dialogue, and only left the action in its room; advising the author to add a few lines to his choruses, as auxiliaries on the occasion. Those whose fate it is to be engaged in the repairs of an old mansion-house, must submit to many awkward expedients, which they would have escaped in a fabrick constructed on their own plan: or it might be observed, that though Shakspeare has expressed his contempt of such *dumb shows* as were *inexplicable*, there is no reason to believe he would have pointed the same ridicule at others which were more easily understood. I do not readily perceive that the aid of a *dumb show* is much more reprehensible than that of a *chorus*:

"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
"Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

If it be observed that the latter will admit of ventriloquism, and

poetical imagery, it may be also urged that the former will serve to furnish out such spectacles of magnificence as should by no means appear despicable in a kingdom which has ever encouraged the pomp of lord mayors' feasts, installments, and coronations—I should extend these remarks to an unwarrantable length, or might be tempted to prove that many of Shakspeare's plays exhibit traces of these solemn pantomimes; though they are too adroitly managed by him to have need of verbal interpretation.

Next it may be remarked, that the valuable parts of *Pericles* are more distinguished by their poetical turn, than by variety of character, or command over the passions. Partial graces are indeed almost the only improvements that the mender of a play already written can easily introduce; for an error in the first concoction can be redeemed by no future process of chemistry. A few flowery lines may here and there be strewn on the surface of a dramatick piece; but these have little power to impregnate its general mass. Character, on the contrary, must be designed at the author's outset, and proceed with gradual congeniality through the whole. In genuine Shakspeare, it insinuates itself every where, with an address like that of Virgil's snake—

" ——— fit tortile collo
" Aurum ingens coluber; fit longæ tænia vittæ
" Innectitque comas, et membris lubricus errat."

But the drama before us contains no discrimination of manners,* (except in the comick dialogues,) very few traces of original thought, and is evidently destitute of that intelligence and useful knowledge that pervade even the meanest of Shakspeare's undisputed performances. To speak more plainly, it is neither enriched by the gems that sparkle through the rubbish of *Love's Labour's Lost*, nor the good sense which so often fertilizes the barren fable of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.—Pericles*, in short, is little more than a string of adventures so numerous, so inartificially crowded together, and so far removed from probability, that, in my private judgment, I must acquit even the irregular and lawless Shakspeare of having constructed the fabrick of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials. That the plays of Shakspeare have their inequalities likewise, is sufficiently understood; but they are still the ine-

* Those opticks that can detect the smallest vestige of Shakspeare in the character of the *Pentapolitan monarch*, cannot fail with equal felicity to discover *Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt*, and to find all that should adorn the *Graces*, in the persons and conduct of the *weird sisters*. Compared with this *Simonides*, the *King of Navarre*, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Theseus*, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Rex fistulatissimus* in *All's Well that Ends Well*, are the rarest compounds of *Machiavel* and *Hercules*.

qualities of Shakspeare. He may occasionally be absurd, but is seldom foolish; he may be censured, but can rarely be despised.

I do not recollect a single plot of Shakspeare's formation (or even adoption from preceding plays or novels) in which the majority of the characters are not so well connected, and so necessary in respect of each other, that they proceed in combination to the end of the story; unless that story (as in the cases of *Antigonus* and *Mercutio*) requires the interposition of death. In *Pericles* this continuity is wanting:

" —— disjectas moles, avulsaque saxis
" Saxa vides;" ——

and even with the aid of *Gower* the scenes are rather loosely tacked together, than closely interwoven. We see no more of *Antiochus* after his first appearance. His anonymous daughter utters but one unintelligible couplet, and then vanishes. *Simonides* likewise is lost as soon as the marriage of *Thaisa* is over; and the punishment of *Cleon* and his wife, which poetick justice demanded, makes no part of the action, but is related in a kind of epilogue by *Gower*. This is at least a practice which in no instance has received the sanction of Shakspeare. From such deficiency of mutual interest, and *liaison* among the personages of the drama, I am further strengthened in my belief that our great poet had no share in constructing it.* Dr. Johnson long

* It is remarkable, that not a name appropriated by Shakspeare to any character throughout his other plays, is to be found in this. At the same time the reader will observe that, except in such pieces as are built on historical subjects, or English fables, he employs the same proper names repeatedly in his different dramas.

Antonio.	Tempest.	Two Gent. Much Ado. T. Night. M. of V.
Sebastian.	———	Tw. Night.
Ferdinand.	———	L. L. Lost.
Francisco.	———	Hamlet.
Stephano.	———	M. of Ven.
Helena.	Cymbeline.	All 's Well. M. N. Dr. Tr. and Cress.
Demetrius.	M. N. Dream.	Ant. and Cl.
Valentine.	Two Gent.	Tw. Night.
Balthasar.	Much Ado.	M. of Ven. Com. of E. R. and Jul.
Escalus.	R. and Juliet.	M. for Meas.
Claudio.	Much Ado.	———
Juliet.	R. and Jul.	M. for Meas.
Mariana.	M. for Meas.	All 's Well.
Vincentio.	Tam. the Shrew.	———
Portia.	Julius Cæsar.	M. of Ven.
Gratiano.	Othello.	———
Rosaline.	L. L. Lost.	As you &c.
Katherine.	Tam. the Shrew.	L. L. Lost.
Maria.	Twelfth Night.	———
Emilia.	*Othello.*	W. Tale. Com. of E.

ago observed that his *real* power is not seen in the splendour of particular passages, but in the progress of his fable, and the tenour of his dialogue: and when it becomes necessary for me to quote a decision founded on comprehensive views, I can appeal to none in which I should more implicitly confide.—*Gower* relates the story of *Pericles* in a manner not quite so desultory;

Angelo.	M. for Meas.	Com. of E
Varro.	Timon.	Jul. Cæsar.
Flavius.	———	———
Lucilius.	———	———
Diomedes.	Tr. and Cress.	Ant. and Cleo.
Varrius.	M. for Meas.	———
Cornelius.	Hamlet.	Cymbeline.
Bianca.	Othello.	T. the Shrew.
Paris.	Tr. and Cress.	R. and Jul.
Baptista.	Hamlet.	T. the Shrew.
Claudius.	———	Jul. Cæsar.
Philo.	Ant. and Cleo.	Timon.
Ventidius.	———	———
Lucius.	Cymbeline.	———
Cesario.	Twelfth Night.	Ant. and Cleo.

To these may be added such as only differ from each other by means of fresh terminations:

Launce.	Two Gent.	and Launcelot.	Merchant of Venice.
Adrian.	Tempest.	and Adriana.	Comedy of Errors.
Francisco.	Hamlet, &c.	and Francisca.	Measure for Measure.
Luce.	Com. of Errors.	Lucina, *ibid.*	Lucetta. Two Gent.
Silvius.	As you like it.	and Silvia.	Two Gent. of Verona.
Egeus.	M. Night's Dr.	and Egeon.	Comedy of Errors.
Hortensius.	Timon.	and Hortensio.	Tam. of the Shrew.
Leonato.	Much Ado.	and Leonatus.	Cymbeline.

Names that in some plays are appropriated to speaking characters, in other dramas are introduced as belonging only to absent persons or things. Thus we have mention of a

Rosaline, a Lucio, a Helena, a Valentine, &c. in *Romeo and Juliet.*

Isabella, Escalus, Antonio, and Sebastian, in *All 's Well that Ends Well.*

Capulet and Roderigo, in *Twelfth Night.*

Ferdinand and Troilus, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, &c.

I have taken this minute trouble to gain an opportunity of observing how unlikely it is that Shakspeare should have been content to use second-hand names in so many of his more finished plays, and at the same time have bestowed original ones throughout the scenes of *Pericles.* This affords additional suspicion, to me, at least, that the story, and the personæ dramatis, were not of our author's selection.—Neither *Gower*, nor the translator of *King Appolyn*, has been followed on this occasion; for the names of *Pericles*, *Escanes*, *Simonides*, *Cleon*, *Lysimachus*, and *Marina*, are foreign to the old story, as related both by the poet and the novelist.

and yet such a tale as that of *Prince Appolyn*, in its most perfect state, would hardly have attracted the notice of any playwright, except one who was quite a novice in the rules of his art. Mr. Malone indeed observes that our author has pursued the legend exactly as he found it in the *Confessio Amantis*, or elsewhere. I can only add, that this is by no means his practice in any other dramas, except such as are merely historical, or founded on facts from which he could not venture to deviate, because they were universally believed. Shakspeare has deserted his originals in *As You Like It*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, &c. The curious reader may easily convince himself of the truth of these assertions.

That Shakspeare has repeated in his later plays any material circumstances which he had adopted in his more early ones, I am by no means ready to allow. Some smaller coincidences with himself may perhaps be discovered. Though it be not usual for one architect to build two fabricks exactly alike, he may yet be found to have distributed many ornaments in common over both, and to have fitted up more than one apartment with the same cornice and mouldings. If *Pericles* should be supposed to bear any general and striking resemblance to *The Winter's Tale*, let me enquire in what part of the former we are to search for the slightest traces of *Leontes'* jealousy (the hinge on which the fable turns) the noble fortitude of *Hermione*, the gallantry of *Florizel*, the spirit of *Paulina*, or the humour of *Autolycus?* Two stories cannot be said to have much correspondence, when the chief features that distinguish the one, are entirely wanting in the other.

Mr. Malone is likewise willing to suppose that Shakspeare contracted his dialogue in the last Act of *The Winter's Tale*, because he had before exhausted himself on the same subject in *Pericles*. But it is easy to justify this distinction in our poet's conduct, on other principles. Neither the king or queen of Tyre feels the smallest degree of self-reproach. They meet with repeated expressions of rapture, for they were parted only by unprovoked misfortune. They speak without reserve, because there is nothing in their story which the one or the other can wish to be suppressed.—*Leontes*, on the contrary, seems content to welcome his return of happiness without expatiating on the means by which he had formerly lost it; nor does *Hermione* recapitulate her sufferings, through fear to revive the memory of particulars which might be construed into a reflection of her husband's jealousy. The discovery of *Marina* would likewise admit of clamorous transport, for similar reasons; but whatever could be said on the restoration of *Perdita* to her mother, would only tend to prolong the remorse of her father. Throughout the notes which I have contributed to *Pericles*, I have not been backward to point out many of the particulars on which the opinion of Mr. Malone is built; for as truth, not victory, is the object of us both, I am sure we cannot wish to keep any part of the evidence that may seem to affect our reciprocal opinions, out of sight.

Mr. Malone is likewise solicitous to prove, from the wildness and irregularity of the fable, &c. that this was either our author's first, or one of his earliest dramas. It might have been so; and yet I am sorry to observe that the same qualities predominate in his more mature performances; but there these defects are instrumental in producing beauties. If we travel in *Antony and Cleopatra* from *Alexandria* to *Rome*—to *Messina*—into *Syria*—to *Athens*—to *Actium*, we are still relieved in the course of our peregrinations by variety of objects, and importance of events. But are we rewarded in the same manner for our journeys from *Antioch* to *Tyre*, from *Tyre* to *Pentapolis*, from *Pentapolis* to *Tharsus*, from *Tharsus* to *Tyre*, from *Tyre* to *Mitylene*, and from *Mitylene* to *Ephesus?*—In one light, indeed, I am ready to allow *Pericles* was our poet's first attempt. Before he was satisfied with his own strength, and trusted himself to the publick, he might have tried his hand with a partner, and entered the theatre in disguise. Before he ventured to face an audience on the stage, it was natural that he should peep at them through the curtain.

What Mr. Malone has called the *inequalities of the poetry*, I should rather term the *patchwork of the style*, in which the general flow of Shakspeare is not often visible. An unwearied blaze of words, like that which burns throughout *Phædra and Hippolitus*, and *Muriamne*, is never attempted by our author; for such uniformity could be maintained but by keeping nature at a distance. Inequality and wildness, therefore, cannot be received as criterions by which we are to distinguish the early pieces of Shakspeare from those which were written at a later period.

But one peculiarity relative to the complete genuineness of this play, has hitherto been disregarded, though in my opinion it is absolutely decisive. I shall not hesitate to affirm, that through different parts of *Pericles*, there are more frequent and more awkward ellipses than occur in all the other dramas attributed to the same author; and that these figures of speech appear only in such worthless portions of the dialogue as cannot with justice be imputed to him. Were the play the work of any single hand, or had it been corrupted only by a printer, it is natural to suppose that this clipped jargon would have been scattered over it with equality. Had it been the composition of our great poet, he would be found to have availed himself of the same licence in his other tragedies; nor perhaps, would an individual writer have called the same characters and places alternately Perĭcles and Perīcles, Thaĭsa and Thaīsa, Pentapŏlis, and Pentapōlis. Shakspeare never varies the quantity of his proper names in the compass of one play. In *Cymbeline* we always meet with Posthūmus, not Posthŭmus, Arvirăgus, and not Arvirāgus.

It may appear singular that I have hitherto laid no stress on such parallels between the acknowledged plays of Shakspeare and *Pericles*, as are produced in the course of our preceding illustrations. But perhaps any argument that could be derived

from so few of these, ought not to be decisive; for the same reasoning might tend to prove that every little piece of coincidence of thought and expression, is in reality one of the petty larcenies of literature; and thus we might in the end impeach the original merit of those whom we ought not to suspect of having need to borrow from their predecessors.* I can only add on this subject, (like Dr. Farmer) that the world is already possessed of the *Marks of Imitation;* and that there is scarce one English tragedy but bears some slight internal resemblance to another. I therefore attempt no deduction from premises occasionally fallacious, nor pretend to discover in the piece before us the draughts of scenes which were afterwards more happily wrought, or the slender and crude principles of ideas which on other occasions were dilated into consequence, or polished into lustre.† Not that such a kind of evidence, however strong, or

* Dr. Johnson once assured me, that when he wrote his *Irene* he had never read *Othello;* but meeting with it soon afterwards, was surprized to find he had given one of his characters a speech very strongly resembling that in which Cassio describes the effects produced by Desdemona's beauty on such inanimate objects as the *gutter'd rocks and congregated sands.* The Doctor added, that on making the discovery, for fear of imputed plagiarism, he struck out this accidental coincidence from his own tragedy.

† Though I admit that a small portion of general and occasional relations may pass unsuspected from the works of one author into those of another, yet when multitudes of minute coincidencies occur, they must have owed their introduction to contrivance and design. The surest and least equivocal marks of imitation (says Dr. Hurd) are to be found in peculiarities of phrase and diction; an identity in both, is the most certain note of plagiarism.

This observation inclines me to offer a few words in regard to Shakspeare's imputed share in *The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

On Mr. Pope's opinion relative to this subject, no great reliance can be placed; for he who reprobated *The Winter's Tale* as a performance alien to Shakspeare, could boast of little acquaintance with the spirit or manner of the author whom he undertook to correct and explain.

Dr. Warburton expresses a belief that our great poet wrote "the first Act, but in his worst manner." The Doctor indeed only seems to have been ambitious of adding somewhat (though at random) to the decision of his predecessor.

Mr. Seward's enquiry into the authenticity of this piece, has been fully examined by Mr. Colman, who adduces several arguments to prove that our author had no concern in it. [See Beaumont and Fletcher, last edit. Vol. I, p. 118.] Mr. Colman might have added more to the same purpose; but, luckily for the publick, his pen is always better engaged than in critical and antiquarian disquisitions.

As Dr. Farmer has advanced but little on the present occasion,

however skilfully applied, would divest my former arguments of their weight; for I admit without reserve that Shakspeare,

" —— whose hopeful colours
" Advance *a half-fac'd sun striving to shine,*"

I confess my inability to determine the point on which his conclusion is founded.

This play, however, was not printed till eighteen years after the death of Shakspeare; and its title-page carries all the air of a canting bookseller's imposition. Would any one else have thought it necessary to tell the world, that Fletcher and his pretended coadjutor, were "*memorable worthies?*" The piece too was printed for one *John Waterson*, a man who had no copyright in any of our author's other dramas. It was equally unknown to the editors in 1623, and 1632; and was rejected by those in 1664, and 1685.—In 1661, *Kirkman*, another knight of *the rubrick post*, issued out *The Birth of Merlin*, by Rowley and *Shakspeare*. Are we to receive a part of this also as a genuine work of the latter? for the authority of *Kirkman* is as respectable as that of *Waterson*.—I may add, as a similar instance of the craft or ignorance of these ancient *Curls*, that in 1640, the *Coronation*, claimed by *Shirley*, was printed in *Fletcher's* name, and (I know not why) is still permitted to hold a place among his other dramas.

That Shakspeare had the slightest connection with B. and Fletcher, has not been proved by evidence of any kind. There are no verses written by either in his commendation; but they both stand convicted of having aimed their ridicule at passages in several of his plays. His imputed intimacy with one of them, is therefore unaccountable. Neither are the names of our great confederates enrolled with those of other wits who frequented the literary *symposia* held at the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street. As they were gentlemen of family and fortune, it is probable that they aspired to company of a higher rank than that of needy poets, or mercenary players. Their dialogue bears abundant testimony to this supposition; while Shakspeare's attempts to exhibit such sprightly conversation as pass between young men of elegance and fashion, are very rare, and almost confined (as Dr. Johnson remarks) to the characters of Mercutio and his associates. Our author could not easily copy what he had few opportunities of observing.—So much for the unlikeliness of Fletcher's having united with Shakspeare in the same composition.

But here it may be asked—why was the name of our poet joined with that of Beaumont's coadjutor in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, rather than in any other play of the same author that so long remained in manuscript? I answer,—that this event might have taken its rise from the playhouse tradition mentioned by Pope, and founded, as I conceive, on a singular occurrence, which it is my present office to point out and illustrate to my readers.

The language and images of this piece coincide perpetually

is visible in many scenes throughout the play. But it follows not from thence that he is answerable for its worst part, though the

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with those in the dramas of Shakspeare. The same frequency of coincidence occurs in no other individual of Fletcher's works; and how is so material a distinction to be accounted for? Did Shakspeare assist the survivor of Beaumont in his tragedy? Surely no; for if he had, he would not (to borrow a conceit from *Moth* in *Love's Labour 's Lost*) have written as *if he had been at a great feast of* tragedies, *and stolen the scraps.* It was natural that he should more studiously have abstained from the use of marked expressions in this than in any other of his pieces written without assistance. He cannot be suspected of so pitiful an ambition as that of setting his seal on the portions he wrote, to distinguish them from those of his colleague. It was his business to coalesce with Fletcher, and not to withdraw from him. But, were our author convicted of this jealous artifice, let me ask where we are to look for any single dialogue in which these lines of separation are not drawn. If they are to be regarded as landmarks to ascertain our author's property, they stand so constantly in our way, that we must adjudge the whole literary estate to him. I hope no one will be found who supposes our duumvirate sat down to correct what each other wrote. To such an indignity Fletcher could not well have submitted; and such a drudgery Shakspeare would as hardly have endured. In *Pericles* it is no difficult task to discriminate the scenes in which the hand of the latter is evident. I say again, let the critick try if the same undertaking is as easy in *The Two Noble Kinsmen.* The style of Fletcher on other occasions is sufficiently distinct from Shakspeare's, though it may mix more intimately with that of Beaumont:

Ος τ' ἀποκιδνάμενος ποταμὸς κελάδοντος Ἀραξης
Φασιδι συμφίρεται πρὸν ῥοον *Apol. Rhod.*

From loud Araxes Lycus' streams divide,
But roll with Phasis in a blended tide.

But that my assertions relative to coincidence may not appear without some support, I proceed to insert *a few of many instances* that might be brought in aid of an opinion which I am ready to subjoin.—The first passage hereafter quoted is always from *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, edit. 1750.

1 —— Dear *glass* of ladies. p. 9, Vol. X.
2 —— he was indeed the *glass.*
Wherein the noble youths did dress themselves. *King Henry IV*, P. II.

1 —— *blood-siz'd* field —
2 —— o'er-*sized* with coagulate *gore.* p. 9. *Hamlet.*

1 —— as *ospreys* do the fish,
Subdue before they touch.
2 —— as is the *osprey* to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. p. 11. *Coriolanus.*

best it contains may be, not dishonourably, imputed to him. Both weeds and flowers appear in the same parterre, yet we do

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1 His *ocean* needs not my poor drops. p. 20.
2 —— as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on a myrtle leaf
To *his grand sea.* *Antony and Cleopatra.*

1 Their *intertangled roots* of love. p. 22.
2 —— Grief and patience, *rooted* in him both,
Mingle their spurs together. *Cymbeline.*

1 Lord, lord, the difference of men! p. 30.
2 O, the difference of man and man. *King Lear.*

1 Like *lazy clouds* ——. p. 30.
2 —— the *lazy*-pacing *clouds* —. *Romeo and Juliet.*

1 —— the angry swine
Flies like a *Parthian.* p. 31.
2 Or, like the *Parthian,* I shall *flying* fight. *Cymbeline.*
Mr. Seward observes that this comparison occurs no where in Shakspeare.

1 *Banish'd* the kingdom, &c. — p. 41.
2 See the speech of *Romeo* on the same occasion.
Romeo and Juliet.

1 He has a tongue will tame
2 Tempests —. p. 42.
—— she would sing the savageness out of a bear. *Othello.*

1 *Theseus.*] To-morrow, by the sun, to do *observance*
To flowery May. p. 47.
2 *Theseus.*] —— they rose up early to *observe*
The rite of May. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

1 Let all the dukes and all the *devils roar,*
He is at liberty —. p. 48.
2 And if the *devil* come and *roar* for them,
He shall not have them. *King Henry IV,* P. I.

1 —— *in thy rumination*
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between. p. 50.
2 —— Nymph, *in thy orisons*
Be all my sins remember'd! *Hamlet.*

1 Dear *cousin* Palamon —
Pal. Cozener Arcite. p. 51.
2 —— Gentle Harry Percy, and kind *cousin,* —
The devil take such *cozeners.* *King Henry IV,* P. I.

1 —— this question, sick between us,
By *bleeding* must be *cur'd.* p. 54.
2 *Bet 's purge* this choler without *letting blood.* *K. Richard II.*

1 —— swim with your *body,*
And *carry* it sweetly. — p. 61.
2 *Bear* your *body* more seemly, Audrey. *As You Like It.*

not infer from their being found together, that they were planted by the same hand.

Were I disposed, with controversial wantonness, to reason against conviction, I might add, that as Shakspeare is known to have borrowed whole speeches from the authors of *Darius*,

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1 And *d*ainty *d*uke whose *d*oughty *d*ismal fame. p. 64.
2 Whereat with *b*lade, with *b*loody *b*lameful *b*lade.
Midsummer Night's Dream.

1 —— And then she sung
Nothing but *willow, willow,* —. p. 79.
2 —— sing *willow, willow,* —. *Othello.*

1 O who can find the bent of woman's fancy! p. 84.
2 O undistinguish'd space of woman's will! *King Lear.*

1 —— like the *great-ey'd Juno's*, but far *sweeter*. p. 84.
2 —— *sweeter* than the lids of *Juno's eyes*. *The Winter's Tale.*

1 —— better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend. p. 86.
2 A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. *Othello.*

1 —— his *tongue*
Sounds like a *trumpet*. p. 87.
2 Would plead like angels *trumpet-tongued*. *Macbeth.*

1 —— this would shew bravely,
Fighting about the titles of two kingdoms. p. 89.
2 —— such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss. *Hamlet.*

1 Look where she comes! *you shall perceive her behaviour.* p. 89.
2 Lo you where she comes! *This is her very guise.* *Macbeth.*

1 —— the *burden* on 't was *down-a down-a*. p. 90.
2 You must sing *down-a down-a*: oh how the *wheel* becomes it?
Hamlet.

1 How her *brain coins!*— p. 90.
2 This is the very *coinage* of your brain. *Hamlet.*

1 *Doctor.*] —— not an ingrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy —. p. 91.
2 *Doctor.*] —— not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies —. *Macbeth.*

1 *Doctor.* I think she has a *perturbed mind*, which I *cannot minister to*. p. 91.
2 —— *perturbed spirit!*
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?
Doctor. —— therein the patient
Must *minister* to himself. *Hamlet.* *Macbeth.*

1 —— to him that makes the camp a cistern
Brim'd with the blood of men. p. 94.
2 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. King Henry IV. P. I.

King John, the *Taming of a Shrew*, &c. as well as from novellists and historians without number, so he might be suspected

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1 —— hast *turn'd*
Green Neptune into purple. p. 94.
2 —— the multitudinous *seas* incarnardine,
Making the *green* one *red.* *Macbeth.*

1 —— *lover, never* yet
Made *truer sigh* —. p. 98.
2 —— *never* man
Sigh'd truer breath. *Coriolanus.*

1 —— arms in assurance
My body to this *business.* p. 99.
2 —— bends up
Each corporal agent to *this terrible feat.* *Macbeth.*

1 —— thy female *knights* —. p. 99.
2 —— thy *virgin knight.* *Much Ado about Nothing.*

1 —— with that thy rare *green* eye —. p. 99.
2 Hath not so quick, so *green*, so fair an *eye.* *Romeo and Juliet.*
His eyes were *green* as leeks. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

1 His costliness of *spirit look'd through him.* p. 110.
2 Your *spirits shine through you.* *Macbeth.*

1 —— to *dis-seat* his lord, p. 114.
2 —— or *dis-seat* me now. *Macbeth.*

N. B. I have met with no other instances of the use of this word.

1 Disroot his rider *whence he grew.* p. 115.
2 This gallant *grew unto his seat.* *Hamlet.*

1 And bear us *like the time.* p. 117.
2 —— to beguile the time,
Look like the time. *Macbeth.*

It will happen, on familiar occasions, that diversity of expression is neither worth seeking, or easy to be found; as in the following instances:

Cer. *Look to the lady.* *Pericles.*
Macd. *Look to the lady.* *Macbeth.*
Cap. *Look to the* bak'd meats. *Romeo and Juliet.*
Pal. *Look to* thy life well, Arcite! *Two Noble Kinsmen.*

Dion. *How chance* my daughter is not with you? — *Pericles.*
K. Hen. *How chance* thou art not with the prince thy brother? *King Henry IV*, Part II.

Dion. *How now*, Marina? *why do you* keep *alone?* *Pericles.*
Lady Macb. *How now*, my lord? *why do you* keep *alone?* *Macbeth.*

Coun. —— *have with you, boys!* *Two Noble Kinsmen.*
Bel. *Have with you, boys!* *Cymbeline.*

Daugh. Yours to command, i' th' way of honesty. *Two Noble Kinsmen.*
Faulc. For I was got i' th' way of honesty. *King John.*

of having taken lines, and hints for future situations, from the play of *Pericles*, supposing it were the work of a writer some-

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{Thal. ——— if I can get him *within my pistol's length. Pericles.*
Phang. ——— an if he come but *within my vice.*
King Henry IV, P. II.

All such examples I have abstained from producing; but the peculiar coincidence of many among those already given, suffers much by their not being viewed in their natural situations.

Let the criticks who can fix on any particular scenes which they conceive to have been written by Shakspeare, or let those who suppose him to have been so poor in language as well as ideas, that he was constrained to borrow in the compass of *half* the *Noble Kinsmen* from above a dozen entire plays of his own composition, advance some hypothesis more plausible than the following; and yet I flatter myself that readers may be found who will concur with me in believing this tragedy to have been written by Fletcher in silent *imitation* of our author's manner. No other circumstance could well have occasioned such a frequent occurrence of corresponding phrases, &c.; nor, in my opinion, could any particular, but this, have induced the players to propagate the report, that our author was Fletcher's coadjutor in the piece.—There is nothing unusual in these attempts at imitation. Dryden, in his preface to *All for Love*, professes to copy the style of Shakspeare. Rowe, in his *Jane Shore*, arrogates to himself the merit of having pursued the same plan. How far these poets have succeeded, it is not my present business to examine; but Fletcher's imitation, like that of many others, is chiefly *verbal;* and yet (when joined with other circumstances) was perfect enough to have misled the judgment of the players. Those people, who in the course of their profession must have had much of Shakspeare's language recent in their memories, could easily discover traces of it in this performance. They could likewise observe that the drama opens with the same characters as first enter in *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* that *Clowns* exert themselves for the entertainment of *Theseus* in both; that the *pedagogue* likewise directs the sports in *Love's Labour 's Lost;* that a character of *female frenzy*, copied from *Ophelia*, is notorious in the *Jailor's Daughter;* and that this girl, like *Lady Macbeth*, is attended by a *physician* who describes the difficulties of her case, and comments on it, in almost similar terms. They might therefore conclude that the play before us was in part a production of the same writer. Over this line, the criticks behind the scenes were unable to proceed. Their sagacity was insufficient to observe that the general current of the style was even throughout the whole, and bore no marks of a divided hand. Hence perhaps the *sol geminus* and *duplices Thebæ* of these very incompetent judges, who, like staunch match-makers, were desirous that the widow'd muse of Fletcher should not long remain without a bed-fellow.

Lest it should be urged that one of my arguments against *Shakspeare's* co-operation in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* would

what more early than himself. Such splendid passages occur in the scenes of his contemporaries, as have not disgraced his

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equally militate against his share in *Pericles*, it becomes necessary for me to ward off any objection to that purpose, by remarking that the circumstances attendant on these two dramas are by no means exactly parallel. Shakspeare probably furnished his share in the latter at an early period of his authorship, and afterwards (having never owned it, or supposing it to be forgotten) was willing to profit by the most valuable lines and ideas it contained. But he would scarce have been considered himself as an object of imitation, before he had reached his meridian fame; and in my opinion, *The Noble Kinsmen* could not have been composed till after 1611, nor perhaps antecedent to the deaths of Beaumont and our author, when assistance and competition ceased, and the poet who resembled the latter most, had the fairest prospect of success. During the life of Beaumont, which concluded in 1615, it cannot well be supposed that Fletcher would have deserted him, to write in concert with any other dramatist. Shakspeare survived Beaumont only by one year, and, during that time, is known to have lived in Warwickshire, beyond the reach of Fletcher, who continued to reside in London till he fell a sacrifice to the plague in 1625; so that there was no opportunity for them to have joined in personal conference relative to *The Two Noble Kinsmen;* and without frequent interviews between confederate writers, a consistent tragedy can hardly be produced. Yet such precautions will be sometimes inefficient in producing conformity of plan, even when confederate writers are within reach of each other. Thus, Dryden, in the third Act of *Oedipus* has made Tiresias say to the Theban monarch:

" ——— if e'er we meet again, 'twill be
" In mutual darkness; we shall feel before us
" To reach each other's hand ———."

But, alas! for want of adverting to this speech, Lee has counteracted it in the 4th Act, where Tiresias has another interview with Oedipus before the extinction of his eyes, a circumstance that does not take place till the 5th Act.

But, at whatever time of Shakspeare's life *Pericles* was brought forth, it will not be found on examination to comprize a fifth part of the coincidences which may be detected in its successor; neither will a tenth division of the same relations be discovered in any one of his thirty-five dramas which have hitherto been published together.

To conclude, it is peculiarly apparent that this tragedy of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was printed from a prompter's copy, as it exhibits such stage-directions as I do not remember to have seen in any other drama of the same period. We may likewise take notice that there are fewer hemistichs in it than in any of Shakspeare's acknowledged productions. If one speech concludes with an imperfect verse, the next in general completes it. This is some indication of a writer more studious of neatness in composition than the pretended associate of Fletcher.

own: and be it remembered, that many things which we at present are content to reckon only among the adoptions of our great poet, had been long regarded as his own proper effusions, and were as constantly enumerated among his distinguished beauties. No verses have been more frequently quoted, or more loudly applauded than those beginning with *The cloud-capt towers* in *The Tempest*; but if our positions relative to the date of that play are well founded, Shakspeare's share in this celebrated account of nature's dissolution, is very inconsiderable.

To conclude, the play of *Pericles* was in all probability the composition of some friend whose interest the "gentle Shakspeare" was industrious to promote. He therefore improved his dialogue in many places; and knowing by experience that the strength of a dramatic piece should be augmented towards its catastrophe, was most liberal of his aid in the last Act. We cannot be surprised to find that what he has supplied is of a different colour from the rest:

"Scinditur in partes, geminoque cacumine surgit,
"Thebanos imitata rogos;"

for, like Beaumont, he was not writing in conjunction with a Fletcher.

Mr. Malone has asked how it happens that no memorial of an earlier drama on the subject of *Pericles* remains. I shall only answer by another question—Why is it the fate of still-born infants to be soon forgotten? In the rummage of some mass of ancient pamphlets and papers, the first of these two productions may hereafter make its appearance. The chance that preserved *The Witch* of Middleton, may at some distant period establish my general opinion concerning the authenticity of *Pericles*, which is already strengthened by those of Rowe and Dr. Farmer, and countenanced in some degree by the omission of Heminge and Condell. I was once disposed to entertain very different sentiments concerning the authority of title-pages; *but on my mended judgment* (*if I offend not to say it is mended*) I have found sufficient reason to change my creed, and confess the folly of advancing much on a question which I had not more than cursorily considered.—To this I must subjoin, that perhaps our author produced *The Winter's Tale* at the distance of several years from the time at which he corrected *Pericles*; and, for reasons hinted at in a preceding page, or through a forgetfulness common to

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In the course of my investigation I am pleased to find I differ but on one occasion from Mr. Colman; and that is, in my disbelief that *Beaumont* had any share in this tragedy. The utmost beauties it contains, were within the reach of *Fletcher*, who has a right to wear,

"Without corrival, all his dignities:
"But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!"

because there is no just reason for supposing any poet but Chaucer has a right to dispute with him the reputation which the tale of *Palamon and Arcite* has so long and so indisputably maintained.

all writers, repeated a few of the identical phrases and ideas which he had already used in that and other dramas. I have formerly observed in a note on *King Lear*, (See Vol. XIV, Act V,) that Shakspeare has appropriated the same sentiment, in nearly the same words, to *Justice Shallow*, *King Lear*, and *Othello*; and may now add, that I find another allusion as nearly expressed in five different places:

" I 'd strip myself to death, as for a bed
" That longing I 'd been sick for." *Measure for Measure.*

" I will encounter darkness like a bride,
" And hug it in my arms." *Ibidem.*

" ———— I will be
" A bridegroom in my death, and run unto 't
" As to a lover's bed." *Antony and Cleopatra.*

" I will die bravely like a bridegroom." *King Lear.*

" —— in terms like bride and groom
" Devesting them for bed." *Othello.*

The degree of credit due to the title-page of this tragedy is but very inconsiderable. It is not mentioned by Meres in 1598; but that Shakspeare was known to have had some hand in it, was sufficient reason why the whole should be fathered on him. The name of the original writer could have promoted a bookseller's purpose in but an inferior degree. In the year 1611, one of the same fraternity attempted to obtrude on the publick the old *King John* (in Dr. Farmer's opinion written by Rowley) as the work of our celebrated author.

But we are told with confidence, that

" Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles *first* bore,
" The *Prince of Tyre* was elder than the *Moor*."

To the testimony of Dryden respect is always due, when he speaks of things within the compass of his own knowledge. But on the present occasion he could only take report, or a title-page, for his guide; and seems to have preferred smoothness of versification to preciseness of expression. His meaning is completely given in the second line of his couplet. In both, he designs to say no more than that Shakspeare himself did not rise to excellence in his first plays; but that *Pericles*, one of the weakest imputed to him, was written before *Othello*, which is generally regarded as the most vigorous of his productions; that of these *two* pieces, *Pericles* was the *first*. Dryden in all probability met with it in the folio edition, 1664, and enquired no further concerning its authenticity. The birth of his friend Sir William D'Avenant, happened in 1605, at least ten years below the date of this contested drama.*

* Shakspeare died in 1616; and it is hardly probable that his godson, (a lad about ten years old) instead of searching his pockets for apples, should have enquired of him concerning the dates of his theatrical performances. It is not much more likely that afterwards, in an age devoid of literary curiosity, Sir

The abuse of J. Tatham would have deserved no reply, had it not been raised into consequence by its place in Mr. Malone's Preliminary Observations. I think it therefore but justice to observe, that this obscure wretch who calls our author a "plebeian driller," (droller I suppose he meant to say) has thereby bestowed on him a portion of involuntary applause. Because Horace has pronounced that he who pleases the great is not entitled to the lowest of encomiums, are we therefore to infer that the man who has given delight to the vulgar, has no claim also to his dividend of praise?—*interdum vulgus rectum putat.* It is the peculiar merit of Shakspeare's scenes, that they are generally felt and understood. The tumid conceits of modern tragedy communicate no sensations to the highest or the meanest rank. Sentimental comedy is not much more fortunate in its efforts. But can the period be pointed out in which *King Lear* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* did not equally entertain those who fill the boxes and the gallery, *primores populi, populumque tributim?*

Before I close this enquiry, which has swelled into an unexpected bulk, let me ask, whose opinion confers most honour on Shakspeare, my opponent's or mine? Mr. Malone is desirous that his favourite poet should be regarded as the sole author of a drama which, collectively taken, is unworthy of him. I only wish the reader to adopt a more moderate creed, that the *purpurei panni* are Shakspeare's, and the rest the productions of some inglorious and forgotten play-wright.

If consistently with my real belief I could have supported instead of controverting the sentiments of this gentleman, whom I have the honour to call my friend, I should have been as happy in doing so as I now am in confessing my literary obligations to him, and acknowledging how often in the course of the preceding volume he has supplied my deficiencies, and rectified my errors.

On the whole, were the intrinsick merits of *Pericles* yet less than they are, it would be entitled to respect among the curious in dramatick literature. As the engravings of *Mark Antonio* are valuable not only on account of their beauty, but because

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William should have been solicitous about this circumstance, or met with any person who was capable of ascertaining it.

If it be urged against this opinion, that most of the players contemporary with Shakspeare, were yet alive, and from that quarter Sir William's information might have been derived, I answer,—from those who were at the head of their fraternity while our author flourished, he could not have received it. Had they known that *Pericles* was the entire composition of our great poet, they would certainly have printed it among his other works in the folio 1623.—Is it likely that any of our ancient histrionick troop were better acquainted with the *incunabula* of Shakspeare's Muse, than the very people whose intimate connection with him is marked by his last will, in which he calls them—"his *fellows* John Hemynge, and Henry Condell?"

they are supposed to have been executed under the eye of Raffaelle, so *Pericles* will continue to owe some part of its reputation to the touches it is said to have received from the hand of Shakspeare.

To the popularity of the *Prince of Tyre* (which is sufficiently evident from the testimonies referred to by Mr. Malone) we may impute the unprecedented corruption in its text. What was acted frequently, must have been frequently transcribed for the use of prompters and players; and through the medium of such faithless copies it should seem that most of our early theatrical pieces were transmitted to the publick. There are certainly more gross mistakes in this than in any other tragedy attributed to Shakspeare. Indeed so much of it, as hitherto printed, was absolutely unintelligible, that the reader had no power to judge of the rank it ought to hold among our ancient dramatick performances. *Steevens.*

Mr. Steevens's intimate acquaintance with the writings of Shakspeare renders him so well qualified to decide upon this question, that it is not without some distrust of my own judgment that I express my dissent from his decision; but as all the positions that he has endeavoured to establish in his ingenious disquisition on the merits and authenticity of *Pericles* do not appear to me to have equal weight, I shall shortly state the reasons why I cannot subscribe to his opinion with regard to this long-contested piece.

The imperfect imitation of the language and numbers of Gower, which is found in the choruses of this play, is not in my apprehension a proof that they were not written by Shakspeare. To summon a person from the grave, and to introduce him by way of Chorus to the drama, appears to have been no uncommon practice with our author's contemporaries. Marlowe, before the time of Shakspeare, had in this way introduced Machiavel in his *Jew of Malta*: and his countryman Guicciardine is brought upon the stage in an ancient tragedy called *The Devil's Charter*. In the same manner Rainulph, the monk of Chester, appears in *The Mayor of Quinborough*, written by Thomas Middleton. Yet it never has been objected to the authors of the two former pieces, as a breach of decorum, that the Italians whom they have brought into the scene do not speak the language of their own country; or to the writer of the latter, that the monk whom he has introduced does not use the English dialect of the age in which he lived.—But it may be said, "nothing of this kind is attempted by these poets; the author of *Pericles*, on the other hand, has endeavoured to copy the versification of Gower, and has failed in the attempt: had this piece been the composition of Shakspeare, he would have succeeded."

I shall very readily acknowledge, that Shakspeare, if he had thought fit, could have exhibited a tolerably accurate imitation of the language of Gower; for there can be little doubt, that *what* has been effected by much inferior writers, he with no great difficulty could have accomplished. But that, because *these* choruses do not exhibit such an imitation, they were

therefore not his performance, does not appear to me a necessary conclusion; for he might not think such an imitation proper for a popular audience. Gower, like the persons above mentioned, would probably have been suffered to speak the same language as the other characters in this piece, had he not written a poem containing the very story on which the play is formed. Like Guicciardine and the monk of Chester, he is called up to superintend a relation found in one of his own performances. Hence, Shakspeare seems to have thought it proper (not, to copy his versification, for that does not appear to have been at all in his thoughts, but) to throw a certain air of antiquity over the monologues which he has attributed to the venerable bard. Had he imitated the diction of the *Confessio Amantis* with accuracy, he well knew that it would have been as unintelligible to the greater part of his audience as the Italian of Guicciardine or the Latin of Rainulph; for, I suppose, there can be no doubt, that the language of Gower (which is almost as far removed from that of Hooker and Fairfax, as it is from the prose of Addison or the poetry of Pope,) was understood by none but scholars,* even in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Having determined to introduce the contemporary of Chaucer in the scene, it was not his business to exhibit so perfect an imitation of his diction as perhaps with assiduity and study he might have accomplished, but such an antiquated style as might be understood by the people before whom his play was to be represented.†

As the language of these choruses is, in my opinion, insufficient to prove that they were not the production of Shakspeare, so also is the inequality of metre which may be observed in different parts of them; for the same inequality is found in the lyrical parts of *Macbeth* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.‡ It may likewise be remarked, that as in *Pericles*, so in many of our author's *early* performances, *alternate rhymes* frequently occur; a practice which I have not observed in any other dramatick performances of that age, intended for publick representation.§

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* Perhaps not by all of them. The treasures of Greece and Rome had not long been discovered, and to the study of ancient languages almost every Englishman that aspired to literary reputation applied his talents and his time, while his native tongue was neglected. Even the learned Ascham was but little acquainted with the language of the age immediately preceding his own. If scholars were defective in this respect, the people, we may be sure, were much more so.

† If I am warranted in supposing that the language of the *Confessio Amantis* would have been *unintelligible* to the audience, this surely *was a sufficient reason for departing from it.*

‡ See p. 116, of n. 6.

§ The plays of Lord Sterline are entirely in alternate rhymes; *but these seem* not to have been intended for the stage, nor *were they, I believe,* ever performed in any theatre.

Before I quit the subject of the choruses introduced in this piece, let me add, that, like many other parts of this play, they contain some marked expressions, certain *ardentia verba*, that are also found in the undisputed works of our great poet; which any one who will take the trouble to compare them with the choruses in *King Henry V*, and *The Winter's Tale*, will readily perceive. If, in order to account for the similitude, it shall be said, that though Shakspeare did not compose these declamations of Gower, he might have *retouched* them, as that is a point which never can be ascertained, so no answer can be given to it.

That the play of *Pericles* was originally written by another poet, and afterwards improved by Shakspeare, I do not see sufficient reason to believe. It may be true, that all which the improver of a dramatick piece originally ill-constructed can do, is, to polish the language, and to add a few splendid passages; but that this play was the work of another, which Shakspeare from his friendship for the author revised and corrected, is the very point in question, and therefore cannot be adduced as a medium to prove that point. It appears to me equally improbable that *Pericles* was formed on an unsuccessful drama of a preceding period; and that all the weaker scenes are taken from thence. We know indeed that it was a frequent practice of our author to avail himself of the labours of others, and to construct a new drama upon an old foundation; but the pieces that he has thus imitated are yet extant. We have an original *Taming of a Shrew*, a *King John*, a *Promos and Cassandra*, a *King Leir*, &c. but where is this old play of *Pericles?** or how comes it to pass that no memorial of such a drama remains? Even if it could be proved that such a piece once existed, it would not warrant us in supposing that the less vigorous parts of the performance in question were taken from thence; for though Shakspeare borrowed the fables of the ancient dramas just now enumerated, he does not appear to have transcribed a single scene from any one of them.

Still, however, it may be urged, if Shakspeare was the original author of this play, and this was one of his earliest productions, he would scarcely in a subsequent period, have introduced in his *Winter's Tale* some incidents and expressions which bear a strong resemblance to the latter part of *Pericles:* on the other hand, he might not scruple to copy the performance of a preceding poet.

Before we acquiesce in the justice of this reasoning, let us examine what has been his practice in those dramas concerning the authenticity of which there is no doubt. Is it true that Shakspeare has rigidly abstained from introducing incidents or characters, similar to those which he had before brought upon the stage? Or rather, is not the contrary notorious? In *Much Ado*

* When Ben Jonson calls *Pericles* a *mouldy tale*, he alludes, I apprehend, not to the remote date of the play, but to the antiquity of the story on which it is founded.

about Nothing the two principal persons of the drama frequently remind us of two other characters that had been exhibited in an early production,—*Love's Labour's Lost.* In *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure* we find the same artifice twice employed; and in many other of his plays the action is embarrassed, and the denouement affected, by contrivances that bear a striking similitude to each other.

The conduct of *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale*, which have several events common to both, gives additional weight to the supposition that the two pieces proceeded from the same hand. In the latter our author has thrown the discovery of Perdita into narration, as if through consciousness of having already exhausted, in the business of Marina, all that could render such an incident affecting on the stage. Leontes too says but little to Hermione, when he finds her; their mutual situations having been likewise anticipated by the Prince of Tyre and Thaisa, who had before amply expressed the transports natural to unexpected meeting after long and painful separation.

All the objections which are founded on the want of *liaison* between the different parts of this piece, on the numerous characters introduced in it, not sufficiently connected with each other, on the various and distant countries in which the scene is laid,—may, I think, be answered, by saying that the author pursued the story exactly as he found it either in the *Confessio Amantis** or some prose translation of the *Gesta Romanorum;* a practice which Shakspeare is known to have followed in many plays, and to which most of the faults that have been urged against his dramas may be imputed.†—If while we travel in *Antony and*

* Here also were found the names of the greater part of the characters introduced in this play; for of the seventeen persons represented, six of the names only were the invention of the poet.

The same quantity not being uniformly observed in some of these names, is mentioned by Mr. Steevens as a proof that this piece was the production of two hands. We find however Thaïsa and Thaïsa in the fifth Act, in two succeeding lines. Is it to be imagined, that this play was written like French *Bouts rimées*, and that as soon as one verse was composed by one of this supposed duumvirate, the next was written by his associate?

† In the conduct of *Measure for Measure* his judgment has been arraigned for certain deviations from the Italian of Cinthio, in one of whose novels the story on which the play is built, may be read. But, on examination, it has been found, that the faults of the piece are to be attributed not to Shakspeare's departing from, but too closely pursuing *his* original, which, as Dr. Farmer observed, was not Cinthio's novel, but the *Heptameron* of Whetstone. In like manner the catastrophe of *Romeo and Juliet* is rendered less affecting than it might have been made, by the author's having implicitly followed the poem of Romeus and *Juliet, on* which his play appears to have been formed. In The

*Cleopatra** from one country to another with no less rapidity than in the present piece, the objects presented to us are more beautiful, and the prospect more diversified, let it be remembered at the same time, that between the composition of these plays there was probably an interval of at least fifteen years; that even Shakspeare himself must have gradually acquired information like other mortals, and in that period must have gained a knowledge of many characters, and various modes of life, with which in his earlier years he was unacquainted.

If this play had come down to us in the state in which the poet left it, its numerous ellipses might fairly be urged to invalidate Shakspeare's claim to the whole or to any part of it. But the argument that is founded in these irregularities of the style loses much of its weight, when it is considered, that the earliest printed copy appears in so imperfect a form, that there is scarcely a single page of it undisfigured by the grossest corruptions. As many words have been inserted, inconsistent not only with the author's meaning, but with any meaning whatsoever, as many verses appear to have been transposed, and some passages are appropriated to characters to whom manifestly they do not belong, so there is great reason to believe that many words and even lines were omitted at the press; and it is highly probable that the printer is answerable for more of these ellipses than the poet. The same observation may be extended to the metre, which might have been originally sufficiently smooth and harmonious, though now, notwithstanding the editor's best care, it is feared it will be found in many places rugged and defective.

On the appearance of Shakspeare's name in the title-page of the original edition of *Pericles*, it is acknowledged no great stress can be laid; for by the knavery of printers or booksellers it has been likewise affixed to two pieces, of which it may be doubted whether a single line was written by our author. However, though the name of Shakspeare may not alone authenticate this play, it is not in the scale of evidence entirely insignificant; nor is it a fair conclusion, that, because we are not to confide in the title-pages of two dramas which are proved by the whole colour of the style and many other considerations not to have been the composition of Shakspeare, we are therefore to give no credit to the title of a piece, which we are led by very strong internal

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Winter's Tale, Bohemia, situated nearly in the center of Europe, is described as a maritime country, because it had been already described as such by Robert Greene in his *Dorastus and Faunia*; and in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Protheus goes from one inland town to another by sea; a voyage that in some novel he had probably taken before. Many similar instances might be added.

* It is observable that the two plays of *Pericles* and *Antony and Cleopatra* were entered together at Stationers' Hall in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookseller of eminence, and one of the printers of the first folio edition of our author's works.

proof, and by many corroborating circumstances, to attribute to him. Though the title-pages of *The London Prodigal* and *Sir John Oldcastle* should clearly appear to be forgeries, those of *Henry IV* and *Othello* will still remain unimpeached.

The non-enumeration of *Pericles* in Meres's Catalogue of our author's plays, printed in 1598, is undecisive with respect to the authenticity of this piece; for neither are the three parts of *King Henry VI*, nor *Hamlet*, mentioned in that list; though it is certain they were written, and had been publickly performed, before his book was published.

Why this drama was omitted in the first edition of Shakspeare's works, it is impossible now to ascertain. But if we shall allow the omission to be a decisive proof that it was not the composition of our author, we must likewise exclude *Troilus and Cressida* from the list of his performances; for it is certain, this was likewise omitted by the editors of the first folio, nor did they see their error till the whole work and even the table of contents was printed; as appears from its not being paged, or enumerated in that table with his other plays. I do not, however, suppose that the editors, Heminge and Condell, did not know who was the writer of *Troilus and Cressida*, but that the piece, though printed some years before, for a time escaped their memory. The same may be said of *Pericles*. Why this also was not recovered, as well as the other, we can now only conjecture. Perhaps they thought their volume had already swelled to a sufficient size, and they did not choose to run the risk of retarding the sale of it by encreasing its bulk and price; perhaps they did not recollect *The Prince of Tyre* till their book had been issued out; or perhaps they considered it more for their friend's credit to omit this juvenile performance. Ben Jonson, when he collected his pieces into a volume, in the year 1616, in like manner omitted a comedy called *The Case is Altered*, which had been printed with his name some years before, and appears to have been one of his earliest productions; having been exhibited before the year 1599.

After all, perhaps, the internal evidence which this drama itself affords of the hand of Shakspeare is of more weight than any other argument that can be adduced. If we are to form our judgment by those unerring criterions which have been established by the learned author of *The Discourse on Poetical Imitation*, the question will be quickly decided; for who can point out two writers, that without any communication or knowledge of each other ever produced so many passages, coinciding both in sentiment and expression, as are found in this piece and the undisputed plays of Shakspeare?* Should it be said, that

* "Considering the vast variety of words which any language, and especially the more copious ones furnish, and the infinite possible combinations of them into all the forms of phraseology, it would be very strange, if two persons should hit on the same *identical terms*, and much more, should they agree in the same *precise* arrangement of them in whole sentences." Discourse *on Poetical Imitation*, Hurd's *Horace*, Vol. III, p. 109, edit. 1766.

he did not scruple to borrow both fables and sentiments from other writers, and that therefore this circumstance will not prove this tragedy to be his, it may be answered, that had *Pericles* been an anonymous production, this coincidence might not perhaps ascertain Shakspeare's title to the play; and he might with sufficient probability be supposed to have only borrowed from *another;* but when, in addition to all the circumstances already stated, we recollect the constant tradition that has accompanied this piece, and that it was printed with his name, in his life-time, as acted at his own theatre, the parallel passages which are so abundantly scattered throughout every part of *Pericles* and his undisputed performances, afford no slight proof, that in the several instances enumerated in the course of the preceding observations, he borrowed, as was his frequent practice from *himself;* and that this contested play was his own composition.

The testimony of Dryden to this point does not appear to me so inconsiderable as it has been represented. If he had only meant to say, that *Pericles* was produced before *Othello*, the second line of the couplet which has been already quoted, would have sufficiently expressed his meaning; nor, in order to convey this idea was it necessary to call the former the *first* dramatick performance of Shakspeare; a particular which he lived near enough the time to have learned from stage-tradition, or the more certain information of his friend Sir William D'Avenant.* If he had only taken the folio edition of our author's

* Sir William D'Avenant produced his first play at the theatre in *Blackfryers*, in 1629, when he was twenty-four years old, at which time his passion for apple-hunting, we may presume, had subsided, and given way to more manly pursuits. That a young poet thus early acquainted with the stage, who appears to have had a great veneration for our author, who was possessed of the only original picture of Shakspeare ever painted, who carefully preserved a letter written to him by King James, who himself altered four of his plays and introduced them in a new form on the stage, should have been altogether incurious about the early history and juvenile productions of the great luminary of the dramatick world (then only thirteen years dead) who happened also to be his god-father, and was by many reputed his father, is not very credible. That he should have never made an enquiry concerning a play, printed with Shakspeare's name, and which appears to have been a popular piece at the very time when D'Avenant produced his first dramatick essay (a *third* edition of *Pericles* having been printed in 1630) is equally improbable. And it is still more incredible, that our author's friend, old Mr. Heminge, who was alive in 1629, and principal proprietor and manager of the Globe and Blackfryers play houses, should not have been able to give him any information concerning a play, which had been produced at the former theatre, probably while it was under his direction, and had been acted by his company with great applause for more than thirty years.

works for his guide, without any other authority, he would have named *The Tempest* as his earliest production; because it happens to stand first in the volume. But however this may be, and whether, when Dryden entitled *Pericles* our author's first composition, he meant to be understood literally or not, let it be remembered, that he calls it *his* PERICLES; that he speaks of it as the legitimate, not the spurious or adopted, offspring of our poet's muse; as the sole, not the partial, property of Shakspeare.

I am yet, therefore, unconvinced, that this drama was not written by our author. The wildness and irregularity of the fable, the artless conduct of the piece, and the inequalities of the poetry, may, I think, be all accounted for, by supposing it either his first or one of his earliest essays in dramatick composition.

Malone.

On looking into *Roscius Anglicanus*, better known by the name of *Downes the Prompter's Book*, originally printed in 1708, and lately published by the ingenious Mr. Waldron of Drury Lane Theatre, I was not a little surprized to find, that *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* was one of the characters in which the famous Betterton had been most applauded.—Could the copy from which this play was acted by him and his associates, be recovered, it would prove a singular curiosity; at least, to those who have since been drudging through every scene of the original quarto, 1609, in the hope of restoring it to such a degree of sense and measure as might give it currency with the reader.

As for the present editor, he expects to be

" Stopp'd in phials, and transfix'd with pins,"

on account of the readiness with which he has obeyed the second clause of the Ovidian precept:

" Cuncta prius tentanda; sed immedicabile vulnus
" Ense recidendum."

When it is proved, however, that a gentle process might have been employed with equal success, let the actual cautery be rejected, or applied to the remarks of him who has so freely used it. *Steevens.*



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OF

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The preceding Index is compiled on the same plan as that subjoined to Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, published in the year 1780. *Reed.*

THE END.

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